

VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 3.

THE MUNSEY



J U N E

FRANK A. MUNSEY PUBLISHER, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Munsey's Magazine

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1901.

British Ducal Houses The stately homes of the most exalted personages in the English peerage—illustrated.	FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN	297
The Biography of a Foundling The varied experiences of a New York waif—illustrated.	ANNE O'HAGAN	308
A Drummer of the Queen , A Short Story	HERMAN WHITAKER	317
The Wind Beast , A Poem	DERONDA MAYO	322
Noise and Health The serious damage to health that is wrought by the ear splitting din of a great city.	JOHN H. GIRDNER, M.D.	323
Chance , A Poem	CLINTON SCOLLARD	326
A Coastwise Idyl , A Short Story	C. M. WILLIAMS	327
In the Public Eye Notes and pictures on topics of present interest.	329
Count Hannibal , A Serial Story, Chapters XVI-XIX	STANLEY J. WEYMAN	339
Bridges and Bridge Building The wonderful development of this interesting and difficult branch of engineering—illustrated.	GEBHARD NAPIER	352
Russia in the East The progress the great Muscovite empire has made and is making in fulfilling its Asiatic ambitions—illustrated.	A. NORTHEED BENJAMIN	364
American Game Preserves The great private parks which have been established to preserve our game animals from extinction—illustrated.	MAXIMILIAN FOSTER	376
What They Are , A Poem	EDWIN LEFEVRE	386
Helen Miller Gould A character sketch of the most popular woman in America.	J. P. COUGHLIN	387
Art's Devotees , A Poem	HELEN NOE	391
An Idyl of the Fourth Estate , A Short Story	E. T. ROYLE	392
Death in the Desert , A Poem	HAMLIN GARLAND	395
Chronicles of Us III—Ruth's Last Week.	JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS	396
The Stage Items of present interest to the theatergoer—illustrated.	401
Raiding Moonshiners The most dangerous and picturesque part of the work of the Internal Revenue Bureau—illustrated.	SAMUEL G. BLYTHE	416
The Rewards of the Law The first of a series of articles on the earnings of the great professions.	WILLIAM O. INGLIS	425
Love in the Court of Reason , A Poem	CLINTON DANGERFIELD	428
The Lost Opportunity , A Short Story	EDWIN LEFEVRE	429
Atlantis , A Poem	JOHN JAMES MEEHAN	431
Literary Chat	432

IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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BRITISH DUCAL HOUSES.

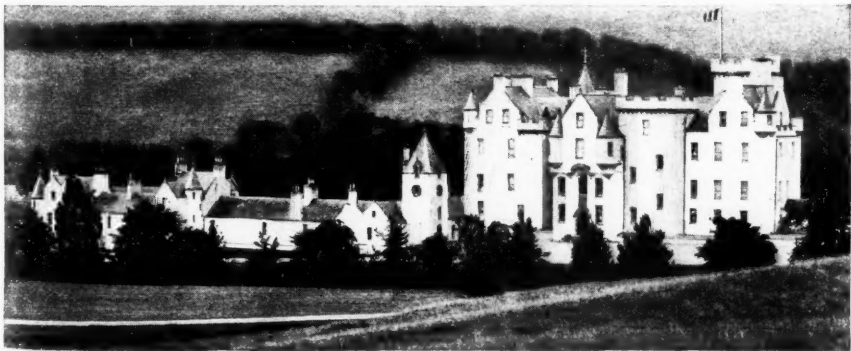
BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

THE STately HOMES OF THE MOST EXALTED PERSONAGES IN THE ENGLISH PEERAGE—THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE DUCAL COUNTRY SEATS AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS, AND SOME OF THE TREASURES THEY CONTAIN.

ALTHOUGH the British Empire comprises a population of more than three hundred millions—that is to say, about a quarter of the entire human race—only twenty six of these subjects of King Edward VII are entitled to wear the strawberry leafed coronet of a duke. This numerical limit would in itself be sufficient to endow the dukes with an altogether exceptional distinction, independently of the fact that they represent the most exalted grade of the British peerage, and, as such, are entitled to all sorts of rights and privileges. They are formally styled by the sovereign "right trusty and right entirely beloved cousins," and are described in official documents as "most high, potent, and noble princes." Their consorts are entitled to a bench

at right angles with the throne at certain court functions, and to a special gallery in the chapels royal; their daughters act as bridesmaids at the marriages of the princesses of the reigning house, while they themselves rank immediately after the members of the royal family, taking precedence over foreign ministers plenipotentiary, though not of ambassadors, who are the personal representatives of their sovereign.

British dukes are indeed very august creatures, and, with only one or two exceptions, are endowed with a sufficient amount of wealth to enable them to live in a state and splendor that is well nigh royal. They have their private chapels, their private chaplains, their private bands of music, their private packs of hounds, their private yachts and rail-



BLAIR CASTLE, BLAIR ATHOLL, PERTHSHIRE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.—IN THE OLD DAYS THIS WAS ONE OF THE BORDER FORTRESSES OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. IT IS THE KIND OF ANCESTRAL HOME THAT BEFITS A DUKE WHO MAINTAINS A BODYGUARD OF HIS OWN.



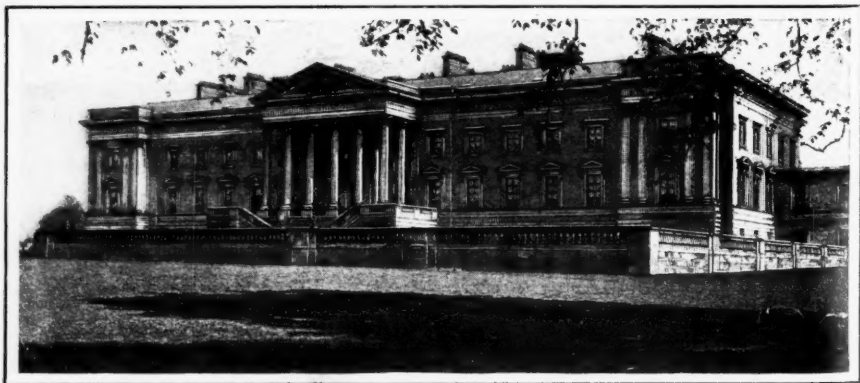
TRENTHAM HALL, NEAR STOKE ON TRENT, STAFFORDSHIRE, THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, WHO IS THE LARGEST LAND OWNER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

road trains. Indeed, one of them—the Duke of Sutherland—has his private railroad, extending over a distance of some forty or fifty miles, while the Duke of Atholl actually has a private bodyguard of five hundred men, known as the Atholl regiment, which, while it does not form part of the regular army, of the militia, or of the volunteers, and is entirely independent of the war office, has had official recognition to the extent that its colors were presented to it by Queen Victoria in person. The corps is recruited from among the duke's retainers and tenants, and is clad, accoutered, and armed at his expense. It is officered by his eldest son and his kinsmen. Every man stands over six feet, and the regiment presents a magnificent appearance when marching with the long, swinging Highland stride

to the strains of the regimental band of sixteen pipers.

"BLAIR IN ATHOLL'S MINE."

Blair Castle, at Blair Atholl, in Perthshire, the ancestral country seat of his grace of Atholl, is precisely the kind of ancestral home that one would expect of a Scottish duke who maintains a bodyguard of his own. It is a spacious and splendid residence, which, while adapted to meet modern requirements, has not been deprived of the features that recall its ancient traditions as a place of arms, and as the guardian fortress of the approaches to the main chain of the Grampians. Part of the castle dates back to the thirteenth century. King James V of Scotland came there to hunt the red deer, and Mary Queen of Scots was royally entertained



HAMILTON PALACE, LANARKSHIRE, THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, HEAD OF ONE OF THE OLDEST TITLED HOUSES OF SCOTLAND.

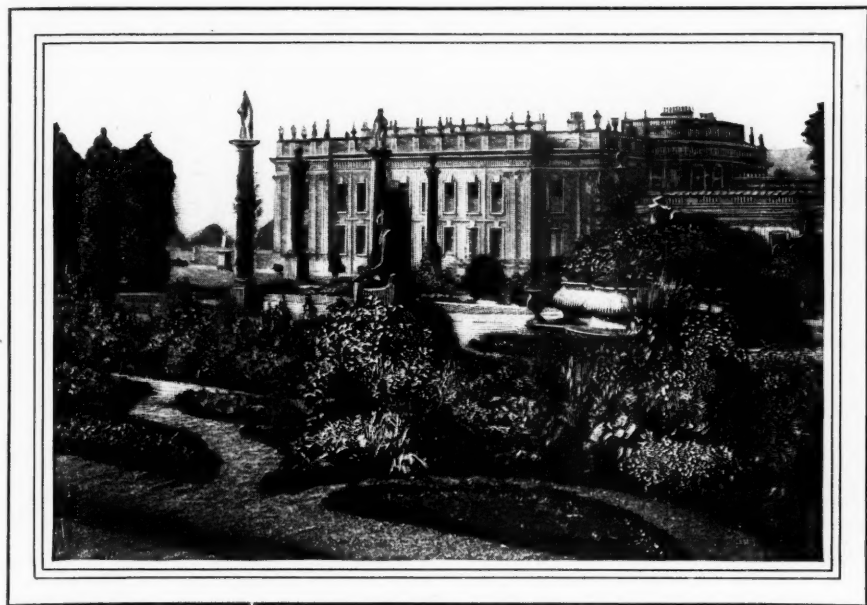
beneath its roof. It underwent several sieges, notably during the Cromwellian wars and the Jacobite rebellion, mementoes of which exist to this day.

One of the turrets of the castle is adorned with the copper plated finial that surmounted the dome of the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman. The trophy was brought from the Sudan by Lord Tullibardine, the present duke's

At one of the stations the Duke of Hamilton got out, and the drummer, noticing that some of the railroad officials respectfully touched their hats to him, remarked:

"Our friend there seems to be something of a nob."

"Yes," replied the Duke of Sutherland, "he happens to be the Duke of Hamilton."



CHATSWORTH HOUSE, NEAR MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE, THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE—THIS SPLENDID OLD PLACE, BUILT LATE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, IS SPECIALLY FAMOUS FOR ITS ART TREASURES AND ITS GARDENS.

eldest son, who is a captain in the Royal Horse Guards, and who has seen active service on the Nile and in South Africa.

The Duke of Atholl is a very grand and stately peer. The aged Duke of Richmond and the equally venerable Duke of Rutland also look their rank. But most of the dukes, from a spectacular point of view, are disappointing, having little or nothing to distinguish them from the average citizen. Perhaps the best illustration that can be given of this is the perfectly true story told of the Duke of Sutherland, who once chanced to be journeying in a third class carriage of a crowded train, with the Duke of Hamilton and a grocer's drummer as his traveling companions.

"Lor', you don't say so!" exclaimed the drummer, with every manifestation of amazement. "And to think of a toff like that talking so free and easy all that while to two low down fellows like you and me!"

The Duke of Sutherland, who is not very spruce in his attire, politely acquiesced, and went on chatting amiably until he reached the next station. When he in turn alighted, and, like his brother duke, was saluted by the railroad officials, the much mystified drummer inquired of the conductor of the train, as he was passing, who that "old bloke" might be.

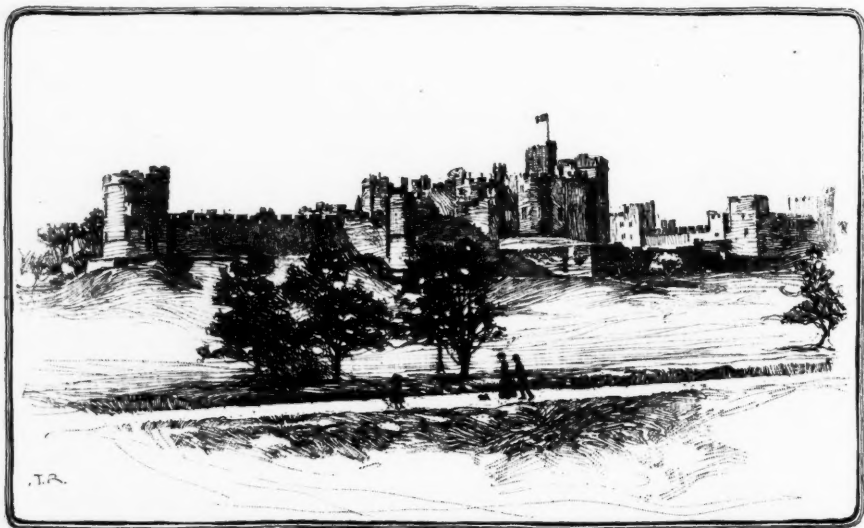
"That's his grace the Duke of Sutherland," replied the railroad man.

whereupon the astonished drummer entirely collapsed.

THE DUCAL HOUSE OF LEVESON-GOWER.

The Duke of Sutherland is the largest land owner in Great Britain, his possessions in Scotland measuring more than a million acres. He has a princely income, and Stafford House, his London

fine lake. The hall—or, as Lord Beaconsfield describes it, the palace—represents the British national taste when everything Italian was in favor. Certain parts of the mansion date from the reign of Charles I, but the place was, to a great extent, rebuilt towards the middle of the eighteenth century, and was again modified and considerably altered some



ALNWICK CASTLE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND—THIS, THE HISTORIC STRONGHOLD OF THE HOUSE OF PERCY, IS ONE OF THE FINEST FEUDAL DWELLINGS NOW IN EXISTENCE.

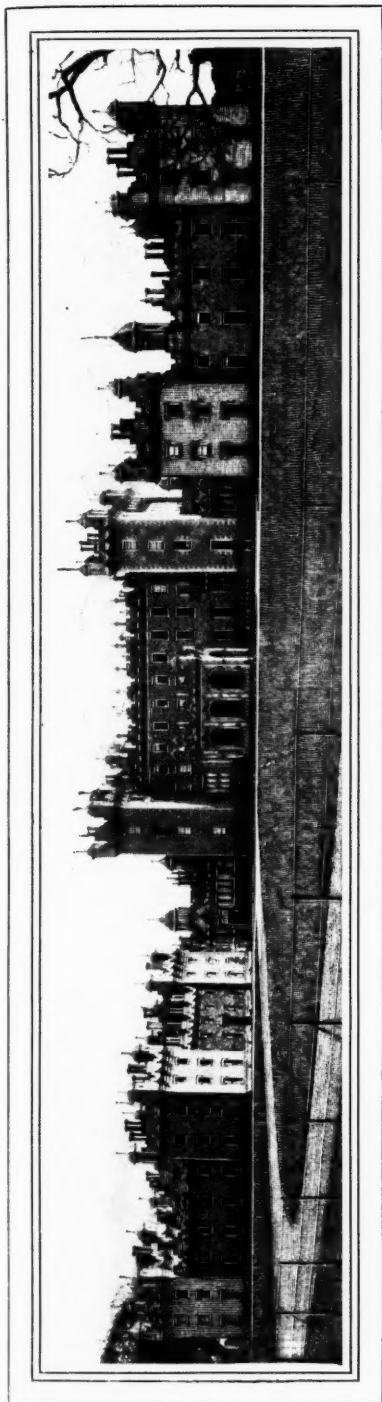
mansion, is a palatial place. When not in town, the duke is usually to be found either at Dunrobin, in Scotland, or Trentham, in Staffordshire.

Dunrobin is one of the oldest and finest castle north of Inverness. It dates from the time of Robert, second Earl of Sutherland, who built it about 1275, and called it "Dun Robin," after himself. It is perched on a natural terrace overlooking the sea, and, although it has been restored more than once, still preserves its character of the old Scottish baronial stronghold.

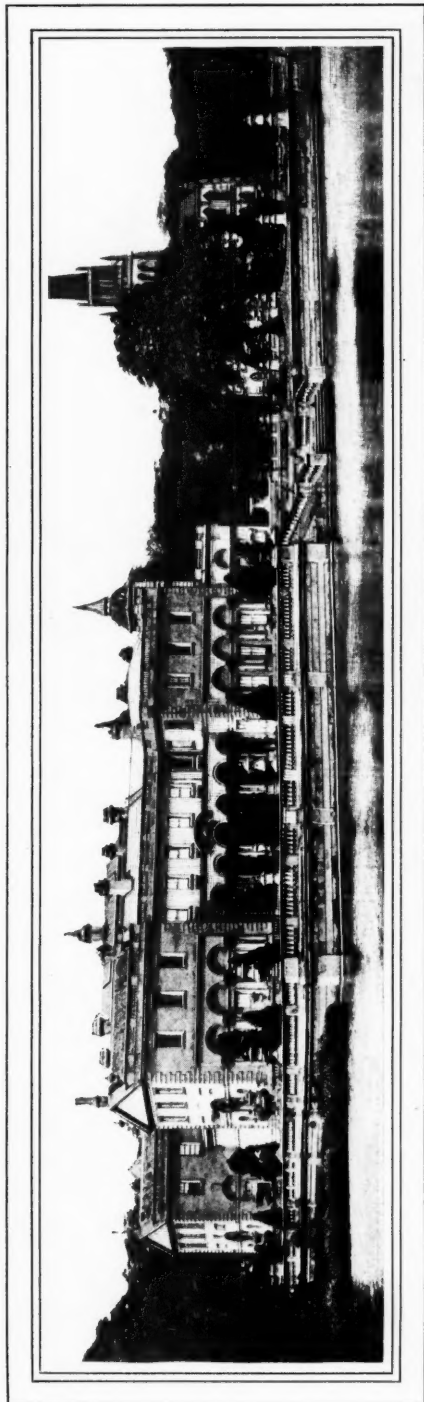
Trentham is described by Lord Beaconsfield in "Lothair" as "an Italian palace of freestone, its spacious and graceful chambers filled with treasures of art, and rising itself from gardens and stately terraces." There is a large and well wooded park, and the River Trent, which flows through it, forms a

sixty years ago by Sir Charles Barry. It was Barry who built the tall campanile rising behind the middle of the building.

Among the features of Trentham is the old parish church which actually forms part and parcel of the mansion. There is many an English castle with a private chapel within the building, for the use of my lord and of his retainers, and, it may be, for the villagers as well; but the Duke of Sutherland alone can boast of anything so seigniorial as a full fledged parish church, dating from Norman times, forming an annex of his country seat. The family mausoleum, a huge pyramidal pile of stone two stories high, the upper part being shaped like a bell, and the whole surmounted with a cross—a structure that suggests a mixture of Cheops and of the early nineteenth century—stands out



FLOORS CASTLE, NEAR KELSO, ROXBURGHSHIRE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGH, AND ONE OF THE FINEST PLACES IN SCOTLAND.

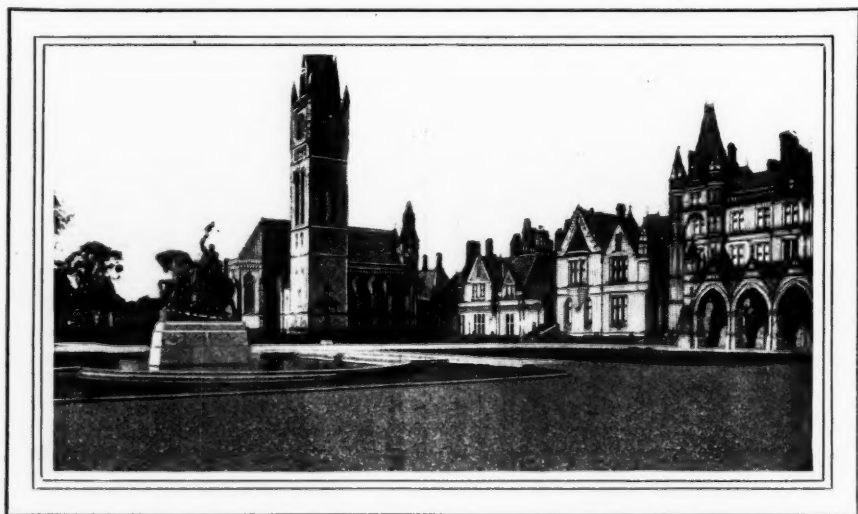


CLUMBER HOUSE, NEAR WORKSOP, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE—BUILT IN 1770, THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS FOLLOW THE CLASSICAL STYLE SO POPULAR IN ENGLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

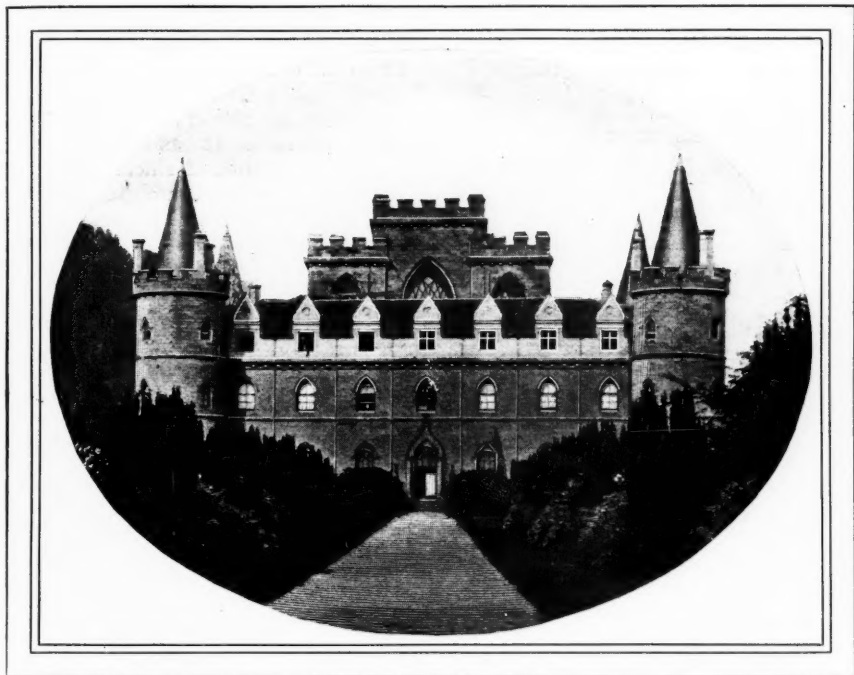


DUFF HOUSE, BANFFSHIRE, ONE OF THE SCOTTISH COUNTRY SEATS OF THE DUKE OF FIFE, WHO MARRIED PRINCESS LOUISE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD VII.

curiously in the essentially English park by which it is surrounded. In this mausoleum are entombed all the members of the Leveson-Gower family since the year 1807. It is impossible to describe all the



EATON HALL, NEAR CHESTER, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, A MAGNIFICENT MODERN PLACE WITH NO HISTORIC MEMORIES.



INVERARY CASTLE, ARGYLLSHIRE, A COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. THE PRESENT DUKE, WHO HAS NO FAMILY AND IS NOT VERY RICH, LIVES AT ROSENEATH, A SMALLER PLACE.

British ducal seats within the limits of a single article. Much might be said of Blenheim, the historic home of the Duke

of Marlborough and his American duchess; of Arundel, the splendid feudal fortress of the Duke of Norfolk; of Eaton



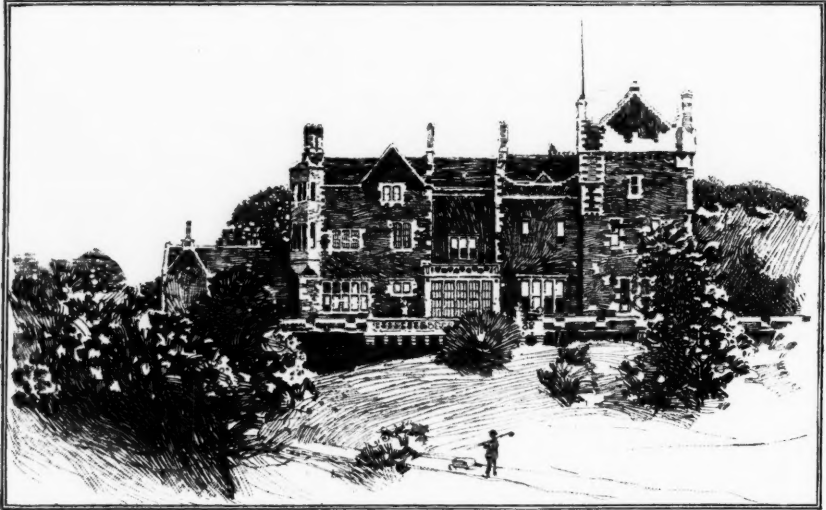
BELVOIR CASTLE, NEAR GRANTHAM, LINCOLNSHIRE. THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, AND ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING PLACES IN ENGLAND.

Hall, the magnificent modern mansion of the young Duke of Westminster; but lack of space forbids more than a mention of them.

HOMES OF THE HOUSE OF GORDON-LENNOX.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon divides most of his time between Good-

The duke's country seat in Sussex is better known than Gordon Castle, owing to its being the scene of the Goodwood races, which from time immemorial have marked the close of the annual London season. It has belonged to the Dukes of Richmond since 1720. The mansion is without architectural pre-



TANDERAGEE CASTLE, COUNTY ARMAGH, THE IRISH PLACE WHICH IS NOW THE HOME OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER, THE FAMILY'S CHIEF COUNTRY SEAT, KIMBOLTON, BEING LEASED TO HIS UNCLE, LORD CHARLES MONTAGU.

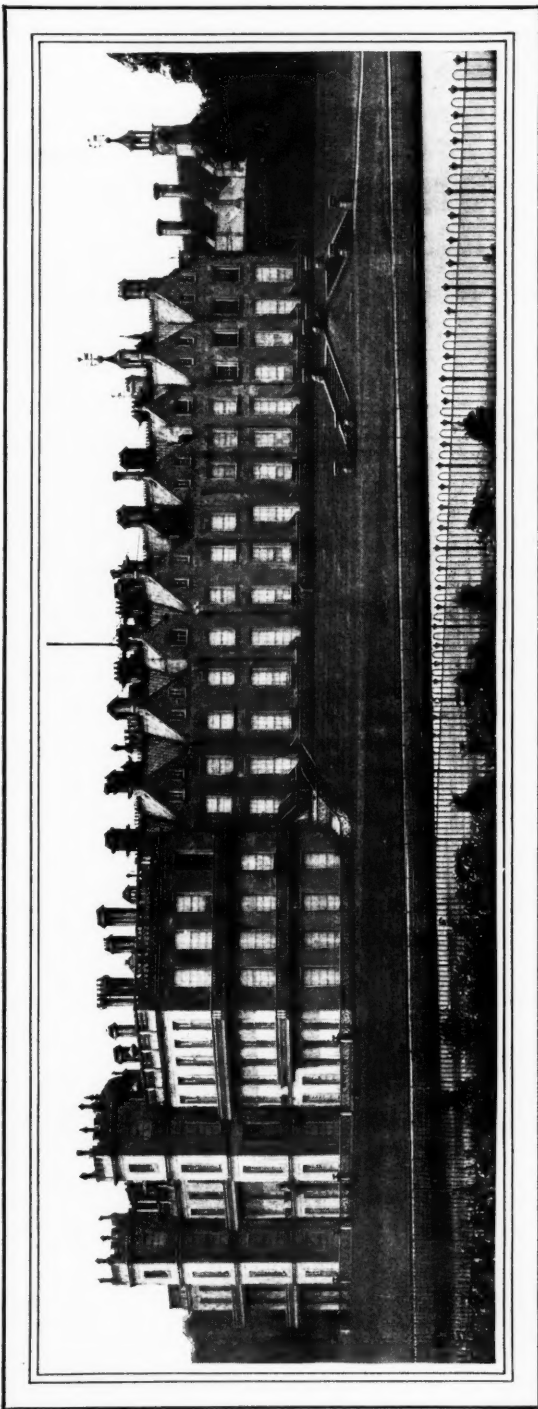
wood, in the south of England, famous in connection with its races, and Gordon Castle, an old Scottish country seat in Banffshire. Like so many of the castles of the British nobility, the latter was, to a great extent, rebuilt a century ago. A great square tower forms the center of the façade of the main building, while spacious wings extend to east and west, having galleries or arcades to connect with the main building; forming altogether an imposing frontage of nearly six hundred feet, constructed throughout of Elgin freestone, the walls being surmounted by battlements. Gordon Castle passed into the possession of the Lennox family at the death of the late Duke of Gordon in 1836. His eldest sister had married the fifth Duke of Richmond, and it was through her that her son, the present duke, succeeded to the territorial possessions of the house of Gordon as well as those of his fathers.

tensions, although Sir William Chambers and James Wyatt, two famous architects, were responsible for its design; but the park is one of the most beautiful in England. The house contains many things of historic interest, including the silver breakfast service used by Napoleon before Waterloo, a famous Sèvres dinner service presented to the third Duke of Richmond by Louis XV; some magnificent Gobelin tapestries, a gift from the same monarch; and some noble old paintings, chief among which is the Vandyke portrait of Charles I with his queen and two children.

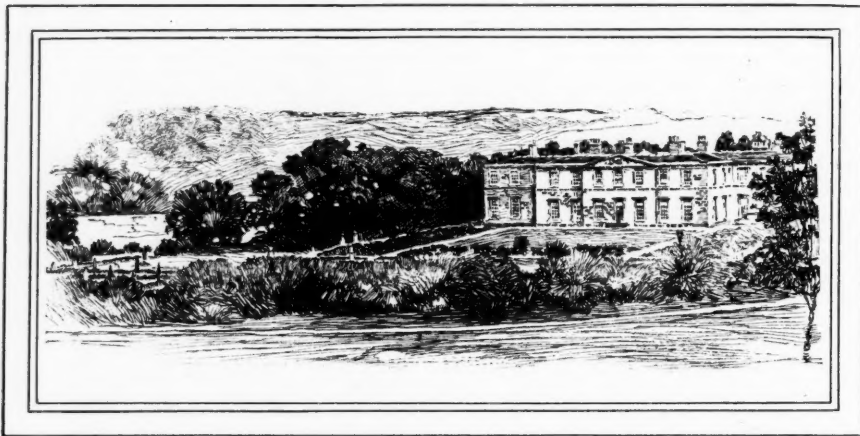
BELVOIR AND ITS TREASURES.

One of the most superb of all ducal country seats in Great Britain is Belvoir Castle, the home of the aged Duke of Rutland. Crowning the steep spur of a peninsula-like eminence among the rolling hills along the border of Leices-

tershire and Lincolnshire, Belvoir is finely situated, and its imposing aspect has often been compared to Windsor. The castle has been in the possession of the Duke of Rutland's family since the year 1508; but it is far older than that, and some parts of the present building—the wine cellars, the sculleries, and certain arches and buttresses—date from the time of William the Conqueror. It withstood a hard fought siege during the wars between King and Parliament. Much of its interior was reconstructed about a hundred years ago. James I, Charles I, George IV, Queen Victoria, and King Edward have all stayed at Belvoir, and some of the giant oaks in the park amidst which it is enshrined must have already reached maturity when King James I witnessed Ben Jonson's mask of "The Metamorphosed Gypsies" beneath their shade. Its picture galleries contain some of the finest specimens of the work of Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Correggio, and Paul Veronese. In the plate room may be seen the ninth Lord Rutland's eighty gallon punch bowl, a massive piece of silver quite as capacious as an ordinary bath, and an immense silver and agate christening ewer dated 1579. The stables are capacious, containing accommodation for some two hundred



WELBECK ABBEY, NEAR WORKSOP, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND—THE EXTERIOR OF THIS GREAT HOUSE IS PLAIN, BUT THE INTERIOR IS VERY FINE, AND A SINGULAR FEATURE IS ITS EXTENSIVE SERIES OF UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS AND PASSAGES, CONSTRUCTED BY THE LATE DUKE.



BARONSCOURT, NEAR NEWTOWN STEWART, COUNTY TYRONE, THE IRISH COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ABERCORN.

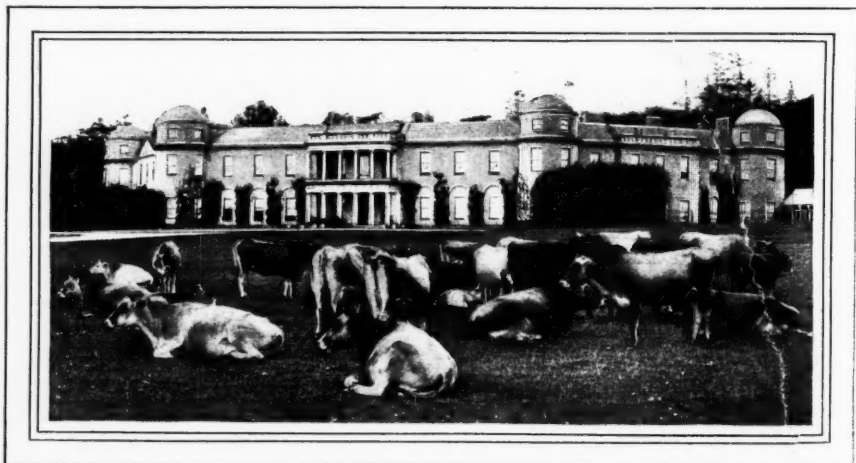
horses, while the famous Belvoir pack of fox hounds is one of the oldest in England.

CLUMBER AND WELBECK.

Clumber House, in Nottinghamshire, where the Duke of Newcastle makes his home, is one of the principal country seats of the "Dukeries"—a district so called because it contains several of the finest ducal estates. Built by the second Duke of Newcastle, in 1770, it is truly one of the stately homes of England. It is in the classic style, with an Ionic colonnade running along the prin-

cipal front, which abuts on a lake of eighty acres. Classic statues and sculptures adorn the beautiful pleasure gardens that border the lake on either side of the house. In the center of the terrace is a fountain cut from one solid piece of Italian marble, weighing more than fifty tons. Within, the house is a veritable treasure store, in spite of the fact that the great fire of 1879, which wrecked twenty of the rooms, destroyed some of the most valuable pictures.

One of the Duke of Newcastle's neighbors is the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey. The part of Welbeck



GOODWOOD, NEAR CHICHESTER, SUSSEX, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, WHICH IS CHIEFLY FAMOUS FOR THE RACES HELD IN THE PARK.

Abbey which appears above ground dates mainly from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and stands on the site of an old abbey or monastery, of which, however, but little remains. It is to the efforts of the late duke, the fifth to bear the title, that the house owes its most characteristic features. These are its wonderful subterranean

all the closing years of his life in these subterranean apartments.

KIMBOLTON AND ITS MEMORIES.

Kimbolton Castle, the ancestral country seat of the young Duke of Manchester, who recently married Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, is now occupied by his uncle and heir presumptive, Lord



THE COURTYARD OF ARUNDEL CASTLE, AT ARUNDEL, SUSSEX, THE FINE OLD COUNTRY SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

apartments and passages, which stretch for miles, and comprise the library, an apartment three hundred feet long; the immense ballroom, the picture gallery, and the museum, besides the principal approach to the abbey, which is through a tunnel two miles long.

These curious additions to an English duke's home, which cost millions of dollars, were due to the late peer's intense dislike of being seen by any one, especially by strangers. A mystery prevails as to the cause of this extraordinary craving for absolute privacy. Some have ascribed it to an unbalanced mind; others, to some disfiguring malady; and yet others, among them certain claimants to the dukedom, insist that in his earlier days the duke led a double existence, had been guilty of a great crime, and was in constant fear of being identified as the perpetrator. Whatever may have been the reason, the late duke spent

Charles Montagu. Lying in the heart of the Midlands, near St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, it is one of the least known, though not the least interesting, of the ducal homes of Britain. In its rooms Queen Catherine of Aragon, the divorced wife of Henry VIII, spent the last dreary years of her life. The original design, Tudor in its origin, has almost disappeared, Sir John Vanbrugh having restored and beautified the old building by the order of the first Duke of Manchester. But the architect very wisely left the old courtyard, which recalls Cardinal Wolsey's palace at Hampton Court.

The splendid pile of buildings is surrounded by noble lawns and great trees. Indeed, it has been rightly said that everything about Kimbolton is arranged in the "grand manner." Even the corridors and anterooms are hung with fine paintings and treasures of all kinds.



BY THE WINDOW ON
THE FIRE ESCAPE.

The Biography of a Foundling.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK WAIF, TELLING HOW HE GOT A NAME AND A RELIGION, AND HOW HE PASSED THROUGH THE DANGERS THAT ARE FATAL TO MOST BABIES IN THE CITY INSTITUTIONS.

IT was a typical Saturday evening in the station. The sergeant, large and lethargic, lounged behind the desk and talked in desultory fashion to a patrolman in front of the rail. The screams of a woman who had been among the early harvestings of the evening sounded through the door leading into the women's corridor. A group of reporters yawned about the stove, hopefully awaiting the later developments of the night. The excited foreign proprietor of an Eighth Avenue shop came in, dragging a pale woman, volubly accusing her of shoplifting, and seeming to demand her immediate execution as the least punishment that he would accept for her crime. The sergeant ceased his conversation, adjusted his glasses, made the necessary memoranda, and the woman, weeping, was led away by the matron.

The entrance door swung open again, and the green light outside gleamed evilly for a moment on the white, frightened face of a girl hesitating there. Her eyes were wide with fear, and her lips blanched as she approached the desk. She opened her mouth, but did not speak.

"Well, well," said the sergeant impatiently, "what is it?"

From beneath the girl's cape came a long, thin, exasperated wail. Every one started. The girl drew back the cape, and the attenuated cry persisted. She held a dingy little bundle towards the sergeant.

"That's it," she said. "It's a baby—I found it in the vestibule."

She held the crying parcel forward. The sergeant tipped his swivel chair back as far as possible.

"Ryan," he said authoritatively to the patrolman, "you take it."

By the almost invariable irony of fate, Ryan was a bachelor. He backed a step. The sergeant frowned impressively. Ryan moved forward and held out his hands in a cup shaped invitation to the girl to give him the baby.

"Ain't you got no sense?" she asked fiercely. "Hold yer arm—so!"

Ryan grew several shades redder than he had been before, and the witnesses tittered. The sergeant became sternly judicial the instant his own danger was passed, and began to question the girl. Where had she found the baby? In the vestibule of the tenement at such and such a number. Did she live there? No. What had she been doing there? Visiting her married sister. She had stumbled upon the baby in leaving. She had gone back and told her sister, who was ill, and who had bidden her bring the child to the station.

ON THE WAY TO BELLEVUE.

Her story was entered in the blotter.



TWO OF THE CITY'S HOME-
LESS CHARGES.

A policeman was detailed to go with her to learn the truth of the tale; and Ryan was bidden to carry the child to Bellevue Hospital, whither all baby waifs found in New York are first taken. The reporters made a few perfume-

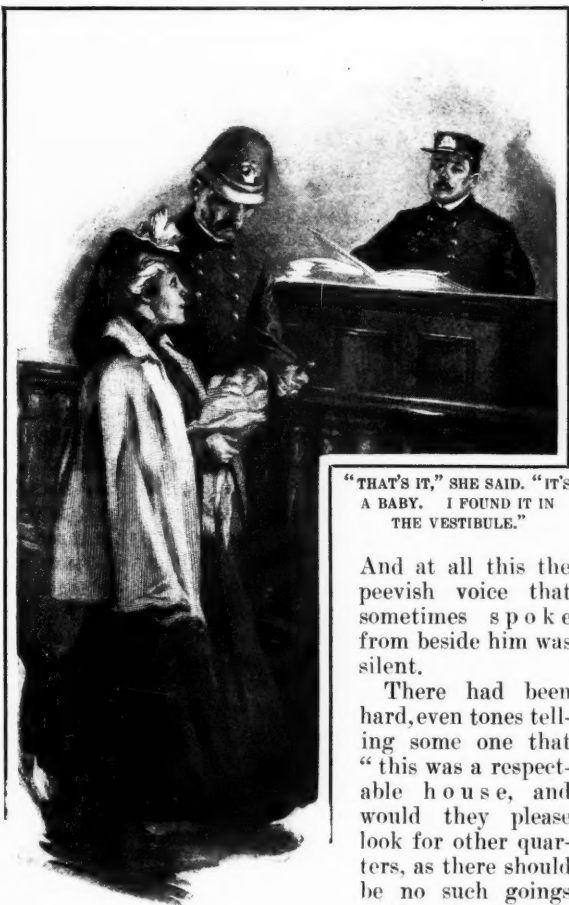
tory notes; the waif had not been of the interesting, well dressed type. Ryan, with a glare at the little crowd about the stove, which seemed to find the spectacle he presented infinitely amusing, strode towards the door. He held himself with the erectness of a man determined to be magnificent in spite of ridiculous circumstance. The girl, watching him out of the corner of her eye, made a sudden pounce upon him.

"Here, you!" she cried. "This way——" and she cradled the bundle more comfortably in the crook of his blue flannel arm. Then she looked at him.

"They treat 'em—all right—there?" she asked.

"A blamed sight better than them that left it in a hallway a night like this," growled Ryan, emerging into the sharp February air. The door swung behind him. No one noticed that the girl's face grew red and then very white. And in this way William McKinley Bryan began his public career.

His very brief experience of private life had not been particularly agreeable, though his lack of standards for comparison had prevented him from forming any very definite opinions on the subject. He had first found himself on a narrow bed in a tenement far removed from the one where the girl said she had discovered him. He had wailed ineffectively, and had been answered by peevish murmurs from what seemed a gigantic form beside him. He had heard, but had not understood, the "Oh, shut up, can't you? Haven't you made enough trouble?" He had seen, but had not interpreted, the glowering looks on faces bent over him: in his unhearing ears had sounded a ceaseless repetition of "disgrace" and "shame," and "how are you expectin' to take care of him?"



"THAT'S IT," SHE SAID. "IT'S A BABY. I FOUND IT IN THE VESTIBULE."

And at all this the peevish voice that sometimes spoke from beside him was silent.

There had been hard, even tones telling some one that "this was a respectable house, and would they please look for other quarters, as there should be no such goings on there"; and there

had been cries and recriminations and oaths, and through them all his own feeble wailing had gone on uninterrupted and unconsolated. On the whole, his two weeks of private life had had nothing to make him regret the plunge into publicity. To be sure, something had sometimes sweetened the querulous, whimpering voice by his side—but the other tones had but grown more persistent and more harsh to balance this. And he was no more uncomfortable as big patrolman Ryan drew the plaid shawl close about him and started almost on a run towards Bellevue, than he had been at any previous time.

IN THE RECEIVING ROOM OF THE HOSPITAL.

The big city hospital stands close to the East River. Its buildings are so



"MINDING BABY" ON THE ROOF.

arranged that there is a central court, opening to the street on one side and surrounded on the other three by grim buildings of the "charities and corrections" style of architecture. The yard is large, and the wind from the river blows keenly through it; but no gust of air is ever able quite to dispel the permanent odor of ether and drugs. Policeman Ryan, striding awkwardly through the little box of a lodge that guards the entrance to the yard, drew the shawl back from the baby's head. The infant inhaled deeply, and then set up a fierce howl of protest against the new variety of air. The policeman hooded the little head again, and the cry subsided.

Beneath an outside flight of stairs leading into the hospital itself is the dark, dingy office of registration. Into this Policeman Ryan hurried. From behind wire cages that ran from their desk tops to the ceiling, a few officials looked at him with languid interest. The lights flickered dully.

"What's that ye got—a kid?" asked one, unenthusiastically. The kid made answer himself, uttering a sudden shriek of blended fear and rage against all the universe. Policeman Ryan supplemented the reply with one of his own.

"It is," he said, "and I wish ye'd take it at once. My arm's near broke wid carryin' it the way it was put into it."

The officials chuckled over the lame arm, and in a leisurely way

relieved the policeman. They were not deeply interested. A foundling was a foundling, nothing more. Foundlings were of too common occurrence to rouse excitement.

These officials were good natured, however. They passed a few pleasantries concerning the benighted ignorance of the bachelor tribe, took down the scanty data concerning the child, and sent it forth in charge of a grim featured damsel whose crisp, attractive gown of blue and white was somehow at variance with her countenance.

"Eighth this month so far," she said grumblingly. Her face was that of one reflecting harshly on the standards of morality prevailing in the world beyond the walls of the institution. "Dirty, too," she added, as she looked at the small head and touched the wrinkled red face. "Horrid rags you've got on," she finished, as her fingers took note of the textures and her eyes of colors.

The room into which the baby was ushered was none too attractive. Night lights glowed feebly, and softened some of the forbidding daytime grimness of white walls and white screens and white iron cots. The city's hospitality has not much of grace even for the youngest and most appealing of its guests. Perfunctorily the newcomer was examined to see if he was suffering from any contagious disease; perfunctorily, and with some unnecessary emphasis, he was washed—

protesting against



A PAUSE IN THE PLAY OF THE STREET.



CLIMBING TO A POST OF VANTAGE.



A GARDEN PATCH OF HIS OWN.

the performance with a vigor out of all proportion to his size; perfunctorily he was fed—and here his vocal efforts were deep, greedy, contented gurgles. And

tions of naming the baby and of selecting a religion for him. The latter was easily settled. The foundling just preceding had been made a “good Protes-



THE ROOM WHERE HIS FOSTER MOTHER SPLASHED AND STEAMED AND SOAKED THE CLOTHES OF HER CUSTOMERS.

then perfunctorily he was put into the first clean, comfortable bed he had ever known. And no one stood by its side for a minute to look upon him with the smile, half a caress and half a prayer, that is the look with which a happy, cared for baby is most familiar.

CHOOSING A NAME AND A RELIGION.

Now, these things happened in the days that used to be—though they are not yet so far past that they are forgotten. The next morning came the ques-

tant.” This baby, by the simple law of rotation, should be a good Catholic.

Had the peevish mother pinned a note on the boy's coarse frock saying that she wished him to be either a Protestant or a Catholic, or if she had expressed any preference in names, doubtless her wishes would have been respected in spite of her forfeiture of rights to wish anything concerning her discarded offspring. But she had sent him forth into the world unhampered, and the whole matter lay with the city authorities; so

they followed the rule of making one baby a Catholic and the next a Protestant with strict impartiality.

Concerning names, there once prevailed at Bellevue a very pretty wit. Was a boy found in a blind alley? What more appropriate, the authorities used

the attorneys for defense and prosecution. During Presidential campaigns, the ledger always showed a plentiful supply of names politically illustrious.

It was during a Presidential campaign that this particular foundling was brought to the hospital. In the morn-



WILLIAM WAS SERIOUSLY INVESTIGATING HIS TOES AT THE MOMENT SHE PASSED HIS CRIB.

to ask, than to call him Charlie Blind Alley? Did a waif come from a Cherry Hill rookery? Why not name her Annie Cherry Hill?

Again, it chanced that the name of the officer bringing the foundling into the hospital, or that of a nurse in the institution, was bestowed upon it. Sometimes that of any one high in the popular favor, or even merely notorious, served the purpose. When famous murder trials have excited the community, there were to be found in the records of foundlings the names of all those connected with the trial—the prisoner, the victim, the witnesses, and

ing, after it was seen that he belonged by right of alternation to the Roman Catholic faith, the question of his name was considered. The particular foe of the vinegar faced nurse suggested, as usual, that her name be bestowed upon the castaway. The humorist of the establishment advocated Ryan Skin-and-bones, as a delicate tribute to the policeman and an unmistakable reference to the baby's own condition. A very devout nurse begged that he might be known as Francis Assisi. But the choice was

finally narrowed to either William Bryan or William McKinley.

The fight raged hotly between the Republicans and the Democrats until some peace loving genius prayed for a compromise on a combination; and the

indifferent baby, who apparently had just made the intimate acquaintance of his thumb, was forthwith called William McKinley Bryan. By the time he was taken to Randall's Island, two or three days later, he was addressed, when by any name at all, as "Mack."

AT RANDALL'S ISLAND.

At Randall's Island the baby experienced numerous ups and downs—most of them downs, as Policeman Ryan would have said. It has been a common New York custom to abuse the city's charitable institutions, and the revelations of the periodic exposés are not reassuring even to the most easy going. The children's department was at this time just emerging from a thoroughly appalling state. In 1895, out of a hundred and twenty nine foundlings received, four were immediately reclaimed by their parents, and one was adopted. The remaining one hundred and twenty four died. The next year, out of a hundred and thirty one waifs, six were adopted, one was transferred, and a hundred and twenty four died. The next year a hundred and ninety one babies came to the island; two were reclaimed, eight were adopted, two were transferred to other institutions, and a hundred and seventy seven died.

When young McKinley Bryan was carried across the icy river to the desolate refuges which the city has established for its homeless and friendless, he stood small chance of ever sailing back again. But the statistics which have just been quoted were already making a stir in circles where statistics are scanned. There was a movement afoot—in which the city's own officials were earnestly interested—to do better things for the waifs, and so it happened that the baby who had been brought to the police station that Saturday night was taken away from the city's exclusive care, and that one fortunate day found him a ward of the New York Foundling Asylum.

In the hallway of this institution, on Sixty Eighth Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues, there is a cradle. Any woman who has made up her mind to abandon the child for whose existence she is responsible may go there, and, placing the baby in the cradle, give up

all her rights in it. No confidences are forced from her. If the sisters in charge of the institution can persuade her to do so, she remains and nurses her child and one of the motherless ones. If she will not do this, then she goes, and the baby is hers no longer. As a matter of record, many girls coming to the door with every intention of deserting their babies have been won to stay and be true mothers to their children.

IN THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

When the little boy found himself in the Foundling Asylum, he was in the cheeriest and the sweetest atmosphere he had known in his few checkered days. Fresh air and sunshine, tubs of porcelain as fine as the richest baby's, thermometers to test the water for his bath, soaps adapted to tender skins—all these things were for him, as well as a roof garden where on warm days he could survey a fair blue sky. And here were gently spoken words, loving looks—all the immaterial things that go to make a little baby round and smiling.

But these delights were not to last forever. The system of "boarding out" prevails in the Foundling Asylum, and when young William seemed sufficiently sturdy to stand another change, he began his career as a philanthropist. He was put out to help to pay the rent of a more or less worthy and indubitably thrifty washerwoman.

There are among the New York tenements many women who regard the abandoned children of the city, the "minders," as Dickens called the English ones, as a legitimate source of income. In computing their assets, and their possible assets, they will say: "And if I could get a foundling to help me pay the rent, I could see my way clear for the winter."

If they are respectable, healthy, and needy, the foundling is frequently forthcoming. Of course children are never turned over to them without some investigation; but even with this the results are not what the farthest seeing philanthropy could desire. The tenements are bad enough places for rearing children under the most favorable conditions. Take away from this rearing the affection which mothers feel for

their own, the watchful care which families bestow, and the tenement home is only one degree better than the city hospitals with their horrible death rate.

To one of these homes, however, William McKinley Bryan was sent after a brief and invigorating stay in the asylum. In it he lay by a window opening on a fire escape, and he breathed the air of the courtyard and that of the room where his foster mother splashed and steamed and soaked the clothes of her customers. At times he wailed, and then he received her perfunctory, gruff, but not unkind attention. His face was washed as opportunity offered, and the absurd, soft little locks that had begun to form a sunny floss upon his round head were no longer brushed with the whitest and finest of brushes. Mrs. Regan was a good woman, but she had, as she sometimes remarked, "no time for nonsense." The dove eyed young sister who had been wont to curl William's hair about her finger—and to explain to any one seeing her do it that "the children stood so much better a chance for adoption when they had pretty hair"—would have wept could she have seen him after two weeks with Mrs. Regan.

THE FOUNDLING HELPS TO PAY THE RENT.

When the foster mothers take the babies from the asylum, they are instructed in the proper care of infants, and are bound by all sorts of penalties to observe certain rites in washing, feeding, and general attention. Mrs. Regan had listened with benevolent patience to what was told her, but she pursued her own methods with William.

"What should the sisters know about babies, bless their innocent hearts?" she would say. "Sure, I've buried three of my own, and I know."

The result of her knowledge was that William peaked and fretted. At first a little muslin bag dipped in sugar and water and placed between his lips quieted him; but by and by the sticky little mass lost its power to soothe. Then one of the neighbors suggested that to add to the sugar and water the merest drop of "a little something" would be quieting. Mrs. Regan hesitated, but a quavering cry from the baby finally decided her.

After that the child caused very little interruption to her work. He lay by the hour in the room redolent of suds and soiled clothing, making no complaint, but sleeping with flushed, feverish cheeks. Fortunately, he grew ill at the end of a few weeks of this treatment, and when, according to the regulation, his foster mother summoned the asylum physician, he was taken from her. Her lamentations over her lost two dollars a week were truly pitiful.

Back in the clean, sweet, airy rooms, the much tossed baby fretted a while for his daily dram. But the milk cure slowly proved effective, and when he was convalescing from his illness, he was sent to the hospital's summer home at Spuyten Duyvil.

Here he had his first look upon a cow, and his exciting introduction to a barking puppy, and his voluble conversation with the new leaves on the trees, and here it was that his best piece of luck befell William.

One day a woman driving leisurely by the asylum in an old fashioned buggy with a leisurely horse attached, chanced to visit the institution. She was not young, but the lines about her mouth and eyes were pleasant ones of humor and kindness. William was seriously investigating his toes at the moment when she passed by his crib. He was making an earnest effort to describe a circle with his person by inserting his toe in his mouth. The woman helped him to perform the feat.

THE BEGINNING OF A BETTER FORTUNE.

"There you are, young man," she said. William turned solemn eyes upon her, still holding his toe. Her appearance evidently pleased him, for he abandoned his new trick to reach out an ineffective looking hand and seize her forefinger in a sturdy clutch. And as he clung, and gazed, and gurgled his unintelligible approbation, the woman smiled wistfully.

"Oh, you dear baby," she cried suddenly. "I want you!"

She sat down and gathered him into her arms. Then she looked up at the smiling sister.

"I'm not very rich," she said, "and I'm not young. I didn't marry young—

and my three children are all over ten. I hate a house without a real baby in it. I'm going home to talk to my husband, and—oh, yes, I'm a Catholic. The young gentleman shall be reared in the faith."

At that the young gentleman took a firm hold on a bunch of brown gray hair that projected under his adorer's hat. And as he tugged she cried, with a happy laugh and with tears in her eyes:

"Oh, you don't know how good it is to feel a baby pull your hair again!"

William McKinley Bryan went back to the city hospital, and there were investigations and signatures and visitings; and one day two smiling Sisters of Charity with a baby in their care boarded a train and went out into Westchester County. At the station where they alighted was the woman with the eager, worn face and the grayish brown hair.

They went on through a little town, drowsy and dusty in the summer heat. They went by fields where the grass and the clover were sunburned and the ceaseless drone and hum of insects sounded. They came to a house with old fashioned clapboarding and an old fashioned pointed roof, and a wooden paling, worn soft and silver gray, between the garden and the road.

There were trees near by, there were garden flowers, and there were untouched patches of grass. There were wide, homely chairs on the piazza, and a little dog roused himself to come down and give a yelp of welcome. When little William McKinley Bryan heard that, he looked down languidly and said, "Bow wow," or something that passed for that. A long legged girl with braids down her back and two barefoot, freckled boys made a sortie from the front door and precipitated themselves in ecstatic welcome upon the advancing party.

So the foundling was a foundling no more, but an adopted son, and the William McKinley Bryan of the Bellevue controversy ceased to be.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE ADOPTED CHILD.

What will happen to him it is easy enough to predict. He will have brothers and sisters, and will love and fight and play with them. He will go to the village school, and will carve his initials

deep into his desk. He will go bird's-nesting and butterfly hunting. He will have a garden patch of his own, and will pull up the vegetables of his own planting to see if the roots have sprouted.

He will eat green apples, and will regret it. He will learn to milk the cow, to harness the horse, to find the eggs, and to swim in the creek. All the simple delights and experiences—the best and most wholesome that the world has to offer childhood in any rank—will be his. And no dim memory of horrors will ever shadow his mind. Perhaps no inheritance of weakness and selfishness, of heartlessness and irresponsibility, will ever stir in his blood to darken the lives of those good souls who have made his days bright for him. For now the philosophers preach the doctrine of environment as much as that of heredity.

This is the cheerful story of a foundling. Such stories grow more common as the State's care of its dependent children grows more intelligent, more human, and more tender. The ideal condition has not yet been reached; indeed, a most unideal condition is just passing. No city institution where a death rate varying between ninety eight and one hundred per cent prevailed during three of the last years of the nineteenth century can be held to be even remotely ideal.

Since 1898 a joint committee of the States Charities Aid Association and of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has worked with the Department of Charities, placing the foundlings from Randall's Island in good country boarding places, until they are strong enough to go to permanent homes for adoption. Since this time there has been a marked change in the death rate. The year immediately following the introduction of the new system showed a reduction from ninety nine to sixty per cent in infant mortality.

Besides the Randall's Island institution, there are others in New York—some receiving financial support from the city. The New York Infant Asylum takes children under two years, after they have been previously accepted by the Department of Public Charities. It

has a lying in department in the city and a country home at Mount Vernon. It aims to keep mother and child together, and receives no woman who has previously given birth to an illegitimate child. It has been in existence since 1865, and it expends now about eighty five thousand dollars a year.

THE SYSTEMS OF VARIOUS ASYLUMS.

The system of the New York Foundling Asylum, managed by the Sisters of Charity, has been already indicated. It has been remarkably successful, during its thirty five years of existence, in keeping mothers and children together, having persuaded five thousand women who were intending abandonment of their babies to remain with them. It has placed more than twelve thousand children out for adoption among childless families.

The Hebrew Infant Asylum, established in 1895, has done an excellent work among the people of its faith. In Brooklyn, St. Mary's Female Hospital, the Nurses' and Infants' Hospital, and the Sheltering Arms, all do work approximately like that of the New York institutions.

Not even abandonment in the asylum cradle, not even desertion on a park bench or a dingy tenement hallway, is the worst of the things that may happen to the foundling. The criminal records show blacker deeds than these—tell of children thrown from dark piers or smothered in dark rooms. The Randall's Island method of getting rid of the waifs seems, in comparison, dictated by the highest philanthropy when one considers the out and out murder of babies by their desperate mothers.

To foundlings who, in the past, have survived their desertion and all the experiences that followed, various destinies have fallen. Most of them have been absorbed into other institutions, and thence have been passed on to careers of little prosperity and glory. Some have been sent West, and have grown into ordinary farmers and small business men. Occasionally, no doubt, professional and political callings have advanced them to positions of more or less dignity and profit.

But the career that may be fairly re-

garded as typical of the waif who is not adopted into some family at an early age is that of gradual growth in dullness in various institutions, and of graduation into all that a defective intellect implies.

From one juvenile home they are hurried to another for children a little older—and so on to reform schools, reformatories, and often to jail and State's prison by logical sequence. When the dulling, dwarfing life of the institutions does not lead to the viciousness which is akin to stupidity, it leads to the unenterprising state which is the parent of thriftlessness. Consequently, the logical end of those deserted babies who find no homes for their childish years but the asylums is either the penitentiary or the poorhouse. And doubtless, among the old men and women, the pitiful wrecks of life who sun themselves on warm days outside the almshouse on Randall's Island, there are some whose first journey towards that cheerless abode was made in babyhood.

THE FOUNDLING'S CHANCES IN LIFE.

There is reason to believe that these things are due rather to the effect of long continued institutional life than to the inevitable inheritance of weakness and viciousness from irresponsible parents. Not all illegitimate children have been the scourges of society. Many names great by their own worth have had the bar sinister against them. Lincoln himself, according to Herndon's life of him, argued that his "power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition," might be traced back to the Virginia planter whose illegitimate daughter Nancy Hanks is said to have been.

William the Conqueror, Pizarro, Marshal Saxe, General Burgoyne, Emile de Girardin, Alexander Hamilton, D'Alembert, Boccaccio, Erasmus, Georges Sand, Leonardo da Vinci, Alexandre Dumas—all these prove that the shame of the fatherless child need not last forever, that tender care, whether of the responsible relative or the foster parent, may change the curse into a blessing, and that the almshouse and the jail need not be the invariable end of the drama begun in the foundling's cradle.

A Drummer of the Queen.

THE SPLENDID DEED OF PATSEY DOOLAN, OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH OF THE LINE.

BY HERMAN WHITAKER.

PATSEY DOOLAN was a small "son o' the widder." At her command he blew silvery calls from a brass bugle, receiving therefor the princely income of twopence per diem—less a half penny a month, deducted for the services of the regimental barber. He also received, annually, two brand new red uniforms, which turned the souls of civilian boys green with envy, and as much good solid food as he could crowd into his small stomach.

A bright boy was Patsey. At least, so said Drum Major O'Hooligan—a wise man, who could tell what a boy was thinking about by looking at him.

"It's a full blooded colonel o' the quane Patsey'll be, when ye're carryin' coal to the married quarters av a Sathurday mornin'," O'Hooligan would say to the drums. "Listen, ye small sarpints!" And he would hold up his hand while Patsey made music of the "last post."

But it was possible to have too much of a good thing. The commendations of his superior officer got Patsey into pecks of trouble. After practice, the drums would descend upon him in a body and mottle his small body with assorted shades of blue and black.

Patsey's regiment, the One Hundred and Tenth of the line, was stationed at the Curragh of Kildare, where rules a brigade major with a will of iron and a soul of brass. He is known, is that major, from Cork to Cochin China and from the Cape to Kandahar. Men who have served under him renounce all other forms of abuse, and consign their enemies to the Curragh Camp; and whole regiments have been known to tremble at the mention of his name.

The One Hundred and Tenth had been ordered to the Curragh by way of penance for infractions of the peace of her majesty the queen. One black night in Limerick, in an ill advised moment,

they painted the statue of Daniel O'Connell a brilliant orange, and now they repented in sackcloth and ashes at the feet of Brigade Major Cramp.

And the major did his best to bring the regiment to a knowledge of the errors of its ways. Vexatious night attacks upon imaginary enemies, while the rest of the command snored blissfully in the lines, made the temper of the regiment as raw as the back of a commissariat mule. Besides which, it was harried by the brigade general, ordered to make extra route marches by his chief of staff, and publicly anathematized by the commander in chief. To add insult to injury, the other regiments made insulting remarks anent the One Hundred and Tenth's predilections for painting and other arts of peace, until it rose in its wrath and smote them with belt and scabbard from A Lines to the Clock Tower. After which it was left severely alone.

When marching orders finally arrived at division headquarters for the One Hundred and Tenth, every man, from the colonel to the latest addition to the drums, hailed them as a release from purgatory. They did not know where they were going, and would not know until they got there, for the actions of the British war office are shrouded in mystery which may not be divined by a simple regiment of the line; but so long as it got out of the clutches of Brigade Major Cramp, the regiment did not care if it was sent to Jericho.

It was in the spring of '85 when H. M. Troopship Jumna, with the One Hundred and Tenth aboard, docked at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"Just in time!" exclaimed the regiment when it heard of the rebellion of the Metis in the Northwest; but an unkind Providence had decreed otherwise. The Dominion government undertook to quell the disturbance with its own

militia, and the only assistance it asked of the Hundred and Tenth was the loan of a staff officer.

There was joy in the drums when they heard that the colonel was to take a bugler with him. Every boy in the lot was sure he would be the favored one. Even Jimmy Buck, who had just graduated from the Married Quarters, put in his plea.

"I'm so little," said he, "it wouldn't matter if they did pop me orf."

For several days the buglers found innumerable errands which carried them past the officers' quarters, and the colonel smiled as he noted the excessive whiteness of their facings, the mathematical exactness of their salutes, and the backward glances to note the effect.

"The drums would wipe out the rebellion alone," he chuckled to his major, but that officer received the remark with hauteur. He was suffering under a sense of undeserved injury. It was certainly piggish of the colonel to monopolize the only chance of getting killed which had been offered the regiment in a decade.

The night before the colonel's departure the choice of a bugler had not yet been announced, and the drums were torn with dissension almost to the pitch of mutiny. In the absence of the drum major, a battle royal raged among the aspirants for service at the front. That officer, in blissful ignorance of the condition of his command, was closeted with the colonel.

"And you can recommend the Doolan boy, drum major?"

"Blows the sweetest G in the corps, sir."

"Father and mother both dead, you say?"

"Ye'll remember Color Sergeant Doolan, sir? Rest his sowl!"

"Ah, to be sure." The colonel reverently raised his forage cap. "Killed in that night attack in the Afghan hills in '78. A brave man."

The colonel leaned his head on his hand, and silence fell in the orderly room. The drum major stood to attention and stared straight to his front. The Khyber Pass rose before them in all its savage grandeur, and into the minds of both flashed a picture of a ring of

dead Ghurkas, and the body of the sergeant, slashed from shoulder to waist, lying in the midst.

"And the mother?"

"Died av fever, in the lines at Rawul Pindi, sir."

"Very well, drum major," said the colonel, closing his book. "Let him report at my quarters in marching order at eight, sharp, tomorrow morning."

Patsey paraded in the morning bearing upon his freckled face many marks of the drums' disapproval of the colonel's choice.

"Fighting?" asked the colonel.

"Bill Hogan 'it me, sir," said Patsey apologetically. "An' I licked 'im."

"Why did he strike you?"

"'Cos I said I'd bring 'im 'ome a 'arf breed scalp, sir."

"H'm!" said the colonel. "You'll be lucky if you bring back your own."

Then he contemplated with wonder the look of ecstasy which spread over the boy's face. "I believe the little beggars like to be killed," he thought. "It's born in 'em!"

Winnipeg was in a wild frenzy of excitement when the colonel, with Patsey in tow, reported at headquarters. Lean and lank settlers wandered up and down Main Street, or gathered in knots, eloquently descending on what they would do if they were the government. Fugitives were pouring into the city in buckboards, ox wagons, Red River carts, afoot and ahorse, bringing with them fresh tales of torture and rapine. Big Bear had massacred all the white men at Frog Lake, and carried off the women. It was said that Battleford had fallen. Lonely settlers had been overtaken in flight, killed, and scalped.

That very day, a mounted policeman galloped in, worn and weary, reeling in his saddle, with the news of Crozier's defeat at Duck Lake. Riel was said to be advancing on Winnipeg. A bloody cloud of fear, smoke, and war, hung over the Great Lone Land, and the danger, magnified by common report out of all proportion, loomed terrible in the distance.

But the much maligned government was doing its best to grapple with the situation. Raw levies of sturdy Scottish Canadians poured in as fast as special

trains could bring them through fifteen hundred miles of forest. Patsey inspected them as they arrived with a critical eye. He sauntered round their quarters, bestowing a commendation here, a stricture there, with all the assurance of a commander in chief on a field day.

"A likely lookin' lot," he observed blandly; "but soldiers"—with a sniff of unutterable contempt—"oh, crikey!" And having thus testified to their impossibility, judged by the superior standards of a drummer of the line, he proceeded to inspect the drum corps.

"Where's the drums quartered?" he asked of a big private of the Ninetieth Foot. The man stared. "The drums!" Patsey added impatiently. "The buglers!"

The private surveyed the little red figure and laughed.

"Reckon it's the man thet blows the horn thet ye're wantin'." Patsey nodded. "Ye'll fin' him over there."

Patsey moved in the direction indicated, and was shocked to find that a long, lean bugler was the sole representative of the important branch of the service to which he belonged. But quickly recovering his equanimity, he commenced to examine the lone drummer concerning his qualifications for his office, and soon found that he had a most shocking habit of injecting a cracked C right into the center of his quavery G.

"Listen, ye long sarpint," said Patsey, rising on his toes after the fashion of Drum Major O'Hooligan, "while I sound ye a G!"

The depth and fullness of that G haunted the long bugler until he almost burst a blood vessel in futile attempts at imitation. And because of this tribute to his superiority, Patsey patronized the long bugler extensively, and had even a good word for the Ninetieth. "Though, of course, ye'll never be soldiers," he would add to his commendations.

The Ninetieth looked upon Patsey somewhat in the light of a good joke; so that when he was finally attached to them for mess purposes, the arrangement was satisfactory to all parties. He shared with them the dangers and toils of the long march from Qu'Appelle, and was with them at Fish Creek, when they

engaged Riel's forces and drove them back upon Batoche.

On the evening of the second day's fighting at Batoche, a semicircle of red fires winked mockingly out of the black night at the breeds sullenly lying in their second line of defense. Around the fires lay the men of the Ninetieth, swapping experiences of the day's work. Here and there a man sat close up to the blaze, writing home—perhaps for the last time; and the firelight flickered on the faces of thoughtful men who knew that death lurked out in the rifle pits. Between the Ninetieth and the enemy extended a long line of pickets, but the utmost vigilance could not prevent straggling snipers from dropping an occasional bullet into the camp.

Patsey squatted at one of the fires, heating tea in a canteen, and kept up a running comment on the maneuvering of the Ninetieth.

"Ye didn't keep your distances," he remarked sagely. "Lot o' bloomin' sheep!"

The long bugler withdrew his cleaning rod from his rifle and squinted down the barrel. "Guess she'll do," he said, snapping the breech. "Say, boys, did ye see Patsey standin' behind the general's hoss?"

"Out o' range, too," said another man, with a wink.

"Proper place fer the reg'lars," said a third.

"Where else'd I be, ye 'arf baked lobsters?" replied Patsey with superior calmness. "Yer wouldn't 'a' knowed where to go if I 'adn't tooted yer orders."

"Tooted us inter the rifle pits from long range, Patsey? Ye're brave!"

The lad lifted the canteen from the glowing coals and opened his mouth to reply. A rifle flashed beyond the pickets, and a whizzing bullet sent the tin flying from his hand. The hot tea splashed all over the men. They jumped to their feet and rushed for their rifles.

"Here," said the long bugler, "we've gotter get thet feller! Are ye hurt, boy?"

But Patsey had seized a rifle and slipped off in the darkness.

"'Fraid, am I?" he muttered. "I'll show 'em!"

He lay flat on his belly and wormed his way between the pickets; but once outside the line he rose to his feet and moved rapidly across the prairie. Looking back, he could see the red fires and black figures passing between; and he heard the long bugler cautioning the pickets not to let "the little red drummer go by." A rifle flashed about a hundred yards ahead, and the bullet hummed along its path of death just above his head. He dropped on his hands and knees, and crept towards the flash.

"I'll wait till I get within twenty yards of the beggar," he thought. "Then I'll plug 'im!"

He wiggled over the grass towards the concealed marksman. Once more the rifle flashed—this time only fifty yards away. Patsey crept a little nearer and waited. He thought he could see a dim figure through the darkness, but dared not fire. He waited for the flash. At last it came. He sighted for the very center of the white smoke dimly rising in the blackness, and pulled trigger.

Blinding fire flashed from the breech of his rifle. A crashing sound rent his brain, and he plunged forward and lay still.

For a few minutes after the bursting of the little bugler's rifle, silence reigned over the prairie. Then two figures loomed out of the night and bent over the boy. One of the men picked up the shattered weapon.

"Thought as much, Jean. Plugged muzzle. Run it inter the sand, I guess. Breech blown right out."

"By Gar! Luckee for me," said the other. "'E vas onlee twenty paces off. Take up hees feet, Baptiste."

"Why, it's a boy!" exclaimed the other. "Poor leetle beggar—a bugler. Here's hees horn."

When consciousness slowly filtered back, Patsey found himself lying in a smoke blacked tepee. His temples throbbed with pain, and the blood still flowed from a cut beneath his eye, but otherwise he was none the worse for his mishap. He sat up and took note of his surroundings.

A man sat writing at a rough table by the light of a cotton flare. As Patsey looked upon him, a vague idea that he

had seen the fellow before entered his mind, and he looked, and looked again, trying to place him. From the man's straight eyebrows rose a high forehead crowned with bristling hair. His lips were thin, his cheeks hollow, and his nose long and straight. Wild eyes, hot with the fires of fanaticism, gleamed from his pale face. He glanced quickly up when the boy moved, and then Patsey recognized him from a portrait he had seen in Winnipeg—it was Louis Riel.

"Who are you?" Riel spoke in quick, harsh tones.

"Patsey Doolan, sir."

"What regiment?"

"One Hundred and Tenth of the line," replied Patsey, proudly swelling his chest. "Attached to the Ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles."

"Ah, a regular. Bugler?"

"Yes, sir."

Riel bit the end of his pen and stared at the boy; but Patsey could see that the wild eyes were seeing other things. For a full minute he stared, then the eyelids drooped and a sinister expression shot across his face.

"We'll find you something to do tomorrow," he said, and turned again to his writing.

Patsey watched for a while. Indian runners slipped in and out, bringing and taking messages. Riel would glance up, give a quick order, and plunge again into his writing. Gradually the boy commenced to nod; he heard the voices as in the distance, then he dropped into a sound sleep.

When he awoke, the gray lights of the early morning were stealing into the tent, but Riel still sat busily writing. When the boy moved, the half breed leader struck his open hand smartly on the table. An Indian stepped to the door.

"Send Laval here, We-weep!" He spoke in Cree.

Riel sat nervously biting the end of his pen, until a heavy step sounded on the outside. The flap of the tent flew back, and a big breed swaggered in. He glanced at the boy's red coat, and scowled. Patsey shrank instinctively back. Brute was marked on every line of the man's pockmarked visage; his eyes squinted out, yet the boy could feel

the malevolent glare concentrated full upon him.

The two men whispered together, glancing over their shoulders. At last Riel spoke aloud.

"Listen, boy," he said. "Go with this man. Do everything he tells you, or——" A cruel smile writhed his thin lips.

The breed grabbed the boy's collar and jerked him roughly to his feet. A cloth was tied over his eyes, and he was led out of the tent. For nearly a mile he stumbled along beside his companion. He could hear men talking, sometimes in English, more often in French; and then again he recognized the gutturals of the Cree. Suddenly he felt himself raised from his feet and dropped into a hole. As he fell, his hands flew instinctively to the bandage that blinded him, and tore it off.

He was in a rifle pit, the center of a long line extending as far as the eye could reach to the right and left. In the next pit was Laval, and all along the line he could see the heads of the swarthy breeds peering through the embrasures of the pits. Just then his attention was attracted by the sound of a British bugle, and, peeping through his loophole, he saw the Canadian forces deploying for battle. Again the bugle sounded the "right extend," and Patsey grinned with pleasure as a shrill C split up the quavery G. Once more he glanced along the line of pits. The breeds were sighting through the loopholes and muttering curses on the slow moving troops.

The blaring bugle brought him back to his loophole in a hurry. The Canadians were advancing. He could see the black uniforms of the Ninetieth dodging from bush to bush. Away to the right, Boulton's Horse were swinging out for a wide flanking movement. Grassett's Grenadiers deployed on the left, and the Midlanders covered the Ninetieth.

A stir in the next pit attracted his attention. Laval was looking through the sights of his long rifle. A thin spume of smoke shot from the embrasure, followed by a sharp report—the battle had commenced.

Three long hours Patsey lay in his pit watching the advance. Sometimes a

screaming hail from Howard's gatling swept over him, and then a rifle bullet would plump into his parapet, but none happened to find his loophole. He trembled with joy as his friends drew gradually nearer in the face of the destructive fire. As the day wore on, a thick cloud of smoke hung over the pits, and the sulphurous fumes of burnt powder almost choked him. From the yellow Tophet arose the wild yells of the fierce Metis, the war whoops of the savage Crees, and the death screams of hard hit men.

Patsey watched Laval's movements with intense interest. He did not fire very often, but every time his rifle cracked, a man in black pitched forward. As the troops drew nearer, the breed began to get excited. He muttered wild curses and his squint eyes rested on Patsey with a look of deadly hatred.

Late in the afternoon the Canadians got well within charging distance. Patsey wondered why they did not charge; but, looking out, he saw the officers holding them back. At length they could hold their men no longer. The soldiers were slipping by, and taking up more advanced ground. Patsey made out the long body of the Ninetieth bugler slipping from bush to bush.

"Boy!"

He glanced up in quick surprise. He had forgotten Laval.

"Take your bugle and sound the retreat."

Patsey stared. "The retreat, sir?" he stammered.

"Yes. Put your bugle to that loophole and blow the retreat."

Laval's rifle rose slowly, and the boy looked right into the little-black muzzle.

The meaning of the order suddenly flashed upon him. He was to stop the charge of the Canadians, and bring the day's fighting to naught. His soul rose hot within him, and a blank refusal trembled on his lips. Then an inspiration came to him.

"All right, sir," he answered cheerfully.

"Thought that'd fix you," growled the breed, lowering his rifle.

The lad peeped through the embrasure as he swung the bugle from under his arm. The men were still slipping

past the protesting officers. He raised the bugle, and with all the might that was in him sounded the charge!

Loud and clear and shrill, the notes carried far over the prairie. Away on the hill where stood the general staff, the colonel started as he recognized the bugle's clear tones. From the fighting line burst a howl of fierce pleasure, and it rose as one man and shot into the deadly zone of fire.

Patsey saw the long bugler spring from behind a bush and dash towards him; then, mad with excitement, he leaped upon the parapet of his pit and cheered the Ninetieth on. The men saw the little red figure, and then saw that which, for one second, paralyzed their charge. The giant figure of Laval rose from the pit behind the boy. A cry of impotent anguish burst from the lips of the long bugler as he covered the ground with giant strides. The breed's rifle rose in the air and fell. The little red figure quivered beneath the stroke, and dropped, limp and lifeless.

The next minute the slipping bayonet of the long bugler had avenged his death. The Ninetieth, the Midlanders, and Grasset's poured into the pits like a black flood of death, and many a breed paid in full measure for Laval's evil stroke. Ten minutes of lively fighting,

and then Boulton's Horse smashed the right flank like a pane of glass. The breeds broke and fled, and the rebellion of the Metis was over.

"Who ordered those men to charge?" exclaimed the general when the wild yell rose to the hill.

"No one, sir," replied his chief of staff.

But the men of the Ninetieth know who ordered that charge. Orders and decorations, knighthoods and crosses, rewarded the men on the hill for the great deeds they had—not done. And Patsey also got his cross. Before the men of the Ninetieth returned to their lonely prairie farms, they placed a wooden cross at the head of a little grave; and deep in the wood, the loving hands of the long bugler cut Patsey's name, a bugle, and the regimental arms of the Ninetieth.

And on the anniversary of Batoche, the gray haired colonel rises to his feet in the officers' mess of the One Hundred and Tenth; and, after "Her majesty," he glances round the board at the officers standing with bowed heads, and says:

"Gentlemen, I give you Patsey Doolan, a drummer of the queen."

And from his place in the band Drum Major O'Hooligan utters a fervent "Rest his soul!"

THE WIND BEAST.

THE soft, caressing wind is high,

And it comes—a tiger strong,
With a smooth, lithe form and purring sigh—
The strength that is lurking within the cry
That follows him along—

He laps the leaves with winding tongue

Till they turn their white sides east;
All the gathering clouds from the north have swung
And shadows purple and blue have sprung
Beneath the great wind beast.

Look, eyes which start like flame to warm!

See, a head is reared on high!
With a yell and spring he has caught the storm
And shaken it into a flag-like form
That sweeps across the sky.

His nails have torn and rent the Thing,

With a wrath too great to last;
He has burst the sky like a paper ring
And broken his trail like a tightened string—
The storm is overpast!

Deronda Mayo.

NOISE AND HEALTH.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, M. D.

THE SERIOUS DAMAGE TO HEALTH THAT IS WROUGHT BY THE EAR SPLITTING DIN OF A GREAT CITY—THE LITTLE THAT HAS BEEN DONE TO STOP UNNECESSARY NOISES, AND THE MUCH MORE THAT MIGHT BE DONE.

THERE is no question but that the confusing and discordant noises of large cities are detrimental to the health of those who are obliged to dwell in them for the greater part of the year. The injury to health from this source is not entirely of a local character. In fact, the irritation to the auditory apparatus—that is, the ear itself, its nerves, and its other appendages—is of less importance than the harm done to the brain and general nervous system by the roar and din of modern cities.

We are often disposed to forget the very important part which the five senses play in the physical life of the individual. It is only by means of his powers of hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling that man is able to come in contact at all with the material universe around him. Imagine the condition of a person totally blind and deaf, and with entire loss of the senses of smell, taste, and touch. He would be reduced almost to the condition of a tree. His heart might continue to beat, breathing would go on, digestion and assimilation of food need not be interfered with, and mere animal existence could continue indefinitely; but he would be absolutely isolated. He could gain no information of the world around him, nor could he communicate in any way whatsoever with his fellow men.

All our information with regard to objects of nature, and all communications from our fellows, must pass through one or more of these channels, consequently the five senses are the means of all conscious relation with the external world.

NOISE AND THE NERVES.

This intimate and important relation between the brain and general nervous system, on the one hand, and each of

the nerves of special sense, makes it apparent that impressions made upon any one of the five senses must have a more or less powerful influence upon the brain and nerves of the entire body. Now, if the impressions made upon the five senses, on any one of them, are pronounced and painful, and of constant recurrence—as, for instance, when a bright light is constantly flashed before the eyes, or loud and discordant noises are poured in on the nerves of the ear—they cannot fail to produce irritation and exhaustion of the brain and nerves all over the body; and in this way the general health is made to suffer.

The roar and din of a modern city causes almost constant irritation to the nervous system through the auditory apparatus, and this irritation in turn results in a lowering of the general health and resisting power of the individual. Noise thus plays an important part in producing neurasthenia, or nervous prostration, a disease of cities and of modern civilization. Aside from the destructive effect on the general health, noise produces local changes in the ear itself which sometimes amount to chronic inflammation, and very often to partial deafness.

There is a disease known as “boiler makers’ deafness.” It was discovered and described many years ago, when a boiler factory was the noisiest of places. A considerable percentage of men who had worked at the trade for a long time were found to be more or less deaf, hence the name of the disease. It is caused by the violent concussions to which the delicate structures of the internal ear are constantly subjected by the infernal din of hammering upon the resonant iron. When the ear drum and other structures are constantly compelled to

withstand these concussions, and the frequently repeated mechanical violence of loud and discordant noises, they become much thicker and tougher than is natural, and are unable to respond to the more delicate vibrations of the sounds produced in ordinary conversation.

The boiler factory no longer has a monopoly in producing this affection. The streets of our modern cities are becoming so noisy that unless the evil is abated by improved pavements and means of traffic, the name of the disease will have to be changed to the city dweller's deafness.

THE NOISE HABIT.

The New Yorker in time contracts what may be called the noise habit. Noise with him becomes a dissipation. His nervous system demands it. This is illustrated by the sensations he experiences when he goes into the woods or mountains after a continuous stay in the city for many months. His first feeling is one of loneliness; something seems to have suddenly gone out of his life. Every tree seems to say, "Why have you been so hot and noisy, my little sir?" His sensations are somewhat akin to those of a drunkard who has been under alcoholic stimulation for a long time, and suddenly has his drink taken from him. His whole nervous system feels the lack of the irritation and stimulation of the city noise, to which it has become accustomed. The stillness actually appeals and depresses him.

The noise habit, like every other, grows by what it feeds upon, and this artificial stimulant has gained such a hold that the New Yorker requires it with his dinner. Just as his stomach demands the stimulating effect of a cocktail before the meal, so his nervous system demands noise during it, and in these latter years no hotel or restaurant can hope for patronage which does not furnish a noisy band of music with the food it sells. If there is one time more than every other when the brain and nervous system should be free from thought and excitement of every kind, it is during the dinner hour. The blood is required in the stomach to furnish a plentiful flow of gastric secretion; yet our modern cafés are a pandemonium of

loud talking, music, and general racket. The effect of such surroundings on the mind and emotions cannot fail to be detrimental to the digestion and assimilation of food. The stomach that requires a cocktail to arouse the appetite, and the nervous system that demands the stimulating effect of an orchestra in order to enjoy a dinner, are both in an abnormal, unnatural, and unhealthy condition.

There has been a steady increase of noise in the streets of New York during the last ten years. Asphalt pavements and rubber tires promised welcome relief; they are more than offset by the clanging electric and cable cars and whirring automobiles. The elevated road is like the poor; we have it with us always. Another cause of the great increase of the din and roar in the streets is the modern sky scraper. Its high walls furnish a greatly increased surface for the reverberation of sound waves, and the noise is thus intensified many times.

The streets of New York are deep, narrow channels, and they are growing constantly deeper, as the buildings increase in height. These large reflecting surfaces on three sides of him make the condition of the man in the street like that of the workman who suffers from reflected noise while he hammers rivets on the inside of a boiler.

THE CONTRAST OF CITY AND COUNTRY.

It has been pointed out how continual exposure to harsh and discordant noises will produce local trouble in previously healthy ears; and also what an important factor this is in neurasthenia, or nervous prostration. If those who were previously well can be so seriously affected in this way, it is plain that invalids and persons suffering from diseases of all kinds, both acute and chronic, must have recovery retarded when they are obliged to remain in the babel of noises which surrounds them in most parts of the city. In selecting sites for hospitals, and in constructing them, one of the most important considerations is to shut out, so far as possible, all noise from the streets, and to secure, as nearly as may be, perfect silence in the wards and rooms. Every one knows how im-

portant rest and quiet are for the recovery of the sick; yet every physician who practises in a large city must know how hard it is to secure such a condition. In many instances it is a luxury which money cannot buy. When we send patients from the city to the country, it is not alone the change of air and scene which is desirable, but also the rural peace and quiet, and freedom from the city's constant shock and concussion to the brain and nervous system.

One often hears expressed a general belief that people who live for a long time in the city get used to the noise and do not mind it. This is true in a sense, just as it is true that the drunkard gets used to alcohol, and that the opium fiend can take large doses of his favorite drug. The New Yorker goes about his business apparently unconscious of the thousands of ear splitting and brain bruising noises pouring into his auditory canals every instant. By long practice, he has become an expert in paying no attention to sounds which do not concern him for the moment. But his ability to entertain in his sensorium only such sounds as interest him does not prevent other noises from proving unconscious irritants to his nerves.

This point is well illustrated when the man from the rural district visits a large city for the first time. He appears at a great disadvantage; not because his thinking machinery is not as good as that of those who laugh at him, for it is often better. The country man's trouble is that he sees and hears too many things, or, rather, he allows his sensorium to entertain all the sights and sounds brought to it by his eyes and ears, with the result that he is overpowered and confused, and presents a ludicrous spectacle. He has not learned the city man's art of entertaining only such sounds as he chooses. The country man is exhausted after a day in the city. His nervous system is no more fit to withstand this extra and unaccustomed strain and irritation than is the city man's muscular system capable of performing a day's labor on the farm.

THE NEED OF LEGISLATION.

In the century just closing, Christian civilization has done more to protect

health, cure disease, and increase man's physical comfort, than has been accomplished during any similar period in the world's history. New scientific discoveries relating to the cause and prevention of diseases and the cure of injuries, and practical inventions catering to our physical comfort, have followed one another in rapid succession, especially in the last twenty five years. All these, supplemented by wise legislation, have greatly reduced the death rate and the sick list throughout the civilized world. Lawmakers and experimenters are steadily engaged on plans to improve the health and comfort of mankind. It is a little curious, in view of these facts, that practically nothing has been done to lessen the powerful and nerve racking noises which fill the streets of civilized cities and towns. The other senses have been protected by legislation, but the sense of hearing has been left to its fate, and any one is at liberty to assault the nervous system through this channel without molestation.

Effective municipal warfare has been made against smoke and offensive odors, which are disagreeable, but which do not constitute any material menace to health. Noise is not only equally disagreeable, but is positively health destroying; yet there are practically no city ordinances against it. One small success has been won by the foes of noise—just enough to show that further reform is possible. In 1896 the New York board of aldermen were induced to pass an ordinance making it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of twenty five dollars to haul wagons loaded with iron beams through the streets, unless the free ends were wrapped so as to prevent them from knocking against each other. A few drivers were arrested and fined for violating this ordinance, and as a result we are rid of one of the worst and most brain bruising noises from which New Yorkers suffered.

Of course the business of a great city can not be carried on without noise, and a great deal of noise; but a little study and observation will show that fully half of the ear splitting racket of the streets is unnecessary, and could be prevented by well considered legislation without any injury to business and with-

out the slightest interference with individual rights.

SIX KINDS OF CITY NOISES.

City noises may be classified under the six following heads:

1—Noises produced by wheeled vehicles of any kind, and by the animals—usually horses, or sometimes mules—drawing them.

2—Noises produced by street peddlers, hucksters, hawkers, musicians, and so forth.

3—Noises produced by bells, whistles, horns, clocks, etc.

4—Noises produced by animals, other than those drawing vehicles—as cats, dogs, or birds.

5—Explosives

6—All noises which come from the inside of our houses, as persons learning to play musical instruments or training the voice, and the loud talking and screeching that one often hears at fashionable functions.

We will select a few examples of noise from each of the above classes, and, where possible, point out how they might be abolished or at least abated. When all the New York streets were paved with stone blocks, the passage of a carriage and horses was very disturbing, but asphalt pavements and rubber tires have done away with the noise, except the clatter of the horses' feet. Underground rapid transit ought sooner or later to reduce the number of clanging cable cars and roaring elevated trains.

Nearly all the street noises in group two are unnecessary. A city ordinance making it a misdemeanor for any person to shout his wares in the streets, and compelling the rag and bottle men and scissors grinders to ring the basement bell and inquire if their services are wanted would rid the streets in the residence quarters of intolerable nuisances. Such an ordinance would in no way injure the business of these people; it

would in some respects prove an advantage to them. The sale of newspapers by strong lunged men yelling "Extra!" in the streets is a direct infringement on the rights of the residents. I can produce cases where the lives of sick persons were shortened by the continual shouting of "Extra!" under their windows during the war with Spain.

One of the worst and seemingly most useless noise makers in our third group is the church bell. It is hard to see any practical reason for its existence. When congregations were scattered, and when watches were a rare luxury, bells were of service to notify the people of the hour of worship. Today they are useless disturbers of the Sunday morning quiet, which is so refreshing to many, tired out with the week's toil.

In the fourth class we find cats. I know of no reason why cats should be permitted to infest streets and back yards and destroy sleep by their nightly vocal exercises. Children are quite as likely to be bitten and scratched by them as by dogs, yet under existing regulations stray dogs are promptly taken to the pound and destroyed, while the cats are allowed to remain.

Explosives compose the fifth class. We should be thankful that this torture is mostly confined to one day in the year, the Fourth of July. An ordinance against the use of explosives in the city streets should be passed and enforced, and if young America must express his patriotism in barbarous noises, make him go into the country to do it.

Of the sixth group—noises from the inside of our houses—we have little to say. If people are so unthinking and ill bred as to have no consideration for their neighbors in the matter of noise in their own dwellings, nothing I can say will have any effect. Persistent disturbances of this sort may, of course, be suppressed by lodging a complaint with the municipal health board.

CHANCE.

A LEAFY lane, and at its foot a stile;
Beyond, a meadow where the fireflies dance;
A lad and lass, their loving lips asmile,
Together by the stile, and this is—*Chance!*

Clinton Scollard.

A Coastwise Idyl.

THE ROMANCE OF JOHN INVERLAY, MASTER OF THE BRIGANTINE HELENA GRAY.

BY C. M. WILLIAMS.

CAPTAIN JOHN INVERLAY was pacing the tiny quarter deck of his hundred ton brigantine, the *Helena Gray*, at anchor in Chebucto Harbor, but already cleared for Trinidad. Besides the captain, a solitary sailor paced the decks. The rest of the crew were below asleep, but Inverlay was in no mood for slumber.

John Inverlay was a unique product of the Nova Scotian school of seamen—the rough, bluff “sea dog” school of fifty years ago. He was the well educated son of a Scottish clergyman, destined also for the pulpit, but the glamour of the sea had drawn him away, and now, at six and twenty, he was in command of his own vessel.

As he paced up and down, ever and anon he glanced, with the sailor's instinct, at the vessel's shrouds, the sea, the dusky sky. The air was flush, keen, buoyant. The water made a stir along the ship's sides. Northward a few lights gleamed on anchored vessels, and in the sky was the glow of the town lights.

Seaward, to the south, the revolving light on Chebucto Head flashed at intervals of time. But southward from the town there was an unbroken sweep of blackness for a mile or more, except for one tiny, twinkling light; and it was this light of all lights—either earth lights or the stars in the sky—that caught the young sailor's attention.

“*Helena's window!*” he murmured. “*I wonder why she lights the lamp to-night!*”

Inverlay's one romance centered about that distant light. In days but shortly past, as he now recalled sadly, how many times had he eagerly watched for the appearance of that signal, and how many times had he joyously rowed across the water, in answer, to the lass who had lighted it, bearing gifts that came from over seas—gay corals, or a piece of shimmering silk, and once a

quaintly pictured box of odorous wood brought home from his longest voyage, that one to India.

And the very next day after the gift of the scented box had seen the end of the idyl, had brought the letter from *Helena's* uncle, her guardian, which told Inverlay that she was to marry another, though *Helena* had not been able to bring herself to tell him.

The simple, fatalistic sailor—fatalistic from the teachings of the fate ruled sea—had taken the blow in silence, and had gone away to suffer by himself. But now, as he watched the light on shore, suddenly a desire to reply to the involuntary signal stirred in him.

With the assistance of the deck hand, he lowered a boat, and rowed away towards the shore. Spring surcharged the air with delicate freshness and heady, riotous sweetness. It was a night for youth and love to revel in. Even old ocean, that ancient of days, forgot its eternity in the renaissance of spring.

Inverlay landed, walked through a field, vaulted a low fence, and stood beneath the lighted window. The air of a song came to him; his lips puckered to whistle it—the signal that of old had called *Helena* to a tryst. But remembrance interfered, and his lips stayed mute.

The window was some five feet above the ground, and from its position, in a corner of the room, Inverlay could not see within; but he could see the large brass lamp that threw the light. It stood upon a table close to the window. It reminded him of a lighted shrine in a great foreign cathedral he had once visited at dusk. It was a strange thought to visit a simple sailor, but it seemed to Inverlay that he was worshiping for the last time at the altar of his love.

Suddenly there was a rustle of garments within the room; a girl appeared at the window, and raised the sash. In-

verlay shrank back into the shadow, his soul in his eyes.

"Lena," growled a harsh, cracked voice—a voice like the creaking of oars in thole pins—"you iss enough to give a man the fidgets. What iss you a doin' at thet winder? What iss ye lookin' for?"

"Something I'll never see again, uncle," the girl said with a sigh.

"You iss a born fool, gal," said the rough voice contemptuously, "an' I itch to flog ye. I only hopes Mr. Stewart will bring ye to your senses with a rope's end. Pooh! I'm a goin' to bed."

There was the sound of drinking, and then a creaking of stairs, and then silence, with the sea going *swish—swish—ah*, upon the beach. Then there came a single, heart breaking sob; the girl's tall form shook, she sank upon her knees, bowed her head upon the window sill, and gave way to a passion of silent grief.

Inverlay was wounded to the soul. He forgot everything save her distress.

"Lena!" he said brokenly, and again, "Lena!" as he went beneath her window.

She started violently. Her brown hands swept the loosened hair from her eyes. She gazed upon him with wonder mixed with fear.

"Jock," she cried, "is it really you? The light did bring you! I hoped it would! Jock, why did you leave me?"

"Lena," said Inverlay, "you ask me that, you who sent me away?"

"I sent you away? What do you mean?"

"Why, your letter, Lena—I mean the letter from your uncle."

He raised a bewildered face to hers. The quicker witted girl smiled a sudden, happy smile.

"Then you did not leave me, Jock!" she cried. "You did not leave me, as they said you did. I see how it was—uncle sent you away from me. But you did not leave me of your own mind!"

At that moment she had not a thought for the old man's perfidy. But soon the smile faded.

"But I did not know that, Jock," she went on sadly; "and—and, do you know, Jock, tomorrow is my wedding day! Yes, Mr. Stewart, the ship builder——"

The sailor jumped as though stung.

"By——" he began, and checked

himself. "No, tomorrow is not your wedding day," he went on, "unless you marry me! It's all been a muddle, lass; they've tried to win you from me by fraud; but let's wear ship and get out of these breakers! I am owner and master of a brigantine, the Helena Gray——"

"Oh, Jock!" she whispered, and kissed his hand—for their hands had got together long before.

"So come with me, Lena; yes, right away! Tomorrow we touch at Halifax. There we can get married, and then, hurrah for the West Indies!"

"The islands!" she breathed. "Oh, Jock, how I loved to hear you tell of them—all flowers and sunshine there, is it not?"

"Yes, lass, and real orange blossoms for your hair. You'll come?"

"Yes," she whispered lowly. Her head drooped, and his lips found hers.

There was an ominous creaking up stairs.

"Lena! I say, Lena! Drat thet gal! Iss you going to bed tonight, you trollop, you?"

Helena started. Inverlay whispered anxiously.

"Let us go, lass!"

A smile of gaiety, as it were a gleam of sunshine on somber water, banished the alarm from the girl's face. A mischievous spirit sparkled in her eyes.

"Just a moment, Jock," she whispered to her sailor; "just a moment, please!"

"Lena, you baggage you," the grating voice went on, "do you hear me? Go to bed. Lord, but I tell ye, I'll be glad to be quit of ye tomorrow!"

"I'm going right this minute, uncle." The girl smiled gaily upon the impatient sailor. "Good night!" She blew out the light. "There, uncle, I'm all ready. Good night. Don't be cross, uncle; you'll soon be rid of me, never fear!"

"An' a good riddance, too," said the subsiding growl; and the old man began to snore.

Lovingly enarmed, Helena and her sailor stole away to the boat, and an hour later the stanch little brigantine carried them away into the rose and gold dawn of a new day and a new life.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

TOM JOHNSON, MAYOR OF CLEVELAND.

One of the most interesting experiments in municipal government in this country is being undertaken in Cleveland, Ohio, by the biggest mayor, physically and mentally, in the United States. Tom L. Johnson weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, and his finely shaped head looks rather large even for his big body. He is the only mayor in the country who had a national reputation before he took the office. Two

years before he announced himself as a candidate, he declared that in the future he purposed devoting the greater part of his energies to the social and economic principles with which he has long been identified.

Measured by conventional standards, he is perhaps the most paradoxical man in this land, certainly in public life. He is a millionaire many times over, and an enthusiastic worker for the single tax. He is a manufacturer of steel rails, and



THOMAS LOFTIN JOHNSON, BETTER KNOWN AS TOM JOHNSON, MAYOR OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, AND ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING FIGURES IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE.

From his latest photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland.

a advocate of free trade. He has made the greater part of his wealth in building, developing, and speculating in street railways, yet he believes in municipal ownership of these roads. His explanation is simple. He opposes certain things and fights for others in which he be-

street railway problem from the coign of vantage of an errand boy. He has been Tom Johnson ever since, and he would hardly recognize his full name, Thomas Loftin Johnson, if he saw it in print. Boy and man, poor and rich; he has always been democratic, fearless,



SAMUEL M. JONES, MAYOR OF TOLEDO, OHIO, AN INDEPENDENT POLITICIAN WHOSE MOTTO IS THE GOLDEN RULE.

From a photograph by Lewis, Toledo.



ALBERT JOHNSON, TOM JOHNSON'S BROTHER, AND COADJUTOR IN THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS STREET RAILWAY INTERESTS.

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.

lieves—that is principle. He conducts his affairs under existing laws and conditions—that is business.

Until the new order of things comes about—and no one is working harder for the change—Tom Johnson will probably continue to make money, as other men do, through the benevolent protective tariff and the manipulation of street railways. At the age of forty seven he is a very rich man. He may be worth ten millions, or twenty; and he made every dollar of it himself. He earned his first nickel selling newspapers; for the Civil War had ruined Colonel A. W. Johnson, his father, who moved from Scott County, Kentucky, to Louisville when the present mayor of Cleveland was a child.

Tom Johnson began the study of the

genial, and aggressive, a man with indomitable and highly intelligent energy. He early learned to work steadily towards a goal, and to this day, when an important problem is before him, he will stay at his desk sixteen and even eighteen hours a day, eating his food there and smoking all the time.

He rose rapidly in the Louisville street railway service, and when he was twenty one he knew all that there was to be learned about the business. He needed only capital to branch out for himself. This he gained by inventions, among which were a "nickel in the slot" box for cars without conductors, an automatic switch, and, later, a car fender and a pattern of steel rail that has been almost universally adopted.

With the money gained from his in-



Duke of Connaught

Princess
Patricia of
Connaught

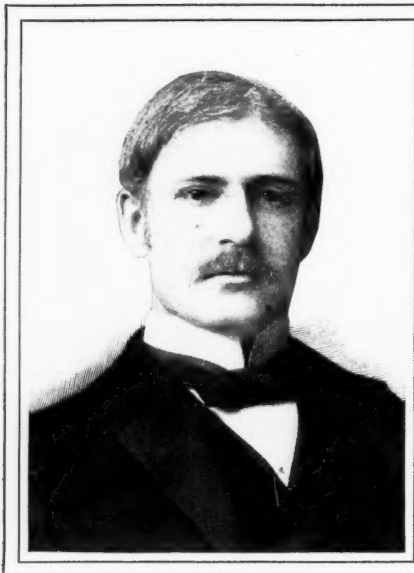
King Edward VII
Queen Alexandra
Prince Charles
of Denmark
Czarina

Duchess of
Connaught
Princess Victoria
of S.-Holsath.
Duchess of Fife.

Princess Victoria
of England.
Prince of
Denmark
Car

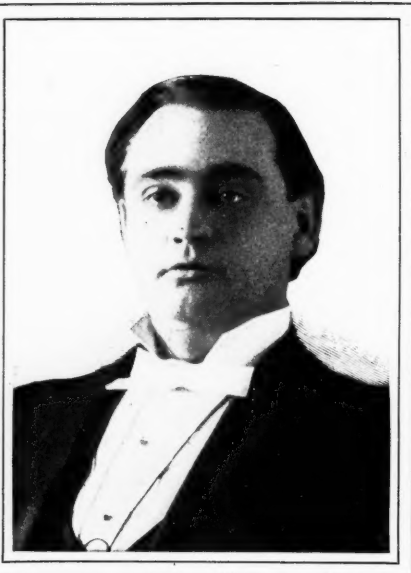
Princess Margaret
of Connaught

A GROUP OF BRITISH, RUSSIAN, AND DANISH ROYALTY.



JAMES S. HARLAN, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF
PORTO RICO, SON OF JUSTICE HARLAN OF
THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago.

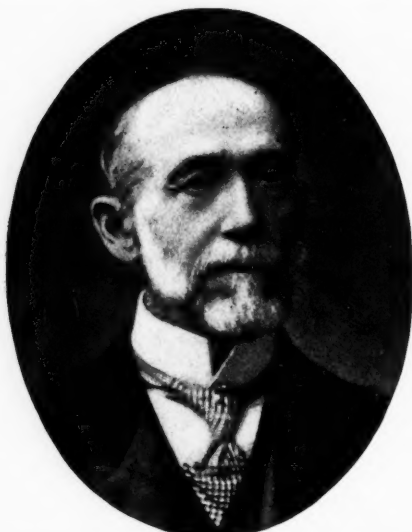


JOSEPH W. BAILEY, UNITED STATES SENATOR
FROM TEXAS, THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF
THE FEDERAL SENATE.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

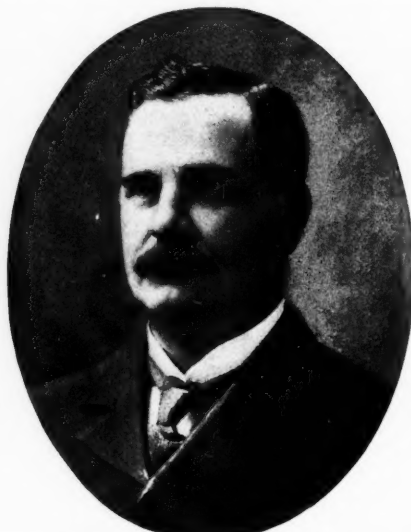
ventions, Tom Johnson bought a street car line in Indianapolis. It had a few rattletrap cars drawn by discouraged

mules, and a franchise. Al Johnson, Tom's brother, seven years his junior, worked on this line as a conductor, and



THOMAS C. PLATT, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM
NEW YORK, WHO ADVOCATED A STATE POLICE
FOR NEW YORK CITY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York.



BENJAMIN B. ODELL, JR., GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK,
WHO OPPOSED AND DEFEATED THE PLAN
FOR A STATE POLICE.

From a copyrighted photograph by Prince, Washington.

subsequently became foreman of the stables. It was reorganized, and made a good street car line. The people of Indianapolis were proud of it, and it paid. Tom Johnson sold it out, and turned his attention towards Cleveland. About twenty one years ago he bought a shoe string line, and began business with nineteen mules and four second hand cars. There were pitying smiles in Cleveland for the round, smiling, energetic young man, because people could not help liking him. Mark Hanna controlled the principal system of local railways, and what chance had this young-



BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, UNITED STATES ARMY, WHO CAPTURED AGUINALDO BY A DARING AND INGENIOUS RUSE.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.



EMILIO AGUINALDO, THE FORMER HEAD OF THE FILIPINO INSURGENT REPUBLIC.

From a photograph.

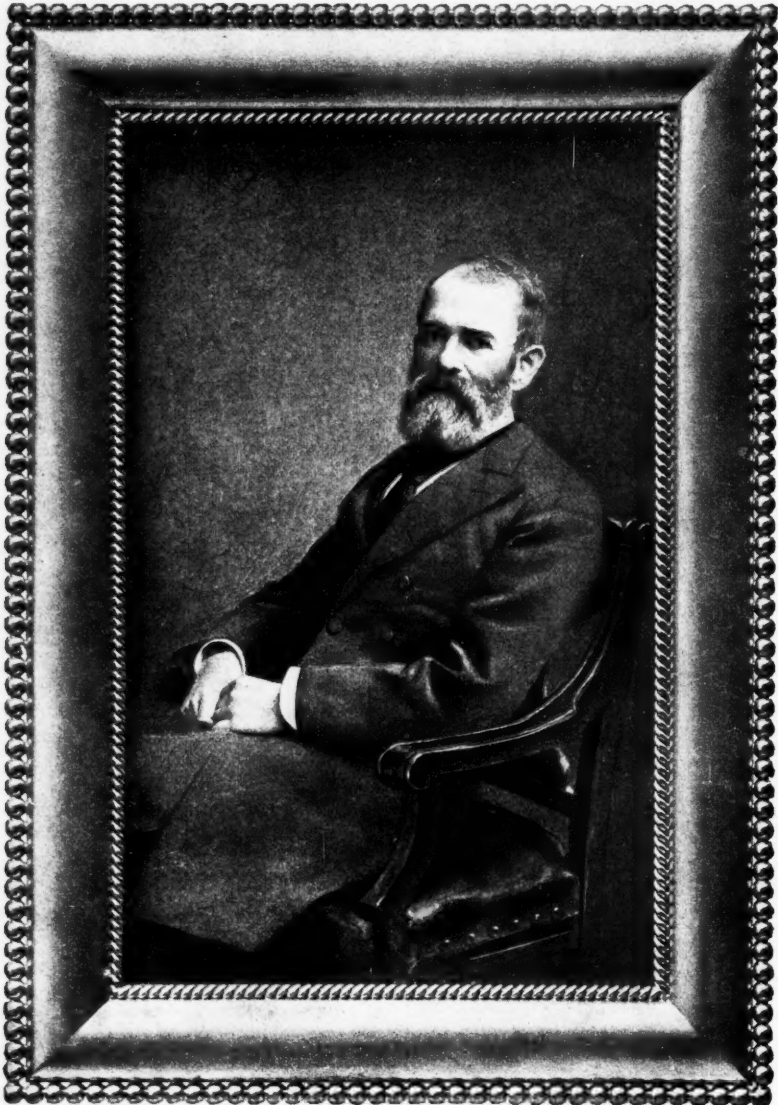
ster of twenty six who had entered the field against him?

Tom Johnson regularly worked sixteen hours a day, improving and extending his tracks and paralleling those of his rival. Before long there was a fight, and it was a hard one. The mutual respect which Mr. Hanna and Tom Johnson have for each other—in business, not politics—bears testimony to this day to the vigor of the struggle. In the end, Johnson won. Street railways were his business; with Mr. Hanna they were only a side issue. It was charged then, as it has been many times since, that Tom Johnson was full of guile, and that he did many things that could not be countenanced under a strict code of ethics.

He took hold of the Nassau lines, in Brooklyn, in 1893, and about the same time formed the nucleus of the system which now promises to connect New York and Philadelphia by trolley, with his brother in immediate charge. Before this Tom Johnson had started a steel mill in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, to manufacture his automatic brakes and his steel rails. Later he built another plant in Lorain, Ohio. When he became a millionaire, with great steel

interests, it was looked upon as a logical corollary that he should become a protectionist, but he announced himself as an out and out free trader. More than

a brief on the book, an honest one, and to demolish its arguments if he could. Tom Johnson tells the story himself, and says that the lawyer's opinion was brief,



THE LATE JAY GOULD, THE FAMOUS FINANCIER—BORN MAY 27, 1836, DIED DECEMBER 2, 1892.

From a miniature by J. Staples Rowe.

that, he became one of the most active advocates of the single tax. He read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," and was convinced against his will. He directed his lawyer to prepare

being an admission that it was a great book.

Since that time Tom Johnson has fought for the single tax, for free trade, and for municipal ownership of street



THE LATE HELEN DAY GOULD (NÉE MILLER), WIFE OF JAY GOULD.

From a miniature by J. Staples Rowe.

railways. But these convictions did not prevent him from buying the line in Louisville on which he first worked, and systems in Detroit and other places, thereby adding to his millions. He found time to take an active part in politics, as a single taxer, on which platform he was defeated for Congress in 1888, but elected two years later, and again in 1892. He made something of a stir in Washington while he was there.

Ever since his frank advocacy of his advanced theories made him famous, some people have considered him a trifle unbalanced, and a few have acted upon

this theory in their business dealings with him, with woful results to themselves. Tom Johnson doesn't carry his altruistic ideas into financial schemes. When he sold the Nassau lines to the men who united almost all the Brooklyn street railways under the name of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, a cry went up that he had mulcted the new corporation. True it is that the purchasers did all in their power to make him lower his price a few millions, but he told them, in the politest manner in the world, that he could not take a dollar less than the figure named. He held the key of the



MISS HELEN MILLER GOULD, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JAY GOULD, A YOUNG AMERICAN WOMAN
WHOSE NAME IS WIDELY FAMOUS FOR HER GOOD WORKS.

From a miniature by J. Staples Rowe.

[See Article on page 387.]

situation, and he knew it; so they paid him his price. When an attack is made upon Tom Johnson in connection with that deal, his friends say that he beat some of the shrewdest men in Wall Street at their own game.

Al Johnson has been an able coadjutor to his brother. There is not a detail of the street car business that he does not know. He is a blond giant, and looks like an athlete in training. He is a rough and ready kind of man, with a breezy, hearty manner and a wealth of colloquial speech. He fights in the open, and never knows when he is defeated. His brother is more complex, farther sighted, a master of strategy, and just as hard a fighter in a different way.

Tom Johnson has never had a strike among his employees, and he has had as many as thirty thousand men working for him at one time. He has always been easily accessible to his humblest worker. If complaint were made that certain runs were too exacting, it was not uncommon for Al Johnson to go forth and do a regular motorman's work for a day; and if he found that there was reason for the complaint, the evil was remedied. If a malcontent were gaining a malign influence over some of the workers, he would not be discharged, but would be treated with marked consideration by the Johnsons; and somehow the potential leader's popularity would swiftly wane.

Just now, while Al Johnson is completing the trolley system between New York and Philadelphia, and also seeking to build an underground system—including a tunnel under the Narrows to Staten Island—to connect with that of Manhattan, and promising a three cent fare, Tom Johnson is concentrating all his energies upon making Cleveland the best governed city in America, according to his radical ideas. There is not a trick or a turn in the game of municipal politics that he does not know. He maintains, and surely no one could be a higher authority, that most of the corruption in our cities is due to the manipulation of franchises.

His first move, after his election, was to prevent the city from giving valuable lake front property to a railroad. He ordered dangerous and unlawfully con-

structed buildings torn down, and saw that the order was enforced. He established a department for the equalization of taxes, and boldly announced that all property should be fairly and honestly assessed. He spanked the city council, and told its members to keep their faces clean and be good. He has promised that the street car lines he once owned shall charge only three cents fare, if he can bring it about, declaring they can make large profits even at the reduction.

No one has ever questioned Tom Johnson's courage and ability, and those who know him say that no more sincere man lives. The experiment that he has in hand in Cleveland will interest every city in the country.

THE CAPTOR OF AGUINALDO.

There is no denying the fact that a feeling against General Frederick Funston exists in the regular army.* It is perfectly natural, from a regular army point of view. To begin with, he failed to pass an entrance examination for West Point; and men who have worked through the most exacting educational institution in the world, who have devoted twenty years to the hard routine work of the army, and who have longed all that time for an opportunity to distinguish themselves, naturally resent an outsider's promotion over their heads.

When Colonel Funston, of the Twentieth Kansas, was made a brigadier of volunteers for that river swimming exploit before Calumpit, the regular army officers applauded publicly, and privately they sniffed—not because they meant to disparage Colonel Funston's bravery, but because he did that which is in violation of all rules of war, however brave and daring the deed. That is to say, from the regular army officer's point of view, the commander of a regiment has no right to take such a risk. But the fact remains that Funston's effort was a success, and he became a popular hero. Of course, if he had failed, he would have been a foolhardy person who threw away his life. He took the chance—there is no chance the little man will not take—and he won.

As to the exploit through which General Funston won his commission in the

regular army, it would seem that there could be no question of its splendid courage and daring. Yet every one knows that it has been criticised, and that Funston is charged with violating military ethics. It is a trifle puzzling to the ordinary mortal to understand just what is good form in shooting down an enemy or capturing him. But no one denies that Aguinaldo's capture was a good thing both for us and for the Philippines; and few persons, outside the army, doubt whether Funston honestly earned the reward that he desired more than anything in life.

The prejudice against General Funston goes farther back than his Philippine experiences. It will be remembered that he served in the Cuban army, securing a commission as artilleryman. It is told of him that he learned how to manipulate a machine gun in a New York store where arms are sold. If that be true, he learned the lesson well, for he delighted the Cubans beyond measure by his accuracy in firing a Hotchkiss, and they made him a major. He didn't get along well with the insurgents, and it is said that a massacre of Spanish prisoners, which he was powerless to prevent, caused him to demand his discharge. This was refused, but shortly afterwards the Spaniards brought Funston to Havana as prisoner, and through General Lee he was sent home.

At the breaking out of the Spanish war, Funston thought his knowledge of Cuba would be of value to the government, and offered his services. He was attached to the intelligence department—Funston called it the "spy bureau"—and it proved uncongenial. He was a most unmilitary looking figure at Tampa. He had no uniform at first, although he afterwards secured a fatigue jacket, and he knew nothing about the simplest details of drill. His position among the regulars was not pleasant, and when Lieutenant Rowan, the "message to Garcia" man, returned and told how bitterly the Cubans denounced Funston for what they called his desertion, the little Kansan was too proud to explain. He went back to his regiment—he had been appointed a colonel of volunteers—because there was a prospect of its going to the Philippines; and

when he arrived in the eastern islands it was with a grim resolve to show the regulars that he had something in him. He was determined to make a name for himself or die trying—and the world knows the result.

THE SON OF JUSTICE HARLAN.

It is sometimes dangerous to a young man's reputation to have a distinguished father, but James S. Harlan, of Chicago, who at the age of forty is Attorney General for Porto Rico, has evidently not suffered because his father is a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He won distinction by his own work, and he relinquished a large income from his profession to accept President McKinley's appointment to the insular government.

While college athletics are so much in the public mind, it is worth while to point out that young Mr. Harlan was a star man at Princeton. He was captain of the 'varsity baseball nine, and half back on the 'varsity football eleven. He was graduated in 1883, with high honors in Greek and Latin. Not all men who win fame as athletes succeed in the business and professional world, but it seems to be true that when the athletic men do forge to the front they get there faster and go farther than the honor men who were not prominent in outdoor sports.

THE YOUNGEST SENATOR.

Joseph Welden Bailey, of Texas, has succeeded Marion Butler, of North Carolina, as the youngest member of the United States Senate. Senator Bailey will not be thirty eight years old until October next. Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, another Senator to whom fame has come early, is exactly a year older, their birthdays being on October 6.

Senator Bailey looks the Southerner. He was born in Mississippi. He wears his black hair long, and only a soft, wide brimmed hat is permitted to cover it. His little string tie is always white, and he displays as much white shirt bosom as the shirt makers will manufacture for him. He has served five terms in the House of Representatives, and was party leader for one session.

COUNT HANNIBAL.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DURING the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, in Paris, Count Hannibal de Tavannes, a Catholic nobleman, saves the lives of a Huguenot maiden, Mlle. de Vrillac; M. de Tignonville, to whom she has been betrothed; and the Protestant servants of her house, in consideration of the girl's promise to become his (Tavannes') wife. When the danger is over, for the time being, Tignonville strives to persuade Mlle. de Vrillac to flee with him; but she has given her word to Tavannes, and will not break it. Enraged, he leaves her, and sets out alone to seek a place of safety. The girl succeeds in delaying the ceremony by insisting that a Protestant minister marry them, and that she must also be first assured of Tignonville's safety, to which Tavannes grudgingly assents; and it is in the hope of fulfilling these conditions that Count Hannibal volunteers for a dangerous mission to the Arsenal, where a number of Huguenots have fortified themselves. But he finds neither Tignonville nor a minister there, and narrowly escapes with his life from an attack made on him during the absence of their leader, M. de Biron. In the mean time, Tignonville has made his way to the abode of a Catholic lady of the court, Mme. St. Lo, who has shown him some favors, and who he flatters himself is in love with him; but he speedily discovers that she has been amusing herself with him. A revulsion of feeling comes over him, and when Mme. St. Lo jestingly suggests that he disguise himself and go in place of the priest for whom her cousin, Count Hannibal, has sent, he takes her at her word, perceiving therein a possibility of circumventing Tavannes' plans. In this way he gains access to Mlle. de Vrillac again, but the remembrance of her pledge makes her deaf to his entreaties. Then suddenly they hear Tavannes' voice below and his step on the stairs.

XVI.

MADemoiselle beckoned to Mme. Carlat to be silent, and they listened, gazing at one another, hoping against hope that they were mistaken. A moment they waited, and some were beginning to breathe again, when the strident tones of Count Hannibal's voice rolled up the staircase, and put an end to doubt.

Mademoiselle grasped the table and stood supporting herself by it. "What are we to do?" she muttered. "What are we to do?" and she turned distractedly towards the women. The courage that had supported her in her lover's absence seemed to have abandoned her. "If he finds him here I am lost!"

"He will not know me," Tignonville muttered. But he spoke uncertainly, and his gaze, shifting hither and thither, belied the boldness of his words.

Mme. Carlat's eyes flew round the room; alas, it had no second door, and the windows looked on a courtyard guarded by Tavannes' people. And even now Count Hannibal's step rang on the stair, his hand was almost on the latch! The woman wrung her hands; then, as a thought struck her, she darted to a

corner where mademoiselle's robes hung on pegs against the wall.

"Here!" she cried, raising them. "Behind these! He may not be seen here! Quick, monsieur, quick!"

It was a forlorn hope—the hope, too, of one who had not thought out the position; and even so, mademoiselle's pride revolted against it.

"No," she cried. "Not there!"

Tignonville, who knew that the step was useless, since Count Hannibal would have learned that a monk had entered, and would expect to see one, held his ground.

"You could not deny yourself?" he muttered hurriedly.

"And a priest with me?" she answered; and she shook her head.

There was no time for more. Even as mademoiselle spoke, Count Hannibal's knuckles tapped the door. She cast a last look at her lover. He had turned his back on the window; the light no longer fell on his face. It was possible that he might pass unrecognized, if Tavannes stayed a moment only; and at any rate the risk must be run. In a half stifled voice she bade her woman, Javette, open the door.

Count Hannibal bowed low as he en-

*Copyright, 1900, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the January number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

tered, but he did not deceive her. He had not crossed the threshold before she regretted that she had not acted on Tignonville's suggestion, and denied herself. For what could escape those hard, keen eyes that swept the room, saw all, and seemed to see nothing—those eyes in which there dwelt even now a cruel glint of humor? He might deceive others, but she who panted within his grasp, as the wild bird palpitates in the hand of the fowler, was not deceived. He saw, he knew, although, as he bowed, and, smiling, stood upright, he looked only at her.

"I expected to be with you before this," he said with harsh dignity, "but I have been detained. First, mademoiselle, by some of your friends, who were reluctant to part with me; then by some of your enemies, who, finding me in no handsome case, took me for a Huguenot escaped from the river, and drove me to shifts to go clear of them. However, now I am come, I have news."

"News?" she muttered with dry lips. It could hardly be good news.

"Yes, mademoiselle, of M. de Tignonville," he answered. "I have little doubt that I shall be able to produce him this evening, and so satisfy one of your scruples. And I trust that this good father," he went on, turning to the pretended ecclesiastic, and speaking with the sneer from which he could seldom refrain, Catholic as he was, when he mentioned a priest, "has by this time succeeded in removing the other, and persuading you to accept his ministrations."

"No!" she cried impulsively.

"No?"—with a dubious smile, and a glance from one to the other. "But he still may. In which case, mademoiselle, your modesty must pardon me if I plead urgency, and fix the hour after supper for the fulfilment of your promise."

She turned white to the lips. "After supper?" she gasped.

"Yes, mademoiselle, this evening. Shall I say at eight o'clock?"

Then, in sheer horror of the thing that menaced her, of the thing from which only two hours separated her, she repeated defiantly what she had already said. The worst was upon her; worse than the worst could not befall her.

"But he has not persuaded me!" she cried. "I say, he has not persuaded me!"

"Still, he may, mademoiselle."

"He will not!" she cried wildly. "He never will, I tell you!"

But even as she spoke, the room went round with her. The precipice, a moment before remote, yawned at her feet; its naked terrors turned her brain. She had been pushed nearer and nearer and nearer; struggle as she might, she was now on the verge. A mist rose before her eyes, and she understood nothing. When she came to herself, after the lapse of a minute, Count Hannibal was speaking.

"Permit him another trial," he was saying in a tone of bland raillery. "A short time longer, mademoiselle! One more assault, father! The weapons of the church could not be better directed or to a more worthy object; and, successful, shall not fail of due recognition and an earthly reward."

And as she listened, half fainting, with a humming in her ears, he turned, he was gone. The door closed on him, and they three—for mademoiselle's woman had withdrawn when she opened to him—looked at one another. Mademoiselle parted her lips to speak, but she only smiled piteously, and it was M. de Tignonville who broke the silence, in a tone which betrayed his relief.

"Come, all is not lost yet!" he said. "If I can escape from the house——"

"He knows you," she answered.

"What?"

"He knows you," mademoiselle repeated in a tone almost apathetic. "I read it in his eyes. He knew you at once; and knew, too," she added bitterly, "that he had here under his hand one of the two things he requires."

"Then why did he hide his knowledge?" the young man asked sharply.

"Why?" she answered. "To induce me to waive the other condition in the hope of saving you! Oh," she went on in a tone of bitter raillery, "he has the cunning of hell! You are no match for him, monsieur! Nor I, nor any of us! And"—with a gesture of despair—"he will be my master! He will break me to his will and to his hand! I shall be his!"

His, body and soul, body and soul!" she continued drearily, as she sank into a chair and covered her face. "I shall be his! His till I die!"

The man's eyes burned, and the pulse in his temples beat wildly. "But you shall not!" he growled. "I may not match him in cunning, you say well; but I can kill him, and I will!"

"You should have done it when he was here!" she answered, half in scorn, half in earnest.

"It is not too late!" he cried; and stopped, silenced by the opening door. It was Javette who came in.

They looked at her, and before she spoke were all on their feet. Her face, white and eager, marking something besides fear, announced that she brought news. She closed the door behind her, and in a moment it was toll.

"Monsieur can escape now, if he is quick," she cried in a low, eager tone; and they saw that she was trembling with excitement. "They are at supper. But he must be quick! He must be quick!"

"Is not the door guarded?" Tignonville exclaimed.

"It is, but——"

"And he knows—mademoiselle says that he knows that I am here."

For a moment Javette looked startled. "It is possible," she muttered; "but he has gone out."

Mme. Carlat clapped her hands. "I heard the door close," she said, "three minutes ago."

"And if monsieur can reach the room in which he supped last night, the window that was broken is only blocked"—she swallowed once or twice in her excitement—"with something that he can move; and then monsieur is in the street, where his cowl will protect him."

"But the men?" he asked eagerly.

"They are eating in the lodge by the door."

"Ha! And they cannot see the other room from there?"

Javette nodded. Her tale told, she seemed to be unable to speak. Mademoiselle, who knew her for a craven, wondered that she had found courage either to note what she had told or to bring the news. But as Providence had been so good to them as to put it in the wom-

an's head to act as she had, it behooved them to use the opportunity, the last, the very last opportunity that might occur.

She turned to Tignonville. "Oh, go," she cried feverishly, "go at once! Go, I beg, monsieur. The greatest kindness you can do me is to place yourself as quickly as possible beyond his reach!" A faint color, the flush of hope, had returned to her cheek. Her eyes glittered.

"I go!" he cried. "I go!" He held her hand an instant; then, moving to the door, he opened it and listened. They all pressed behind him. A murmur of voices, low and distant, mounted the staircase and corroborated the girl's tale; apart from this the house was silent. Tignonville cast a last look at mademoiselle, and, with a gesture of farewell, glided on tiptoe to the stairs, and began to descend them, his face hidden in his cowl.

They watched him reach the angle of the staircase, they watched him vanish beyond it; and still they listened, looking at one another when a board creaked, or the voices below were hushed for a moment.

XVII.

At the foot of the staircase Tignonville paused. The droning Norman voices of the men on guard issued from an open door a few paces before him on the left. He caught a jest, the coarse, chuckling laughter that attended it, and the gurgling of applause which followed; and he knew that at any moment one of the men might step out and discover him.

Fortunately the door of the room with the shattered window was almost within reach of his hand on the right side of the passage, and he stepped softly to it. He stood an instant hesitating, his hand on the latch; then, alarmed by a movement in the guard room, as if some were rising, he pushed the door in a panic, slid into the room, and shut the door behind him. He was safe, and he had made no noise; but at the table, eating, with his back to him and his face to the partly closed window, sat Count Hannibal!

The young man's heart stood still.

For a long minute he gazed at the count's back, spell bound and unable to stir. Then, as Tavannes ate on without looking round, he began to take courage. Possibly he had entered so quietly that he had not been heard, or possibly his entrance was taken for that of a servant. In either case, there was a chance that he might retire after the same fashion; and he had actually raised the latch, and was beginning to draw the door to him with infinite precaution, when Tavannes' voice struck him, as it were, in the face.

"Pray do not admit the draft, M. de Tignonville," he said, without looking round. "In your cowl you do not feel it, but it is otherwise with me."

The unfortunate Tignonville stood transfixed, glaring at the back of the other's head. For an instant he could not find his voice. At last, "Curse you!" he hissed in a transport of rage. "Curse you! You did know, then? And she was right."

"If you mean that I expected you, to be sure, monsieur," Count Hannibal answered. "See, your place is laid. You will not feel the window there. The very becoming dress which you have adopted secures you from cold. But—do you not find it somewhat hot this summer weather?"

"Curse you!" the young man cried, trembling.

Tavannes turned and looked at him with a dark smile. "The curse may fall," he said, "but I fancy it will not be in consequence of your petitions, monsieur. And now, were it not better you played the man?"

"If I were armed," the other cried passionately, "you would not then insult me!"

"Sit down, sir, sit down," Count Hannibal answered sternly. "We will talk of that presently. In the mean time I have something to say to you. Will you not eat?"

But Tignonville would not.

"Very well," Count Hannibal answered; and he went on with his supper. "I am indifferent whether you eat or not. It is enough for me that you are one of the two things I lacked an hour ago; and that I have you, M. de Tignon-

ville. And through you I shall be able to obtain the other."

"What other?" Tignonville cried.

"A minister," Tavannes answered, smiling. "A minister. There are not many left in Paris—of your faith. But you met one this morning, you know."

"I? I met one?"

"Yes, monsieur, you. And can lay your hand on him in five minutes, you know."

M. de Tignonville gasped. His face turned a shade paler. "You have a spy!" he cried. "You have a spy up stairs!"

Tavannes raised his cup to his lips, and drank. When he had set it down, "It may be," he said, and he shrugged his shoulders. "I know, it boots not how I know. It is my business to make the most of my knowledge—and of yours."

M. de Tignonville laughed rudely. "Make the most of your own," he said; "you will have none of mine."

"That remains to be seen," Count Hannibal answered. "Carry your mind back two days, M. de Tignonville. Had I gone to Mlle. de Vrillac last Saturday and said to her, 'Marry me, or promise to marry me,' what answer would she have given?"

"She would have called you insolent!" the young man replied hotly. "And I—"

"No matter what you would have done!" Tavannes said. "Suffice it that she would have answered as you suggest. Yet today she has given me her promise."

"Yes," the young man retorted, "in circumstances in which no man of honor—"

"Let us say in peculiar circumstances."

"Well?"

"Which still exist! Mark me, M. de Tignonville," Count Hannibal continued, leaning forward and eyeing the young man with meaning, "*which still exist!* And may have the same effect on another's will as on hers! Listen! Do you hear?" And, rising from his seat with a darkening face, he pointed to the partly shattered window, through which the measured tramp of a body

of men came heavily to the ear. "Do you hear, monsieur? Do you understand? As it was yesterday, it is today! They killed the President La Place this morning! And they are searching! They are still searching! The river is not yet full, nor the gibbet glutted! I have but to open that window and denounce you, and your life would be no more worth buying than the life of a mad dog that they chase through the streets!"

The younger man had risen also. He stood confronting Tavannes, the cowl fallen back from his face, his eyes dilated. "You think to frighten me!" he cried. "You think that I am craven enough to sacrifice her to save myself. You——"

"You were craven enough to draw back yesterday, when you stood at this window and waited for death!" Count Hannibal answered brutally. "You flinched then, and may flinch again!"

"Try me!" Tignonville retorted, trembling with passion. "Try me!" And then, as the other stared at him and made no movement, "But you dare not!" he cried. "You dare not!"

"No?"

"No! For if I die you lose her!" Tignonville replied in a voice of triumph. "Ha, ha! I touch you there!" he continued. "You dare not, for my safety is part of the price, and is more to you than it is to myself! You may threaten, M. de Tavannes, you may bluster and shout and point to the window"—and he mocked with a disdainful mimicry the other's gesture—"but my safety is more to you than to me! And 'twill end there!"

"You believe that?"

"I know it!"

In two strides Count Hannibal was at the window. He seized a great piece of the boarding which closed half of the opening; he wrenched it away. A flood of evening light burst in through the aperture, and fell on and heightened the flushed passion of his features, as he turned again to his opponent.

"Then, if you know it," he cried vehemently, "in God's name act upon it!" And he pointed to the window.

"Act upon it?"

"Aye, act upon it!" the count repeat-

ed with a glance of flame. "The road is open! If you would save your mistress, behold the way! If you would save her from the embrace she abhors, from the eyes under which she trembles, from the hand of a master, there lies the way! And it is not her glove only you will save, but herself, her soul, her body! Then," he continued with a certain wildness, and in a tone wherein contempt and bitterness were mingled, "to the lions, brave lover! Will you your life for her honor? Will you death that she may live a maid? Will you your head to save her finger? Then leap down, leap down! The lists are open, the sand is strewed! For out of your own mouth I have it that if you perish she is saved! Then out, monsieur! Cry, 'I am a Huguenot!' And God's will be done!"

Tignonville was livid. "Rather, your will!" he panted. "Your will, you devil! Nevertheless——"

"You will go! Ha, ha! You will go!"

And for an instant it seemed that he would go. Stung by the challenge, wrought on by the contempt in which Tavannes held him, he shot a look of hate at the tempter; he caught his breath, he laid his hand on the edge of the shuttering as if he would leap out.

But it goes hard with him who has once turned back from the foe. The evening light, glancing cold on the burnished pike points of a group of archers who stood near, caught his eye and went chill to his heart. Death, not in the arena, not in the sight of shouting thousands, but in this darkening street, with an enemy laughing from the window; death with no revenge to follow, with no certainty that after all she would be safe, such a death could be compassed only by pure love—the love of a child for a parent, of a parent for a child, of a man for the one woman in the world!

He recoiled. "You would not spare her!" he cried, his face damp with sweat—for he knew now that he would not go. "You want to be rid of me! You would fool me, and then——"

"Out of your own mouth you are convict!" Count Hannibal retorted gravely. "It was you who said it! But

still, I swear it! Shall I swear it to you?"

But Tignonville recoiled another step and was silent.

"No? Oh, *preux chevalier*, oh, gallant knight! I knew it! Do you think that I did not know with whom I had to deal?" And Count Hannibal burst into harsh laughter, turning his back on the other as if he no longer counted. "You will neither die with her nor for her! You were better in her petticoats and she in your breeches! Or no, you are best as you are, good father! Take my advice, M. de Tignonville, have done with arms, and with a string of beads, and soft words, and talk of Holy Mother Church, you will fool the women as surely as the best of them! They are not all like my cousin—you had poor fortune there, I fear?"

"If I had a sword!" Tignonville hissed, his face livid with rage. "You call me a coward, because I will not die to please you. But give me a sword, and I will show you if I am a coward!"

Tavannes stood still. "You are there, are you?" he said in an altered tone. "I——"

"Give me a sword," Tignonville repeated, holding out his open, trembling hands. "A sword! A sword! 'Tis easy taunting an unarmed man, but——"

"You wish to fight?"

"I ask nothing else! Nothing else! Give me a sword," he urged, his voice quivering with eagerness. "It is you who are the coward!"

Count Hannibal stared at him. "And what am I to get by fighting you?" he said. "You are in my power. I can do with you as I please. I can call from this window and denounce you, or I can summon my men——"

"Coward! Coward!"

"Ah? Well, I will tell you what I will do"—with a subtle smile. "I will give you a sword, M. de Tignonville, and I will meet you foot to foot here, in this room, on a condition."

"What is it? What is it?" the young man cried, with incredible eagerness.

"That if I get the better of you, you find me a minister."

"I find you a——"

"A minister. Yes, that is it. Or tell me where I can find one."

The young man recoiled. "Never!" he said.

"You know where to find one."

"Never! Never!"

"You can lay your hand on one in five minutes, you know."

"I will not."

"Then I shall not fight you," Count Hannibal answered coolly; and he turned from him. "You will pardon me if I say, M. de Tignonville, that you are in as many minds about fighting as about dying! I do not think that you would have made your fortune at court. Moreover, there is a thing which I fancy you have not considered. If we fight you may kill me, in which case the condition will not help me much. Or I—which is more likely," he added with a harsh smile—"may kill you, and again I am no better placed."

The young man's pallid features betrayed the conflict in his breast. To do him justice, his hand itched for the sword hilt—he was brave enough for that; he hated, and only so could he avenge himself. But the penalty, if he had the worse! And yet what of it? He was in hell now, in a hell of humiliation, shame, defeat, tormented by this fiend! And 'twas only to risk a lower hell.

At last, "I will do it!" he cried hoarsely. "Give me a sword and look to yourself."

"You promise?"

"Yes, yes, I promise!"

"Good; but we cannot fight so, we must have more light," Count Hannibal answered suavely; and, striding to the door, he opened it, and, calling the Norman, bade him move the table and bring candles—a dozen candles; for in the narrow streets the light was waning, and in the half shuttered room it was growing dusk. Tignonville, listening with a throbbing brain, wondered that the attendant expressed no surprise and said no word—until Tavannes added to his orders one for a pair of swords.

Then, "Monsieur's sword is here," Bigot answered in his half intelligible patois. "He left it here yester morning."

"You are a good fellow, Bigot," Tavannes answered, with a gaiety and good humor which astonished Tignonville.

"And one of these days you shall marry Susanne."

The Norman smiled sourly, and went in search of the weapon.

"You have a poniard?" Count Hannibal continued in the same tone of unusual good temper which had already struck Tignonville. "Excellent! Will you strip, then, or—as we are? Very good; in the unlikely event of fortune declaring for you, monsieur, you will be in a better condition to take care of yourself. A man running through the streets in his shirt is exposed to inconveniences!" And he laughed gaily.

While he laughed the other listened; and his rage began to give place to wonder. A man who regarded as a pastime a sword and dagger conflict between four walls, who, having his adversary in his power, was ready to discard the advantage, to descend into the lists, and to risk life for a whim, a fancy—such a man was outside his experience, though in Poitou in those days of war were men reckoned brave. For what, he asked himself as he waited, had Tavannes to gain by fighting? The possession of mademoiselle? But mademoiselle, if his passion for her overwhelmed him, was in his power; and if his promise were a barrier—which seemed inconceivable in the light of his character—he had only to wait, and tomorrow, or the next day, or the next, a minister would be found, and without risk he could gain that for which he was now risking all.

Tignonville did not know that it was in the other's nature to find pleasure in such utmost ventures. But undeniably the recklessness to which Tavannes' action bore witness had its effect upon him. By the time the young man's sword arrived something of his passion for the conflict had evaporated; and, though the touch of the hilt restored his determination, the locked door, the confined space, and the unaccustomed light went a certain distance towards substituting despair for courage.

The use of the dagger in the duels of that day, however, rendered despair itself formidable. And Tignonville, when he took his place, appeared anything but a mean antagonist. He had removed his robe and cowl, and, lithe and active as a cat, he stood as it were on springs,

throwing his weight now on this foot and now on that, and continually in motion. The table bearing the candles had been pushed against the window. Tignonville had this, and consequently the lights, on his dagger hand; and he plumed himself on the advantage, considering his point the more difficult to follow.

Count Hannibal did not seem to notice this, however. "Are you ready?" he asked. And then, "On guard!" he cried, and he stamped the echo to the word. But, that done, instead of bearing the other down with a headlong rush characteristic of the man—as Tignonville feared—he held off warily, stooping low; and when his slow opening was met by one as cautious, he began to taunt his antagonist.

"Come!" he cried, and feinted half heartedly. "Come, monsieur, are we going to fight, or play at fighting?"

"Fight yourself, then!" Tignonville answered, his breath quickened by excitement and growing hope. "'Tis not I hold back!" And he lunged, but was put aside.

"Ça, ça!" Tavannes retorted; and he lunged and parried in his turn, but loosely and at a distance. After which the two moved nearer the door, their eyes glittering as they watched one another, their knees bent, the sinews of their backs straining for the leap. Suddenly Tavannes thrust, and leaped away, and as his antagonist thrust in return the count swept the blade aside with a strong parry, and for a moment seemed to be on the point of falling on Tignonville with the poniard. But Tignonville retired his right foot nimbly, which brought them front to front again. And the younger man laughed.

"Try again, *M. le comte!*" he said. But, with the word, he dashed in himself, quick as light; for a second the blades ground on one another, the daggers hovered, the two suffused faces glared into one another; then the two disengaged again. But now the blood trickled from a scratch on Count Hannibal's neck; half an inch to the right and the point had found his throat. And Tignonville, elated, laughed anew, and watched with growing confidence for a second chance.

Lithe as one of the leopards Charles kept at the Louvre, he stooped lower and lower, and more and more with each moment took the attitude of the assailant, watching for an opening; while Count Hannibal, his face dark and his eyes vigilant, stood increasingly on the defense. The light was waning a little, the wicks of the candles were burning long; but neither noticed it or dared to remove his eyes from the other's. Their labored breathing found an echo on the farther side of the door, but this again neither observed.

"Well?" Count Hannibal said at last. "Are you coming?"

"When I please," Tignonville answered; and he feinted but drew back. The other did the same, and again they watched each other, their eyes seeming to grow smaller and smaller. Gradually a smile had birth on Tignonville's lips. He thrust! It was parried! He thrust again—parried! Tavannes, grown still more cautious, gave a yard. Tignonville pushed on, but did not allow confidence to master caution. He began, indeed, to taunt his adversary; to flout and jeer him. But it was with a motive.

For suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, he repeated the peculiar thrust which had been successful before. This time, however, Tavannes was ready. He put aside the blade with a quick parade, and instead of making a riposte sprang within the other's guard. The two came face to face and breast to shoulder, and struck furiously with their daggers. Count Hannibal was outside his opponent's sword and had the advantage. Tignonville's dagger fell, but glanced off the metal work of the other's hilt; Tavannes' fell swift and hard between the young man's eyes. The Huguenot flung up his hands and staggered back, falling his length on the floor.

In an instant Count Hannibal was on his breast, and had dashed away his dagger. Then, "You own yourself vanquished?" he cried.

The young man, blinded by the blood which trickled down his face, made a sign with his hands. Count Hannibal rose at that, and stood a moment looking at him without speaking. Presently he seemed to be satisfied. He nodded, and, going to the table, dipped a napkin

in water. He brought it, and, supporting Tignonville's head, carefully laved his brow. "It is as I thought," he said, when he had stanchied the blood. "You are not hurt, man. It is no more than a bruise."

The young man was coming to himself. "But I thought—" he muttered, and broke off to pass his hand over his face. Then he got up slowly, reeling a little. "I thought it was the point," he muttered.

"No, it was the pommel," Tavannes answered drily. "It would not have served me to kill you. I could have done that ten times."

Tignonville groaned, and, sitting down at the table, held the napkin to his aching head. One of the candles had been overturned in the struggle and lay on the floor, flaring in a little pool of grease. Tavannes set his heel upon it; then, striding to the farther end of the room, he picked up Tignonville's dagger and placed it beside his sword on the table. He looked about to see if aught else remained to do, and, finding nothing, returned to Tignonville's side.

"Now, monsieur," he said in a voice somewhat hard and constrained, "I must ask you to perform your part of the bargain."

A groan of anguish broke from the unhappy man. And yet he had set his life on the cast; what more could he have done? "You will not harm him?" he muttered.

"He shall go safe," Count Hannibal replied gravely.

"And"—he fought a moment with his pride, then blurted out the words—"you will not tell her—that it was through me—you found him?"

"I will not," Tavannes answered in the same tone. He stooped and picked up the other's robe and cowl, which had fallen from a chair—so that as he spoke his eyes were averted. "She shall never know through me."

And Tignonville, his face hidden in his hands, told him.

XVIII.

LITTLE by little—while they fought below—the gloom had thickened, and

night had fallen in the room above. But mademoiselle would not have candles brought. Seated in the darkness, on the uppermost step of the stairs, her hands clasped about her knees, she listened and listened, as if by that action she could avert misfortune; or as if, by going so far forward to meet it, she could turn aside the worst. The women shivering in the darkness about her would fain have struck a light and drawn her back into the room, for they felt safer there; but she was not to be moved. The laughter and chatter of the men in the guard room, the coming and going of Bigot as he passed below but out of sight, had no terrors for her; nay, she breathed more freely on the bare open landing of the staircase than in the close confines of a room which her fears made hateful to her. Here, at least, she could listen, her face unseen; and, listening, she bore the suspense more easily.

A turn in the staircase, with the noise that proceeded from the guard room, rendered it difficult to hear what happened in the closed room below. But she thought that if an alarm were raised there she must hear it; and, as the moments passed and nothing happened, she began to feel confident that her lover had made good his escape by the window.

Presently, however, she got a fright. Three or four men came from the guard room and went, as it seemed to her, to the door of the room with the shattered casement. She told herself that she had rejoiced too soon, and her heart stood still. She waited for a rush of feet, a cry, a struggle; but, except an uncertain muffled sound, which lasted for some minutes, and was followed by a dull shock, she heard nothing more.

Presently the men went back whispering, the noise in the guard room, which had been partially hushed, broke out anew, and, perplexed but relieved, she breathed again. Surely he had escaped by this time. Surely by this time he was far away, in the Arsenal, or in some place of refuge! And she might take courage, and feel that for a day the danger was overpast.

"Mademoiselle will have the lights now?" one of the women ventured.

"No, no!" she answered feverishly, and she continued to crouch where she was on the stairs, bathing herself and her burning face in the darkness and coolness of the stairway. The air entered freely through a window at her elbow, and the place was fresher, were that all, than the room she had left. Javette began to whimper, but she paid no heed to her; a man came and went along the passage below, and she heard the outer door unbarred, and the jarring tread of three or four men who passed through it. But all without disturbance.

And as on this Monday evening the prime virulence of the massacre had begun to abate—though it held after a fashion to the end of the week—Paris without was quiet also. The sounds which had chilled her heart at intervals during two days were no longer heard. A feeling almost of peace, almost of comfort—a drowsy feeling, that was three parts a reaction from excitement—took possession of her. In the darkness her head sank lower and lower on her knees. And half an hour passed, while Javette whimpered, and Mme. Carlat slumbered, her broad back propped against the wall.

Suddenly mademoiselle opened her eyes, and saw, three steps below her, a strange man whose upward way she barred. Behind him came Carlat, and behind him Bigot, lighting both; and in the confusion of her thoughts as she rose to her feet the three, all staring at her in a common amazement, seemed a company. The air entering through the open window beside her blew the flame of the candle this way and that, and added to the nightmare character of the scene; for by the shifting light the men seemed to laugh one moment and scowl the next. In truth, they were as much amazed at coming on her in that place as she at their appearance; but they were awake, and she newly roused from sleep; and the advantage was with them.

"What is it?" she cried in a panic. "What is it?"

"If mademoiselle will return to her room——" one of the men said.

"But—what is it?" She was frightened.

"If mademoiselle——"

Then she turned without more and went back into the room, and the three followed, and her woman and Mme. Carlat. She stood resting one hand on the table, while Javette, with shaking fingers, lighted the candles. Then, "Now, monsieur," she said in a hard voice, "if you will tell me your business——"

"You do not know me?" The stranger spoke kindly, pitifully.

She looked at him steadily, crushing down the fears which knocked at her heart. "No," she said. "And yet I think I have seen you."

"You saw me a week last Sunday," the stranger answered sorrowfully. "My name is La Tribe. I preached, mademoiselle, before the King of Navarre. I believe you were there."

For a moment she stared at him in silence, her lips parted. Then she laughed, a laugh which set the teeth on edge. "Oh, he is clever!" she cried. "He has the wit of the priests! Or the devil! But you come too late, monsieur! You come too late! The bird has flown."

"Mademoiselle——"

"I tell you the bird has flown!" she repeated vehemently. And her laugh of joyless triumph rang through the room. "He is clever, but I have outwitted him! I have——"

She paused and stared about her wildly, struck by the silence; struck by something solemn, something pitiful in the faces that were turned on her. And her lip began to quiver. "What?" she muttered. "Why do you look at me so? He has not——" she turned from one to another—"he has not been taken?"

"M. Tignonville?"

She nodded.

"He is below."

"Ah!" she said.

They expected to see her break down, perhaps to see her fall. But she only groped blindly for a chair and sat. And for a moment there was silence in the room. It was the Huguenot minister who broke it in a tone formal and solemn.

"Listen, all present!" he said slowly. "The ways of God are past finding out. For two days in the midst of great perils I have been preserved by His hand and

fed by His bounty, and I am told that I shall live if, in this matter, I do the will of those who hold me in their power. But be assured—and harken all," he continued, lowering his voice to a sterner note—"rather than marry this woman to this man against her will—if, indeed, in His sight such marriage can be—rather than save my life by such base compliance, I will die not once, but ten times! See—I am ready! I will make no defense!" And he opened his arms as if to welcome the stroke. "If there be trickery here, if there has been practising below, where they told me this and that, it shall not avail! Until I hear from mademoiselle's own lips that she is willing, I will not say over her so much as yea, yea, or nay, nay!"

"She is willing."

La Tribe turned sharply, and saw the speaker. It was Count Hannibal, who had just entered and taken his stand within the door.

"She is willing," Tavannes repeated quietly. And if, in this moment of the fruition of his schemes, he felt his triumph, he masked it under a face of somber purpose. "Do you doubt me, man?"

"From her own lips!" the other replied, undaunted—and few could say as much—by that harsh presence. "From no other's!"

"Sirrah, you——"

"I can die. And you can no more, my lord," he minister answered bravely. "You have no threat can move me."

"I am not sure of that," Tavannes answered, more blandly. "But had you listened to me and been less anxious to be brave, M. La Tribe, where no danger is, you had learned that here is no call for heroics. Mademoiselle is willing, and will tell you so."

"With her own lips?"

Count Hannibal raised his eyebrows. "With her own lips, if you will," he said. And then, advancing a step and addressing her with unusual gravity, "Mlle. de Vrillac," he said, "you hear what this gentleman requires. Will you be pleased to confirm what I have said?"

She did not answer, and in the intense silence which held the room in its freezing grasp a woman choked, another

broke into weeping. The color ebbed from the cheeks of more than one; the men fidgeted on their feet.

Count Hannibal looked round, his head high. "There is no call for tears," he said; and whether he spoke in irony or in a strange obtuseness was known only to himself. "Mademoiselle is in no hurry—and rightly—to answer a question so momentous. Under the pressure of utmost peril, she passed her word; the more reason that, now the time has come to redeem it, she should do so at leisure and after thought. Since she gave her promise, monsieur, she has had more than one opportunity of evading its fulfilment. But she is a Vrillac, and I know that nothing is farther from her thoughts."

He was silent a moment; and then, "Mademoiselle," he said, "I would not hurry you."

Her eyes were closed, but at that her lips moved. "I am willing," she whispered. And a fluttering sigh, of relief, of pity, of God knows what, filled the room.

"You are satisfied, M. La Tribe?"

"I do not——"

"Man!" And, with a growl as of a tiger, Count Hannibal dropped the mask. In two strides he was at the minister's side, his hand gripped his shoulder; his face, flushed with passion, glared into his. "Will you play with lives?" he hissed. "If you do not value your own, have you no thought of others? Of these? Look and count! Have you no bowels? If she will save them, will not you?"

"My own I do not value."

"Damn your own!" Tavannes cried in furious scorn. And he shook the other to and fro. "Who thought of your life? Will you doom these? Will you give them to the butcher?"

"My lord," La Tribe answered, shaken in spite of himself, "if she be willing——"

"She is willing."

"I have naught to say. But I caught her words indistinctly. And without her consent——"

"She shall speak more plainly. Mademoiselle——"

She anticipated him. She had risen, and stood looking straight before her,

seeing nothing. "I am willing," she muttered with a strange gesture, "if it must be."

He did not answer.

"If it must be," she repeated slowly, and with a heavy sigh. And her chin dropped on her breast. Then abruptly—it was a strange thing to see—she looked up. A change as complete as the change which had come over Count Hannibal a minute before came over her. She sprang forward; she clutched his arm and devoured his face with her eyes. "You are not deceiving me!" she cried. "You have Tignonville below? You—oh, no, no!" And she fell back from him, her eyes distended, her voice grown suddenly shrill and defiant. "You have not! You are deceiving me! He has escaped, and you have lied to me!"

"I?"

"Yes, you have lied to me!" It was the last fierce flicker of hope when hope seemed dead; the last clutch of the drowning at the straw that floated before the eyes.

He laughed harshly. "You will be my wife in five minutes," he said, "and you give me the lie! A week, and you will know me better. A month, and—but we will talk of that another time. For the present," he continued, turning to La Tribe, "do you, sir, tell her that the gentleman is below. Perhaps she will believe you. For you know him."

La Tribe looked at her sorrowfully; his heart bled for her. "I have seen M. Tignonville," he said. "And *M. le comte* says truly. He is in the same case with ourselves, a prisoner."

"You have seen him?" she wailed.

"I left him in the room below, when I mounted the stairs."

Count Hannibal laughed, the grim, mocking laugh which seemed to revel in the pain it inflicted. "Will you have him for a witness?" he cried. "There could not be a better, for he will not forget. Shall I——"

She bowed her head, shivering. "Spare me that," she said. And she pressed her hands to her eyes, while an uncontrollable shudder passed over her frame. Then, "I am ready," she whispered. "Do with me as you will!"

* * * *

When they had all gone out and closed

the door behind them, and the two whom the minister had joined were left together, Count Hannibal continued for a time to pace the room, his hands clasped behind him, and his head sunk somewhat on his chest.

His thoughts appeared to run in a new channel, one widely diverted from his bride and from that which he had just done. For he did not look her way. He stood once to snuff a candle, doing it with an absent face; and once to look, but still absently, as if he read no word of it, at the marriage writing that lay, the ink still wet, upon the table. After each of these interruptions he resumed his steady pacing to and fro, to and fro, nor did his eye wander once in the direction of her chair.

And she waited. The conflict of emotions, the strife between hope and fear, the final defeat, had stunned her; had left her exhausted, almost apathetic. Yet not quite, nor wholly. For when in his walk he came a little nearer to her, a chill perspiration broke out on her brow, and shudders crept over her; and when he passed farther from her—and then only, it seemed—she breathed again. But the change lay beneath the surface, and cheated the eye. Into her attitude, as she sat, her hands clasped on her lap, her eyes fixed, came no change or shadow of movement.

Suddenly, with a dull shock, she became aware that he was speaking.

"There was need of haste," he said, his tone strangely low and free from emotion, "for I must leave Paris to-morrow for Angers, whither I bear letters from the king; and as matters stand, there was no one with whom I could leave you. I trust Bigot; he is faithful, and you may trust him, madame, fair or foul; but he is not quick witted. Bear it in mind. Your woman Javette is not faithful; but as her life is guaranteed, she must stay with us until she can be securely placed. Indeed, I must take all with me—with one exception—for the priests and monks rule Paris, and they do not love me."

He was silent a few moments. Then he resumed in the same tone, "You ought, for the matter of that, to know how we, Tavannes, stand. It is by

monsieur and the queen mother; and *contra* the Guises. We have all been in this matter; but the latter push and we are pushed, and the split will come. As it is, I cannot answer for much beyond the reach of my arm. Therefore, we take all with us except M. Tignonville, who desires to be conducted to the Arsenal."

She had begun to listen with averted eyes. But as he continued to speak, surprise awoke in her, and something stronger than surprise—amazement, stupefaction. Slowly her eyes came to him, and when he ceased to speak, "Why do you tell me these things?" she muttered, her dry lips framing the words with difficulty.

"Because it behooves you to know them," he answered thoughtfully, tapping the table. "I have no one, save my brother, whom I can trust."

She would not ask him why he trusted her, nor why he deemed he could trust her. For a moment or two she watched him, while he, with his eyes lowered, stood in deep thought. At last he looked up and his eyes met hers.

"Come," he said abruptly, "we must end this! Is it to be a kiss or a blow between us?"

She rose, though her knees shook under her; and they stood face to face, her face white as paper.

"What—do you mean?" she whispered.

"Is it to be a kiss or a blow?" he repeated. "A husband must be a lover, madame, or a master, or both! I am content to be the one or the other, as it shall please you; but the one I will be."

"Then, a thousand times, a blow," she cried, her eyes flaming, "from you!"

He wondered at her courage, but he hid his wonder. "So be it!" he answered. And before she knew what he would be at, he struck her sharply across the cheek with the glove which he held in his hand.

She recoiled with a low cry, and her cheek blazed scarlet where he had struck it.

"So be it!" he continued somberly. "The choice shall be yours, but you will come to me daily for the one or the

other. If I cannot be lover, madame, I will be master. And by this sign I will have you know it."

She stared at him, her bosom rising and falling, in an astonishment too deep for words. But he did not heed her. He did not look at her again. He had already turned to the door, and while she looked he passed through it, he closed it behind him; and she was alone.

XIX.

"But you fear him?"

"Fear him?" Mme. St. Lo answered; and she made a little face of contempt. "No; why should I fear him? I fear him no more than the puppy leaping at old Sancho's bridle fears his tall play-fellow! Or than the cloud you see above us fears the wind before which it flies!" And she pointed to a white patch, the size of a man's hand, which hung above the hill on their left hand and formed the only speck in the blue summer sky. "Fear him? Not I!"

"But he is hard?" the countess murmured in a low voice.

"Hard?" Mme. St. Lo answered with a little gesture of pride. "Aye, hard as the stones in my jeweled ring! Hard as flint, or the nether millstone—to his enemies! But to women? Bah! Who ever heard of him hurting a woman?"

"But why, then, is he so feared?" Mme. Tavannes murmured, her eyes on the subject of their discussion; who rode, a solitary figure, some fifty paces in front of them.

"Because he counts no cost," her companion answered. "Because he killed Savillon in the very court of the Louvre, though he knew his life the forfeit. And he would have paid it, or his right hand at the least, if monsieur, for his brother the marshal's sake, had not intervened. But Savillon had whipped his dog, you see. Then he killed the Chevalier de Millaud, but 'twas in fair fight in the snow, in their shirts. For that Millaud's son lay in wait for him with two, in the passage under the Châtelet; but Hannibal wounded one, and the others saved themselves. Undoubtedly he is feared!" she added with the same note of pride in her voice.

The two so strangely brought together were riding in the rear of the little company which had left Paris at daybreak two days before, by the Porte St. Jacques. Moving steadily southward by the lesser roads and bridle tracks—for Count Hannibal seemed averse, for some reason, from the great road—they had lain the second night in a village three leagues from Bonneval.

A journey of two days on fresh horses is apt to change scenery and eye alike; but seldom has an alteration—in themselves and all around them—so great as that which blessed this little company been wrought in so short a time. From the stifling wynds and evil smelling courts of Paris, they had passed to the green uplands, the breezy woods, and sparkling streams of the upper Orléanais; from sights and sounds the most appalling, to the solitude of the sandy heath, the haunt of the great bustard, or the sunshine of the hillside, vibrating with the songs of larks; from an atmosphere of terror and gloom, to the freedom of God's earth and sky. Numerous enough—for they numbered a score of armed men—to defy the lawless bands which had their lairs in the huge forest of Orleans, they halted where they pleased: at midday under a grove of chestnut trees, or among the willows beside a brook; at night, if they willed it, under God's heaven. Far, not only from Paris, but from the great road, with its gibbets and pillories—the great road which at that date ran through a waste, no peasant living willingly within sight of it—they rode in the morning and in the evening, resting in the heat of the day. And though they had left Paris with much talk of haste, they rode more and more at leisure with every league.

For, whatever Tavannes' motive, it was plain that he was in no hurry to reach Angers. Nor, for that matter, were any of his company. Mme. St. Lo, who had seized the opportunity of escaping from the capital under his escort, was in an ill humor with cities, and declaimed much on the joys of a cell in the woods. For the time the coarsest nature and the dullest rider had had enough of alarms and conflicts.

(To be continued.)

Bridges and Bridge Building.

BY GEBHARD NAPIER.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND MOST DIFFICULT BRANCHES OF ENGINEERING, AND ITS WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT SINCE SOME PRIMEVAL SAVAGE BUILT THE FIRST BRIDGE BY THROWING A LOG ACROSS A STREAM.

FROM nearly every standpoint, the design and construction of important bridges is a subject that offers to the engineer more varieties of interest, and also of difficulty, than any other work he may be called upon to perform. Questions of safety and economy arise from the beginning of a project, and must often be settled upon flimsy data. These data may appear to be reliable, but may be proved false before the completion of the work, and may qualify or destroy its chances of success.

Where so much depends upon the foundations—by which is meant not the masonry of the piers and abutments, but the natural soil or rock upon which they rest—it is not strange that this feature is of the gravest importance, and is the subject of the most searching investigations. Clay, which in a very thick vein is regarded as being nearly as good as solid rock, may rest upon a stratum of quicksand, and, if the explorations are discontinued too soon, may prove a wholly inadequate support for a heavy bridge. It must be remembered that, except in comparatively rare cases, bridge foundations are below running water, and this adds greatly to the difficulty of the examinations; while at the same time it renders their results more or less uncertain, and leaves much to personal judgment in cases where that element should be wholly eliminated. Sandstone often occurs in thin layers, and many an engineer has thought a safe bottom reached when he could really count upon only a foot or two of the loosest rock to hold up a concentrated load of several thousand pounds to the square foot.

After the character of the foundation has been determined, and an opinion formed of its sustaining power, comes the mighty question of how many piers to build, for the greater the distance between piers, the more costly will be the superstructure, as that part of the bridge is called which rests upon the masonry. If the foundation work is to be of excessive cost, then it will be best to build very long spans in the superstructure, and as few piers as possible. This was the case at the great Forth Bridge, spanning the Frith of Forth, in Scotland, which is today the most stupendous structure of its class, that of the cantilever.

There are points, notably at Niagara Falls, and on some other deep and swift rivers, where, from every practical consideration, subaqueous work would be pure folly.

BRIDGE BUILDING AT NIAGARA.

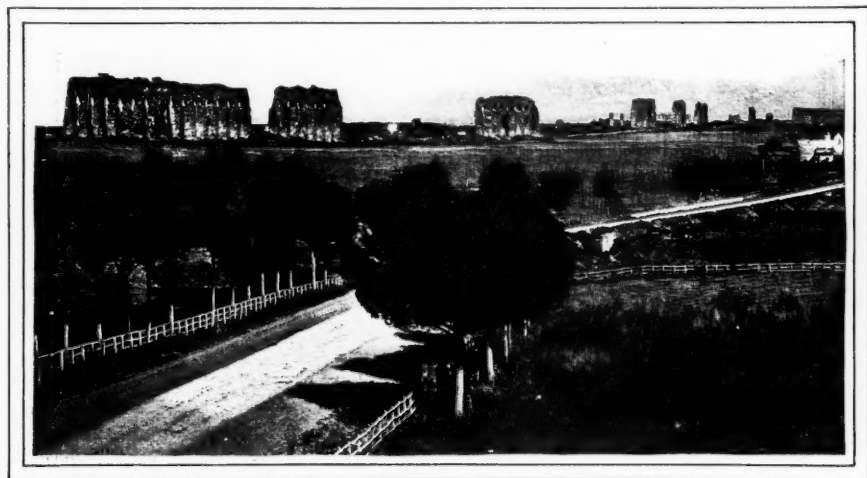
The Niagara River presents a succession of examples of the methods by which the engineer of each generation overcame the difficulties which opposed him by the means best known to his time. It affords, indeed, something of an epitome of the history of bridge building.

Obviously, when it comes to spanning a wide, deep chasm, the suspension bridge, held in place by an anchorage on either shore, is what would first appeal to the practical mind; and so we find that suspension bridges were the sort first used at Niagara. But the demands of traffic, the increasing weights of locomotives and cars, soon outgrew their strength, and something else was re-

quired; either of the same form but heavier, or of a different form.

When this period had arrived, it coincided with the modern renaissance of engineering in the United States, which came with the invention of the Bessemer

mind that has been the parent of so much splendid work. I refer to L. L. Buck, whose modesty would probably deprecate even the suggestion, but whose name is indissolubly connected with some of the most remarkable of en-



THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE ROMAN AQUEDUCTS—THESE REMARKABLE STRUCTURES, BUILT TO SUPPLY ROME WITH WATER, ARE AMONG THE OLDEST KNOWN EXAMPLES OF THE STONE ARCH.

steel process. This so cheapened steel—making it, in fact, cheaper than wrought iron—that ways were sought of utilizing the increased output; and one of the first applications found for it was in bridge work. Here comes the period of the cantilever, a bridge which is so balanced in its proportions as to require no other supports during construction than the permanent masonry, and which is also appropriate for long spans. The Niagara cantilever was for many years a typical object of this class, and is to be seen in thousands of the photographs which have been taken at the great falls.

The latest of the typical bridges at Niagara are two steel arches spanning the tremendous torrent, which have replaced two famous suspension bridges. One, a railroad and highway bridge, is remarkable for its great weight and its dignity and simplicity of line. The other, a highway and trolley bridge, is much the longest arch in the world, being an eight hundred and forty foot span. These were born of the great

engineering feats—notably the Verrugas viaduct in Peru, and the East River Bridge in New York, now in course of erection.

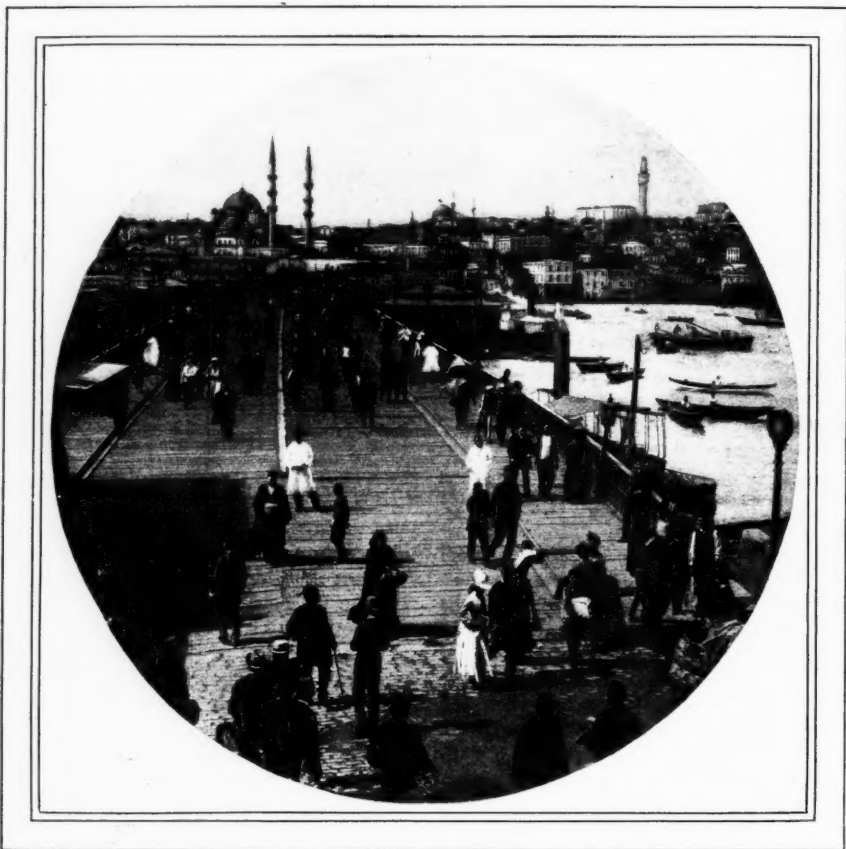
While writing of the arch at Niagara, one must not forget that other magnificent fabric which spans the Harlem valley in New York, the Washington Bridge, also, like that at Niagara, constructed entirely of steel.

PROBLEMS IN BRIDGE BUILDING.

Difficulties in building the masonry piers of bridges almost invariably predicate further difficulties in erecting the superstructure. That this is not always so is shown at Budapest, where the great bridge across the Danube was easily erected from "false work" laid upon the ice of the frozen river, while the engineers who built the masonry piers encountered almost insuperable difficulties. False work, it may be worth while to explain, consists of a temporary wooden trestle, which is removed as soon as the superstructure is completed. It was found necessary to use one of the

largest coffer dams ever constructed—so large that this part of the work alone occupied years; and it failed several times before it was pronounced safe to proceed with the excavation of the river bed in preparation for laying the first course of stone.

mouth of the same river—intended to use an air lock (an application of the diving bell idea) for working his way down through the river mud to a sufficiently stable bottom. Failure seemed almost certain to most persons, since the air pressure necessary to withstand the



THE BRIDGE OVER THE GOLDEN HORN, BETWEEN CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE SUBURB OF GALATA—THIS IS A BRIDGE OF BOATS, THAT IS, A BRIDGE SUPPORTED ON FLOATING PONTOONS, A PRIMITIVE FORM OF CONSTRUCTION WHICH STILL SURVIVES.

As may be conceived, there are many methods and combinations of methods for preparing a foundation to receive the masonry of a bridge. Sometimes it becomes a very delicate matter to decide which plan is best suited to the conditions. When the St. Louis Bridge across the Mississippi River was projected, the engineering world was startled by the announcement that Captain Eads—who later built the jetties at the

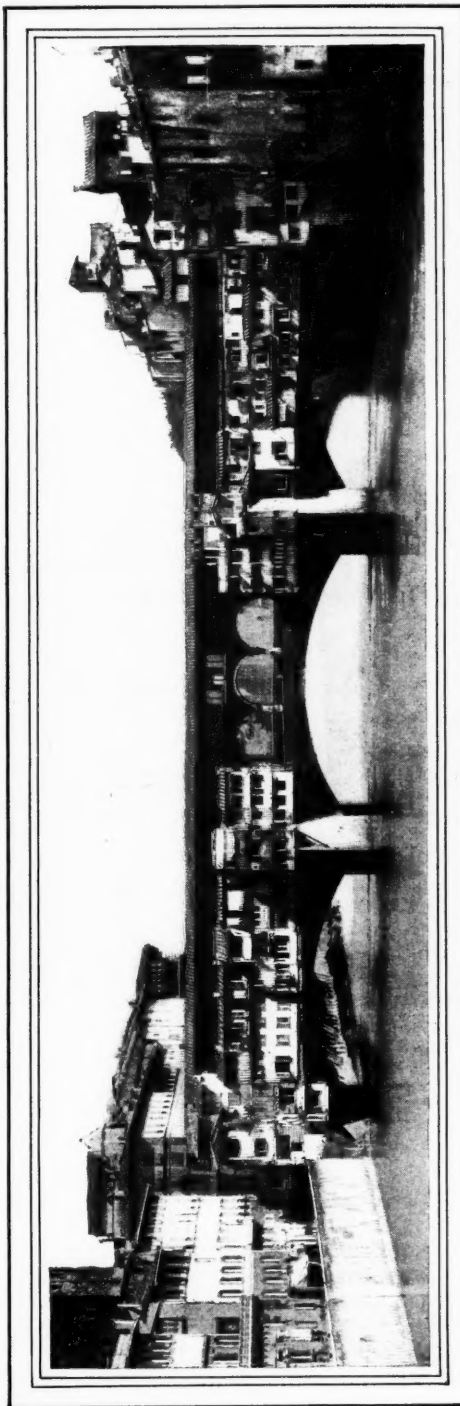
depth of water was unprecedented, and it was believed that no human being could live in it. When it is remembered that the normal pressure of the air is fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface at the sea level, and that this is equal to the weight of a column of water thirty two feet high, it is evident that what is called an "atmosphere" is added to the normal pressure—that is, that the pressure is doubled—for every thirty

two feet below the surface of the water. But although a depth of a hundred and twenty feet was reached at St. Louis, the work was brought to a triumphant conclusion, and it is stated that not a single life was lost through any negligence of the engineers, in what is probably the most dangerous peaceful occupation known.

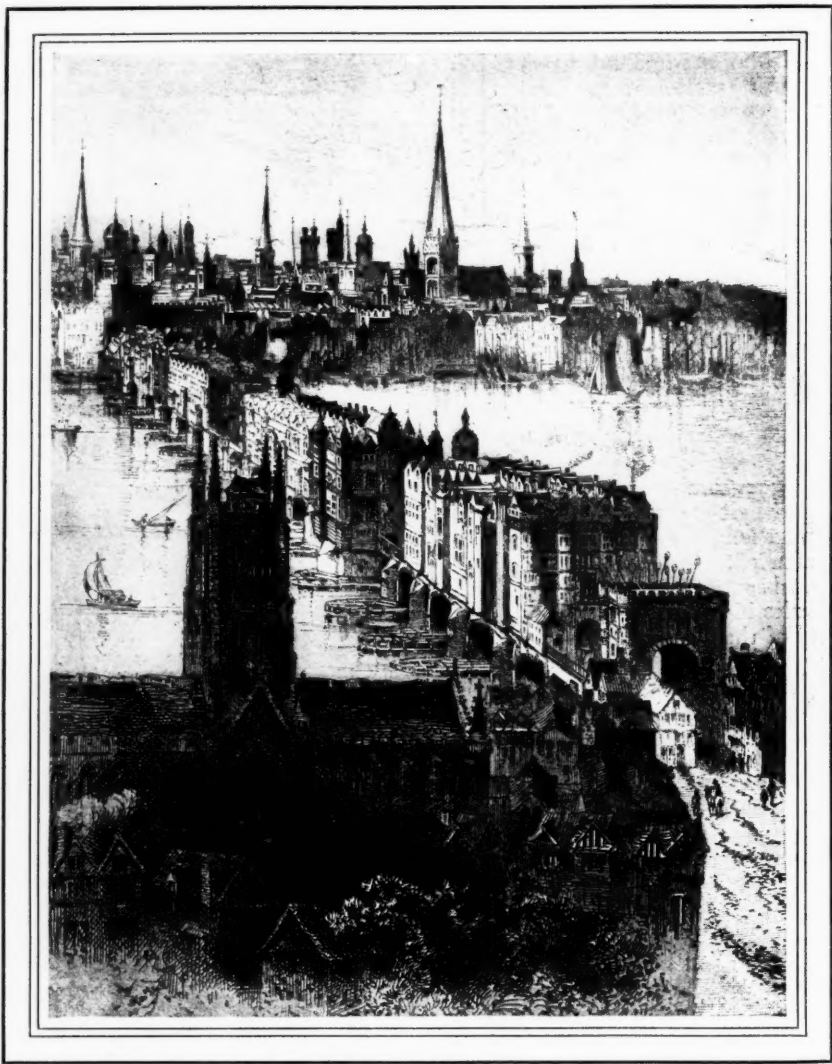
Almost all good engineering practice is interesting, when it is correctly comprehended, and much of it is ingenious beyond expression. At the great Hawkesbury Bridge in Australia, the conditions precluded the use of false work in certain places, and some other method of getting the superstructure to its position on the masonry was demanded. The problem was most beautifully solved by Mr. Charles Macdonald—now president of the Union Bridge Company—who erected his superstructure on a trestle supported on barges, and, when the proper time came, floated the huge mass of steel into exact position above and in line with its permanent resting place. The barges were then lowered by admitting water to their holds, upon which the bridge span separated from its sustaining trestle, the barges were floated from underneath, and the trick was done. It marked a period in bridge erection, for, although the method may have been, and probably had been, used on a small scale before, this was its first application to a great engineering work.

This same plan was also adopted with a bridge across the Ohio, just below Pittsburg, where it was impossible to erect false work without stopping the river traffic; and here there was a novel feature in that the lowest part of the truss was very high, seventy feet above water.

In another case, the engineers followed a distinct variation of



THE PONTE VECCHIO (OLD BRIDGE), A FAMOUS MEDIEVAL STRUCTURE SPANNING THE ARNO AT FLORENCE—IT WAS BUILT IN 1345 BY NERI DI FIORAVANTE, AND HAS A ROW OF TINY SHOPS ALONG BOTH SIDES OF THE ROADWAY, WITH AN UPPER FOOTWAY ABOVE THEM.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE, THE FIRST STONE BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES, COMMENCED BY PETER OF COLECHURCH IN 1176—THE ROADWAY, WHICH WAS FOURTEEN FEET WIDE, WAS COVERED WITH TIMBER HOUSES.

From a drawing by Herbert Railton after a print dated 1580.

the practice, though on strictly similar lines. Here one end of the span was built on a barge, the other on a carriage which rested on a track ashore, leading to the abutment. When the structure was completed, the barge was towed out to the pier, dragging with it the span and its carriage, which latter, of course, ran upon wheels. In its final position, the barge was partly sunk, lowering that

end of the span, and the carriage was jacked out and rolled away from the end it had supported.

The field of repairs and reconstruction of bridges affords many instances of ingenious practice. One type of this is the erection of a new bridge around an old one, without interrupting traffic, utilizing the old one as a substitute for false work, and taking it away as soon

as the new structure is completed. The Grand Trunk Railway Bridge at Montreal is a recent example of this method, and is probably the largest piece of work of that sort ever performed. A more difficult, because more delicate, operation was the renewal of the cables and towers at the Niagara Suspension

Occasionally the world is startled by what appears to be a phenomenal feat. We in America have recently been credited with what seems to have been a tremendous accomplishment. I refer to the Atbara Bridge in the Sudan. This was ordered, built, and loaded on steamers, together with a complete erecting



THE PRESENT LONDON BRIDGE, A STRUCTURE OF FIVE STONE ARCHES, WHOSE LONGEST SPAN IS 152 FEET—THIS SUCCEEDED THE OLD LONDON BRIDGE, AND WAS COMPLETED BY RENNIE IN 1831. THE ENGRAVING SHOWS QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

Bridge, the work of the same Mr. Buck whom I have mentioned before. How difficult it was can scarcely be appreciated by a layman, but the idea is somewhat expressed by the fact that few engineers would have dared to attempt it.

This branch of bridge engineering provides much interesting work and many difficult problems—quite as many as does new construction. It also has its humorous features. For instance, on reading his reports one morning, an engineer was startled to learn that one span of a large bridge had grown two feet or so longer during the night, while the span next to it was a corresponding amount shorter. This was in the District of Columbia. Properly interpreted, it meant that a pier had been undermined on one side, and had begun to lean over preparatory to falling down.

outfit and men to do the work, all within a period of sixty five days. When it is considered that this involved the making of plans and the collecting and shaping of all materials for a structure a thousand feet long, and weighing more than seven hundred tons, it must be admitted that it was a well arranged and well managed affair; but it was not in any sense phenomenal. American engineers generally were surprised at the incredulity of foreigners, many of whom—and some of them had bid upon the work—utterly refused to believe that it had been done.

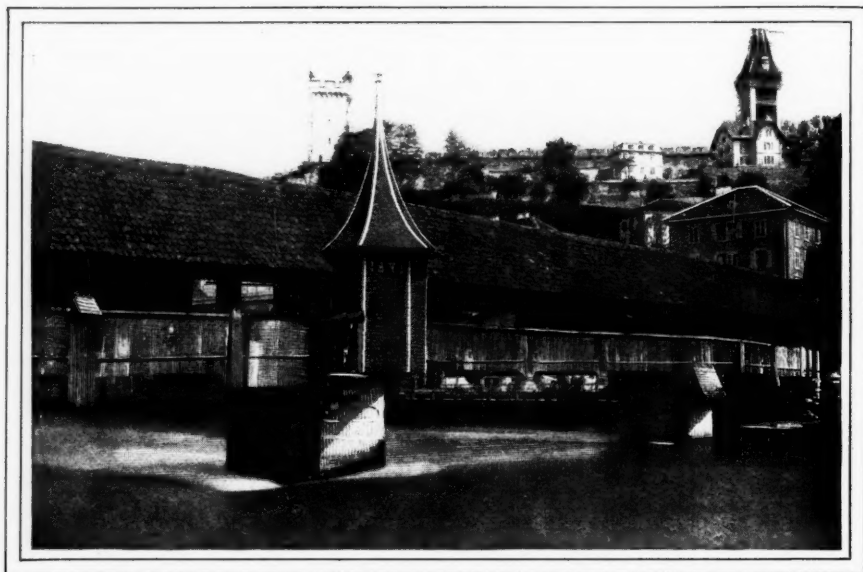
There have, however, been some remarkable instances of quick work. The writer has known of two spans, each a hundred and fifty feet long, being ordered, shipped, and in course of erection within three weeks. Railway records

are full of account of the rapid filling of orders within a few hours' time to replace structures destroyed by wrecks or floods.

It is almost an axiom that true architectural beauty cannot be secured with

problem was a difficult one. The Thames River drawbridge, designed and built by Mr. Alfred Boller, is typical of this class.

The kind of service performed by drawbridges leads to many curious de-



THE SPREUERBRÜCKE OVER THE REUSS AT LUCERNE, ONE OF THE TYPICAL OLD COVERED BRIDGES OF SWITZERLAND, A LIGHT WOODEN TRUSS STRUCTURE SUPPORTED BY MASONRY PIERS.

absolutely straight lines. One may be impressed with the mass, height, or length of a typical American truss bridge, but its lines are seldom beautiful, and can scarcely be made so. The great Forth Bridge contains some graceful curves, and even a picture of it stamps itself on the memory—which is almost reason enough for regarding it as a beautiful creation. This strikes one with added force in trying to recall the appearance of certain important American triangular trusses, eminently practical and useful as they are, but utterly devoid of distinguishing features, and therefore thoroughly commonplace.

THE DRAWBRIDGE AND THE ARCH.

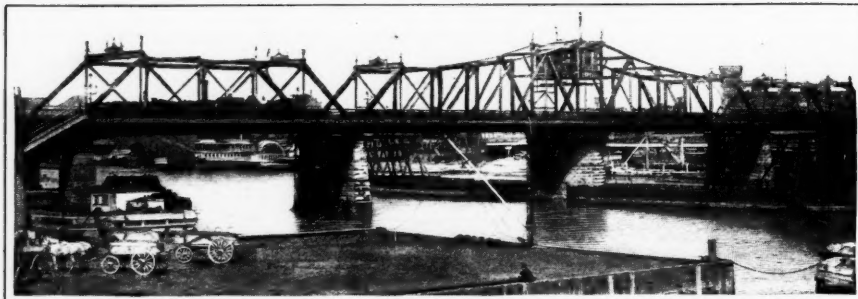
To this there are exceptions in a number of long span drawbridges in the vicinity of New York, where some success has been obtained in adapting the external lines to more beautiful forms; and this is the more creditable since the

velopments. Of these, the Schertzer rolling lift bridge, so largely used for crossing the Chicago River, is one of the most ingenious. A very large one of this sort has recently been completed at the new railway terminal in Boston, where it carries parallel tracks across a narrow waterway. This form of bridge, sometimes called "bascule," rolls upon its shore end, at the same time lifting the other end to the zenith, free and clear of all passing craft. It has the advantage of requiring no pier in the water, and no more ground than is necessary to hold up the shore end and install the lifting machinery.

Another curious bridge of similar type is the Tower Bridge, in London. This is supported by two handsome crenellated towers, which contain the motive power for raising the draw, and elevators to lift passengers to high level footways, intended for use when the lower bridge was open. It was found.



THE TOWER BRIDGE, THE NEWEST AND FINEST BRIDGE ACROSS THE THAMES IN LONDON. COMPLETED IN 1894—THIS IS A BASCULE BRIDGE, WITH HIGH LEVEL FOOTWAYS INTENDED FOR USE WHILE THE DRAW IS OPENED.



THE NEW YORK CENTRAL BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, PROBABLY THE FINEST RAILROAD DRAW-BRIDGE IN EXISTENCE.

From a copyrighted photograph by Hall, New York.

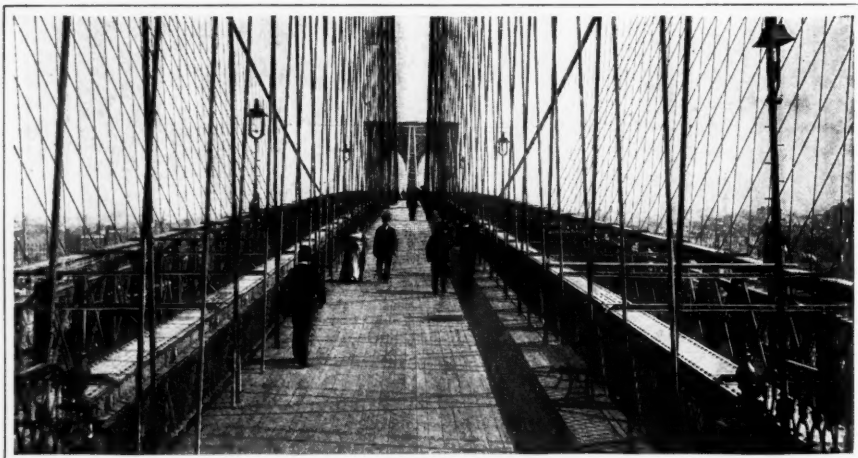
however, that the draw is raised and lowered so quickly that the addition of an upper passage was practically a waste of money.

One retains the pleasantest part of a subject for the last. For pure joy of conception, and for its appearance of stability and permanency, one is inevitably driven to the arch, and, for choice, the stone arch. The steel arch is graceful because it is an arch, but the knowledge that it is built of a material which must be painted in order that it may not decay robs it of some of the romance which clings to a stone structure. The associations which surround the history of masonry construction give it a value that is not wholly fictitious, even from the most utilitarian point of view. No

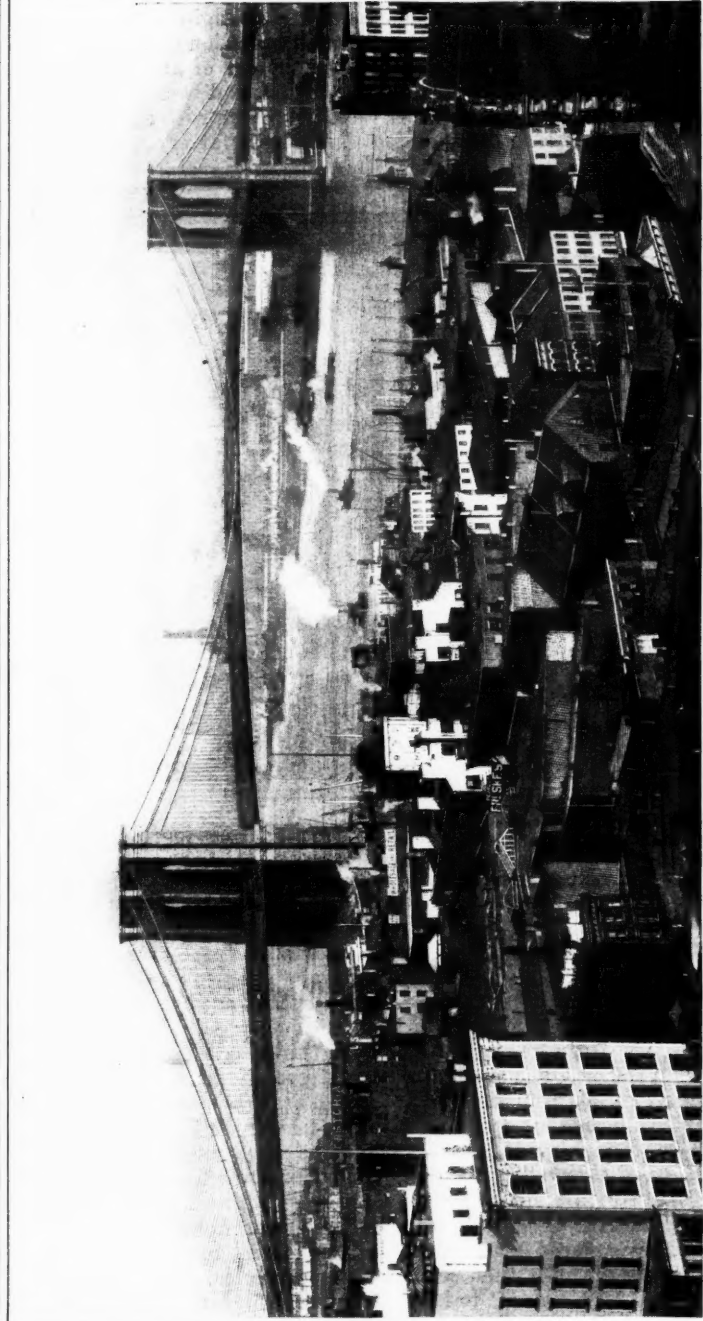
one with a spark of imagination can look at the High Bridge over the Harlem River, or the Starrucca Viaduct on the Erie Railroad, without a sigh of content. And it is somewhat strange that few Americans are aware that this country contains what was until very recently the longest stone arch span in the world—that of the Cabin John Bridge, near Washington, a truly impressive monument.

HOW BRIDGE BUILDING BEGAN.

The history of bridge building begins when the first savage threw a branch across a stream and walked upon it instead of wading through the water. He found his rude footway convenient and safe; but it had many limitations, for it



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE—THE PROMENADE, SHOWING THE NETWORK OF SUPPORTING CABLES.



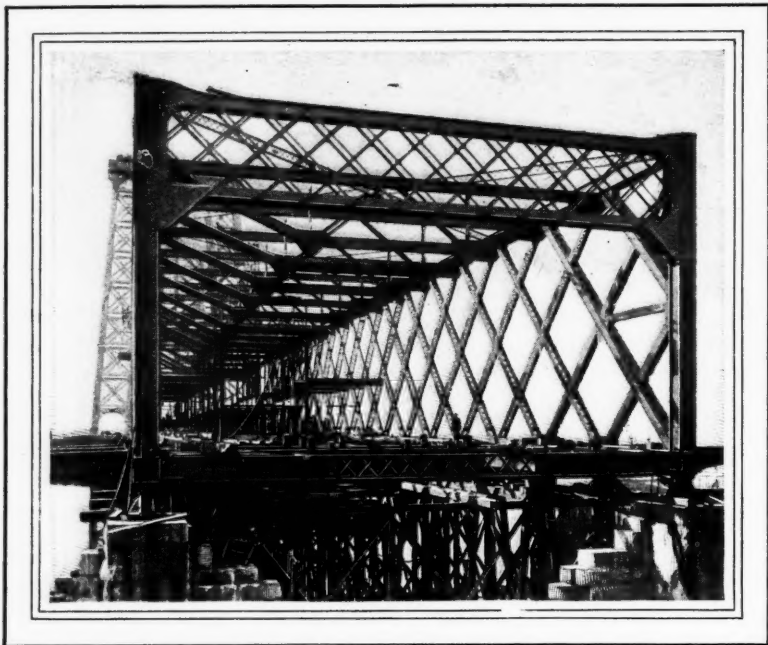
THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE, THE FINEST EXISTING SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BEGUN IN 1867 BY JOHN A. ROEBLING, AND COMPLETED IN 1884. THE CENTRAL SPAN IS 1,595 FEET LONG AND 135 FEET ABOVE THE WATER.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

was not sufficiently strong to span more than a few feet. Succeeding generations discovered that slender, rope-like vines hung from elevated points on each bank of a stream, and allowed to droop in a natural curve, would support considerable weights for considerable distances,

stones broke under too much pressure, and, in rearranging themselves, formed a rough imitation of an arch. This fell under the eye of an ingenious builder, was copied, and became fixed as a practice, improving with each attempt.

It seems a far cry from the original,



THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN, A SUSPENSION STRUCTURE WHOSE CENTRAL SPAN WILL BE A FEW FEET LONGER THAN THAT OF THE OLD BROOKLYN BRIDGE—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE BROOKLYN END OF THE BRIDGE, WITH THE EASTERN TOWER IN THE BACKGROUND.

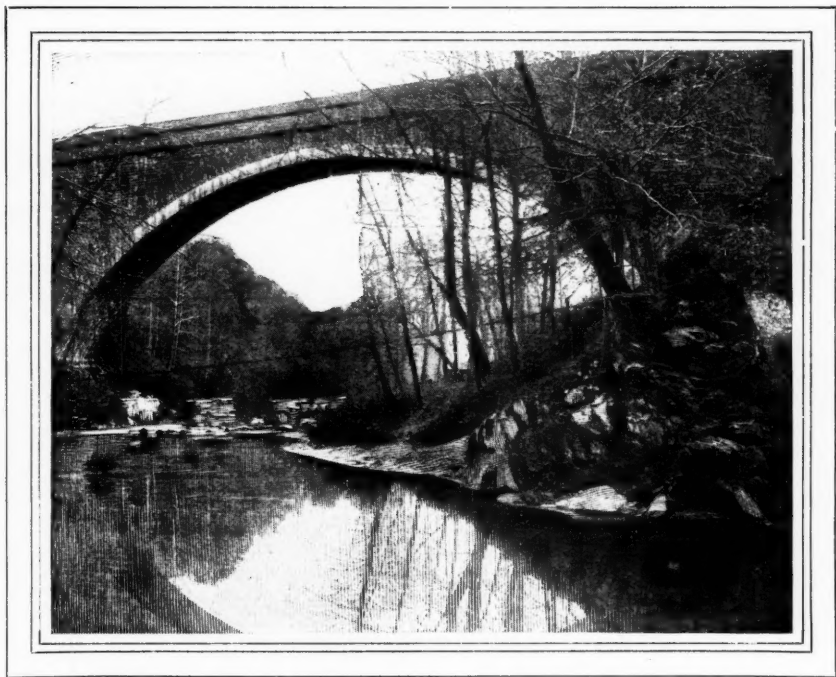
and so the suspension bridge came into being.

In nearly every branch of engineering, except those which deal with steam and electricity, we find a prototype of modern forms in the most ancient structures. The plate girder a hundred feet long is the same thing as the beam of the primeval savage, though made of a different material and changed in its proportions. There was a long period in man's history, hundreds of ages, when a stone slab was always placed in a vertical or horizontal position. But then some one noticed that if two were set to lean together, so that they met at the top, they would support a much greater weight than if laid flat. Finally the

accidental footpath over a stream to the steel plate girder or the pin connected truss, but it came by easy stages. Looked at in another way, they are really the same thing, with the material arranged in different forms.

The arch, however, is a more complicated matter, and there is still much to be done in getting a correct analysis of the strains which exist in it. Probably the day has passed when any more great arches of cut stone will be built, for we can now erect more beautiful forms of more economical design out of the comparatively modern material called concrete—a mixture of broken stone, cement, and sand.

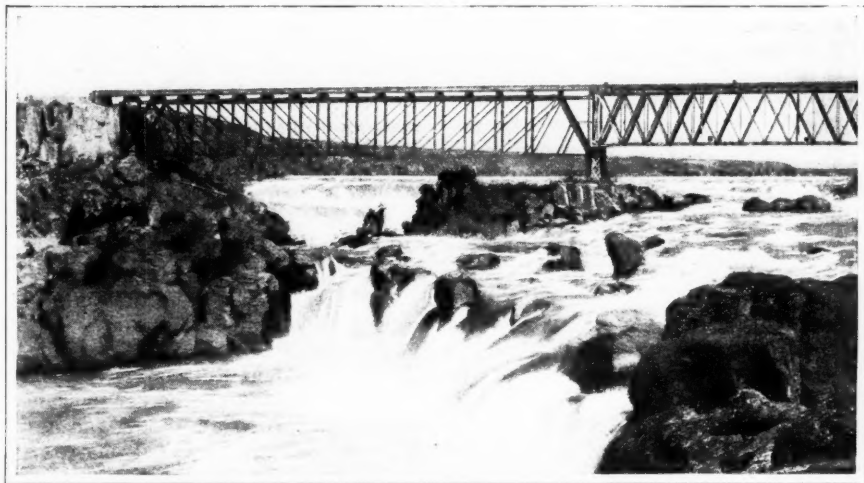
Concrete and steel are to be the two



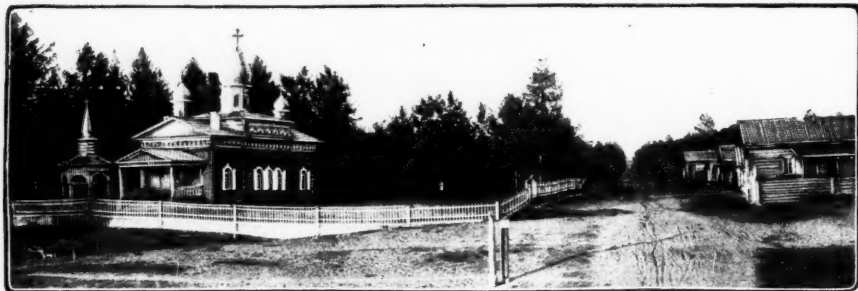
THE CABIN JOHN BRIDGE, NEAR WASHINGTON, ONE OF THE LONGEST STONE ARCH SPANS IN THE WORLD, CARRYING THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT ACROSS A PICTURESQUE RAVINE.

great materials which, alone or in combination, will give us structures in the form of arches so light, so strong, so

graceful, that the most beautiful creations of the past will appear awkward and commonplace in comparison.



A TYPICAL AMERICAN RAILROAD BRIDGE, LIGHT AND SUFFICIENTLY STRONG, BUT SCARCELY AN OBJECT OF ARTISTIC BEAUTY—THE UNION PACIFIC (OREGON SHORT LINE) BRIDGE CROSSING SNAKE RIVER AT THE AMERICAN FALLS, IN IDAHO.



A TYPICAL RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT IN EASTERN SIBERIA.

RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

BY A. NORTHEAD BENJAMIN.

THE WEIGHTIEST AND MOST DIFFICULT OF THE WORLD'S POLITICAL PROBLEMS, AND THE GREAT POWER WHICH IS AT ONCE THE MOST IMPORTANT AND THE MOST ENIGMATICAL FACTOR IN IT.

OF all the political problems of the nineteenth century, the Eastern Question was the greatest; and instead of solving it, the era that ended last year has bequeathed it to the new century in an intensified form. It is the most complex problem that the world has ever been called upon to face, and the great civilized powers are beginning to prove how incompetent they are to cope with it successfully.

The breaking down of the old barriers that divided the East and the West has been reserved for our time. We shall be more deeply affected by it than was Europe four hundred years ago when Columbus' great discovery suddenly doubled the area of the known world. Our ancestors faced the simple proposition of reducing scattered savage tribes. It was a mere question of force. Some of us are pleased to think that the same principle of conquest may be applied to this last new world upon which the West is closing from every side; but he who runs may read that the question is not so simple.

Of all the factors in the Eastern Question, the power and the policy of Russia are probably the most important, and certainly the most mysterious. Who does not wish to know what Russia

stands for in the East today? Who does know?

We cannot gage the true significance of Russian aggression in the East without a slight knowledge of the entire history of her diplomacy.

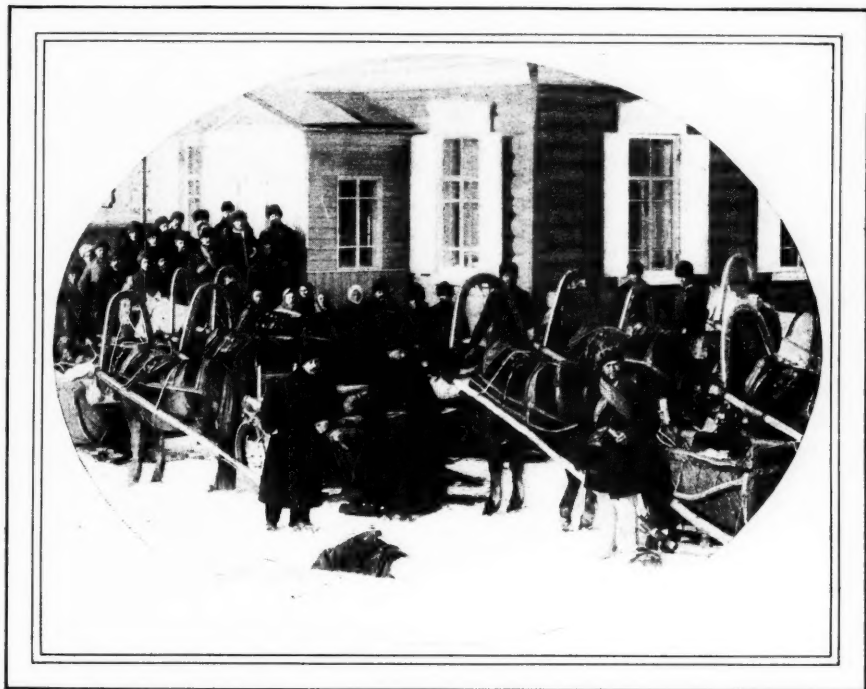
HOW RUSSIA HAS GROWN GREAT.

The Russian Empire is little more than a thousand years old. Its nucleus was formed in the heart of a continent, surrounded on every side by other states; and in following its history we see that its first efforts towards expansion were instinctive struggles to reach the open water, and to find an outlet. The possession of a water front came to be a sort of frenzy with the Russians.

For about two hundred and fifty years Russia was a prey to the depredations of great Tartar hordes which poured in upon it periodically from the southeast; during this time a heavy tribute was paid to the Khan of the Golden Horde. The independent Russian states became slowly welded together under the rule of the Grand Prince of Moscow, and in the fifteenth century he was strong enough to throw off the Tartar yoke; but the yoke had pressed so long on the neck of the Russian that it had left an indelible mark. We are used to hearing the

statement that the Russians are half orientals; and there is truth in the phrase. The Russian *muzhik*, or peasant, though bearing no more outward resemblance to the Tartar or Mongol than the American workman, lives with the two former races on more equal and sympathetic terms than any other Western race can. And long diplomatic contact with the Tartars and other Eastern

Next, Peter the Great stretched out his iron hand towards the Baltic. He founded his capital on its shores in 1703. Catherine II crept towards the Crimea and Poland; Alexander I extended his boundaries into the Caucasus. Nicholas I absorbed more territory in all directions, and entered Central Asia, where his successors have pushed forward swiftly and irresistibly. The stakes that



WINTER IN EASTERN SIBERIA—A GROUP OF RUSSIANS, WITH THEIR SLEDGES, IN BLAGOVESHCHENSK.

races has made the diplomacy of Russia more thoroughly oriental than any of its other institutions. This was so through the Middle Ages, it is so now, and it at least partly explains what we are usually content to regard as inscrutable. While the West has called the Muscovites barbarians, they have gained end after end by the negative, veiled resistance of the East.

As the power of the Moscow princes grew, the central Russian states were amalgamated, successive fringes of population were absorbed, and in the sixteenth century the daring Cossack explorers penetrated far into Siberia.

Russia has played for have been vaster still. They include the conquest of the Ottoman Empire, the conversion of the Black Sea into a Russian lake, and probably the control of the eastern Mediterranean. These objects have not yet been achieved, and may never be achieved; but while she has been vainly striving for them, the great northern power has spread her dominion over about one seventh of all the earth's territory.

Napoleon, who said that another century would see all Europe republican or Cossack, declared that Russia's mission lay in the East; and it is in that direc-

tion that her expansion has been most rapid, because it has met with least resistance. Most of Siberia came to her without any particular effort on the part of her government, either warlike or

Amur and Ussuri Rivers, the territory north of the Amur and east of the Ussuri belonging to Russia. There was to be free navigation of the dividing rivers—but only for Russian and Chinese ves-



THE PEOPLE WHO ARE CONQUERING SIBERIA FOR RUSSIA—A TYPICAL RUSSIAN MUZHNIK (PEASANT) AND HIS WIFE.

diplomatic. For three hundred years her hardy frontiersmen have been wresting it bit by bit from the aborigines, much as our own West was won from the Indians.

RUSSIA ON THE PACIFIC.

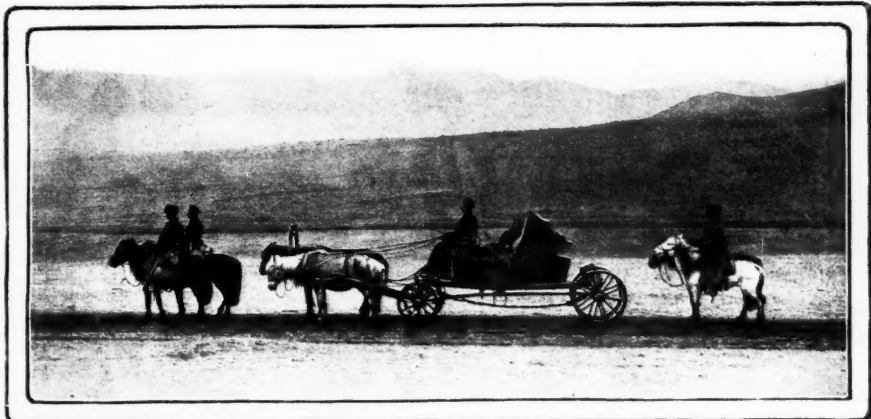
It was not until about fifty years ago that the officialdom of St. Petersburg woke up to the importance of Russia on the Pacific; and then the acquisition of the Amur region was due more to the energy and far sightedness of the Siberian governor Muravieff than to the inclination of the home authorities.

The mouth of the Amur was discovered in 1850 by Nevelskoy, a Russian naval officer, who took possession of it in the name of the Great White Czar. The government came near repudiating his action. Muravieff effected his great stroke eight years later, by a treaty with China which holds good to the present day. Under its terms, the frontier of the two empires was to be marked by the

sels. It was also provided that Chinese subjects residing north of the Amur should remove to the south bank within three years; but this stipulation was never enforced, and thousands of Celestials lived in the Czar's territory, in complete amity with the Russians, up to the time of the Boxer outbreak.

Russia's first naval station on the Pacific was Petropaulovsk, in Kamchatka, which was bombarded and captured by a British and French squadron during the Crimean War, and has since been practically abandoned. Then Nicolaievsk was established at the mouth of the Amur; but after Muravieff's treaty with China, another southward move was made, and in 1872 a third station was founded upon a fine natural harbor near the extreme southeastern corner of the Russian territory. The new city was significantly named Vladivostok—"Dominion of the East."

Then came the Siberian railway. The idea of a great trunk line that should



WHERE THE RAILWAY HAS NOT YET PENETRATED—A SCENE UPON A ROAD NEAR THE CHINESE FRONTIER. THE VEHICLE SUGGESTS THE AMERICAN BUCKBOARD.

bind Russia's farthest East to her farthest West had been debated for decades before it finally took shape in the imperial rescript of March 17, 1891. Work was promptly begun at both ends of the route. On May 12 of that year, the Czarevitch, now the Czar Nicholas II, laid the first stone of the Vladivostok terminus. In that terminus the traveler may read the inscription, "Vladivostok to St. Petersburg, 9877 versts." That was the estimated distance by the original survey, which passed wholly through Russian territory, running down the Ussuri to the Amur, and up the Amur towards Lake Baikal. The line is now completed from St. Petersburg to Lake Baikal, and from the lake—which is crossed by ferry—to Stretinsk, on the Amur. Here there is a gap of two thousand versts—about thirteen hun-

dred miles—where the traffic is taken up by river steamers. And this gap in the great railway may never be filled in as originally planned, for Russia is now working upon a different line. She is contemplating—nay, she is taking—another step to the southward.

RUSSIA'S HAND IN MANCHURIA.

Vladivostok has prospered; it has thirty thousand inhabitants today, and is growing rapidly; but the Russians no longer regard it as an ideal seat of the "dominion of the East." Its harbor is ice bound in winter, and in order to keep



THE MARKET SQUARE IN BLAGOVESTCHENSK, THE CHIEF RUSSIAN TOWN ON THE AMUR—AT THE TIME OF THE BOXER OUTBREAK A FEW SHOTS WERE FIRED ACROSS THE RIVER INTO BLAGOVESTCHENSK. IN RETALIATION, THE RUSSIANS ARE SAID TO HAVE MASSACRED TEN OR TWELVE THOUSAND CHINESE.



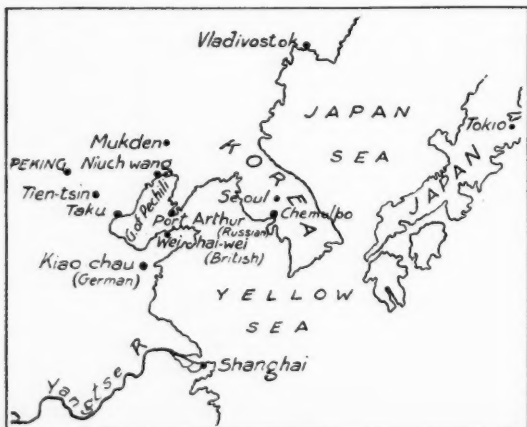
A GROUP OF BURIATS—THE BURIATS ARE A MONGOLIAN TRIBE OF EASTERN SIBERIA. AS WILL BE SEEN, THEY STRONGLY RESEMBLE THE CHINESE.

it open for commerce, and for the entrance and egress of war ships, ice breaking boats are necessary. Even this only partially obviates the difficulty. Moreover, considered as a naval station, its position has disadvantages. The two entrances to the Japan Sea are through narrow straits, the more convenient of which—that between Japan and Korea—is completely commanded

by Japan. The Japanese island of Tsushima is in the center of the passage. On a clear day, the coasts of both Japan and Korea may be seen from Tsushima. It is heavily fortified, and is in direct communication with the Japanese naval station of Sasebo, and the military station of Kumamoto. It has been well called the key of the Japan Sea. The other entrance is the channel between Japan and the island of Saghalien, far to the north.

Russia, in her own characteristic manner, began to cast covetous eyes on the contiguous region of Manchuria. Were her road continued straight through the heart of this Chinese province, a thousand versts would be saved over the more circuitous Amur route, and a terminal could be found on the Yellow Sea. She began to prime her diplomatic guns, and to train them on Peking.

The war between China and Japan gave the Russians their opportunity. At first the St. Petersburg government was



THE REGION IN WHICH JAPAN STANDS FACE TO FACE WITH RUSSIA.



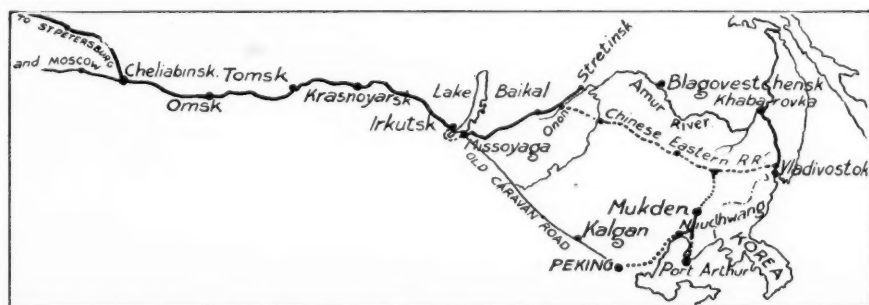
A GROUP OF RUSSIAN CONVICTS—THE ABOLITION OF THE SIBERIAN CONVICT SYSTEM HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED MORE THAN ONCE, BUT THE CHAINS ON THE LEGS OF THESE UNFORTUNATE MEN SEEM TO CONTRADICT THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

alarmed at the warlike disturbances in Korea and Manchuria, and feared that its railroad and its other projects might be threatened, as indeed they were. And when the Mikado's soldiers had drubbed the Chinese, it looked with still greater alarm at the demands of the conquerors. Japan, by her occupation of Port Arthur and Talienwan, would seriously threaten Russian interests; and Russia wanted those ports herself. Hence her kindly and disinterested intervention on behalf of China. Japan

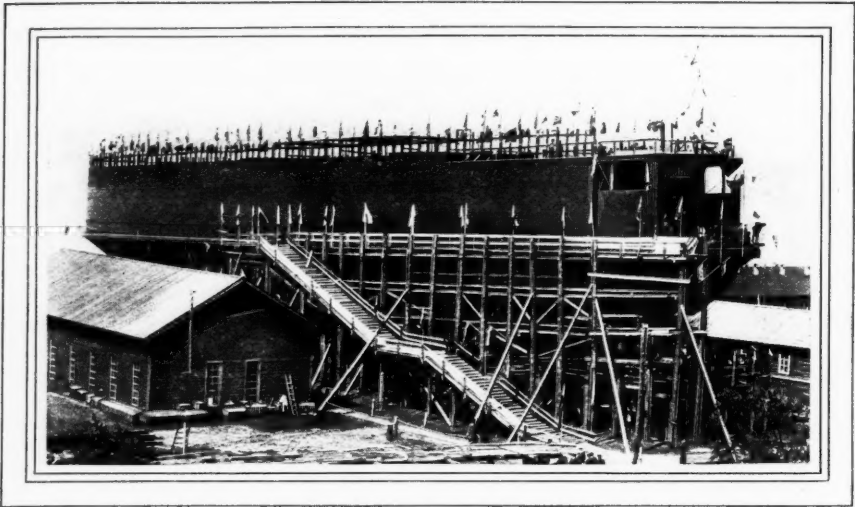
was kept off the mainland, and Russia, as her reward, received a "lease" of Port Arthur, and the right to build a railway to it, and to Vladivostok, through the province of Manchuria.

Of this Manchurian railway—called the Chinese Eastern—a considerable part had been finished when the Boxer troubles broke out.

Russian settlements had sprung up along the course of the road; Russian engineers, merchants, and officials had taken up their residence in the new



SKETCH MAP OF THE REGION TRAVERSED BY THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY—THE LINE IS COMPLETED AS FAR EAST AS STRETINSK. THE ORIGINAL INTENTION WAS TO FOLLOW THE VALLEY OF THE AMUR, BUT THE PRESENT PLAN IS TO CUT THROUGH MANCHURIA TO VLADIVOSTOK AND PORT ARTHUR, BY THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILROAD.



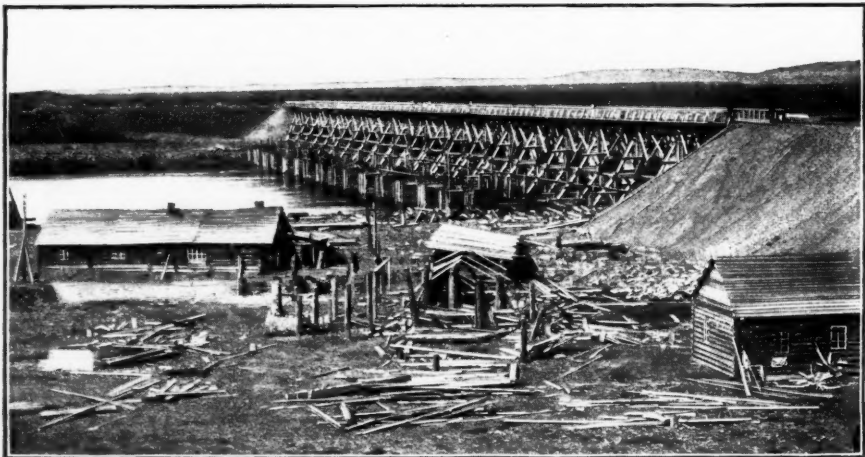
THE LAUNCH OF THE BAIKAL, A LARGE FERRYBOAT WHICH CARRIES PASSENGERS ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL, IN SIBERIA, WHERE THERE IS A GAP IN THE RAILWAY.

territory. A special Cossack Manchurian military force of fifteen thousand men was allowed by the Chinese to "protect the road." In talking with members of diplomatic corps in the East, I often heard the statement that "Russia practically owned Manchuria." In a few years it would be hers in name. The recent Chinese troubles must be more ungrateful to Russia than to any other power; for it means that she must play the game for Manchuria all over

again. She will have the province if it is a possible thing. Up to last summer she was slowly and quietly acquiring it in her own way; now the eyes of the world are upon her every move. It will be interesting to see how the Russian government will henceforth go about gaining its end.

THE FIGHT FOR KOREA.

Russia has other reasons to regret the general focusing of attention on the Far



RAILWAY BUILDING IN SIBERIA—A NEWLY COMPLETED TRETTLE ACROSS A RIVER. THE TRETTLE WILL PROBABLY BE REPLACED, LATER, BY A STEEL BRIDGE.

East. It has interfered with the plans which she had undoubtedly formed concerning Korea. Her attempt, last spring, to occupy the port of Masampho gave proof of this. Masampho is only forty miles from Fusan, a short distance from the Japanese island of Tsushima, and its use by Russia as a naval station

fluence and power to the Japanese. In Seoul and half a dozen other Korean cities there are more than seventeen thousand Japanese residents, while the Russians number only a few hundreds.

The Japanese have bought from its American builders the railroad from Chemulpo to Seoul, the first in Korea.



A RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT ON THE AMUR RIVER, NEAR BLAGOVESTCHENSK, WHERE THERE ARE GOLD MINES WORKED BY CONVICT LABOR.

would greatly shake Japan's control of the strait leading into the Japan Sea. Japan checked Russia's move with nervous energy.

The island empire is making tremendous efforts to maintain her supremacy in Korea. She controls the post office department, and has still a few troops stationed at some of the treaty ports, "to protect the Japanese residents." She is encouraging immigration from Japan, and fostering investments and enterprises in Korea which will give in-

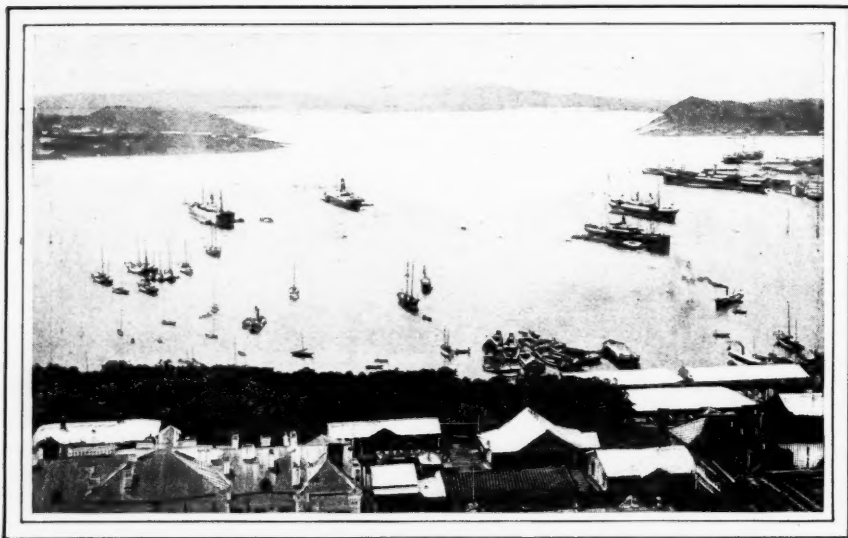
fluence and power to the Japanese. In Seoul and half a dozen other Korean cities there are more than seventeen thousand Japanese residents, while the Russians number only a few hundreds. The Japanese have bought from its American builders the railroad from Chemulpo to Seoul, the first in Korea.

They are working for a concession for a line to run south from Seoul to Fusan. Every Korean treaty port has a fine Japanese consulate. The Japanese minister in Seoul keeps a sharp watch on Russia, and the home government is promptly informed of every event, no matter how trivial.

It is indeed well to keep lynx eyes on Russia when she is attempting to compass an end. In spite of the vigilance of the Japanese, the Russians by their superior tactics may win while the

island empire really holds the cards. At the very moment when the Mikado's government was making its desperate effort to ward Russia from Masampho,

fight and scramble for all sorts of concessions. The Greek Church is making good headway, and rumor often has it that the king is about to become a con-



THE HARBOR OF VLADIVOSTOK, WHERE THE RUSSIANS ESTABLISHED THEIR CHIEF NAVAL STATION ON THE PACIFIC IN 1872.

Russian agents obtained possession of two hundred acres of land upon the harbor of Chimampho; and when the port was opened, a "Russian gentleman" bought another small plot which commands the entrance to the bay, paying two thousand yen for it because of competition with a Japanese purchaser, when the market price was three or four hundred yen. Russia probably intends making this a midway naval station between Port Arthur and Masampho, or possibly a substitute for the latter.

Russian engineers have already surveyed a railway from Vladivostok to Gensan, a fine harbor on the northeast coast of Korea. On their private maps they have very probably dotted down a line running from Vladivostok through the heart of the Korean peninsula, to a terminal at the port of Masampho!

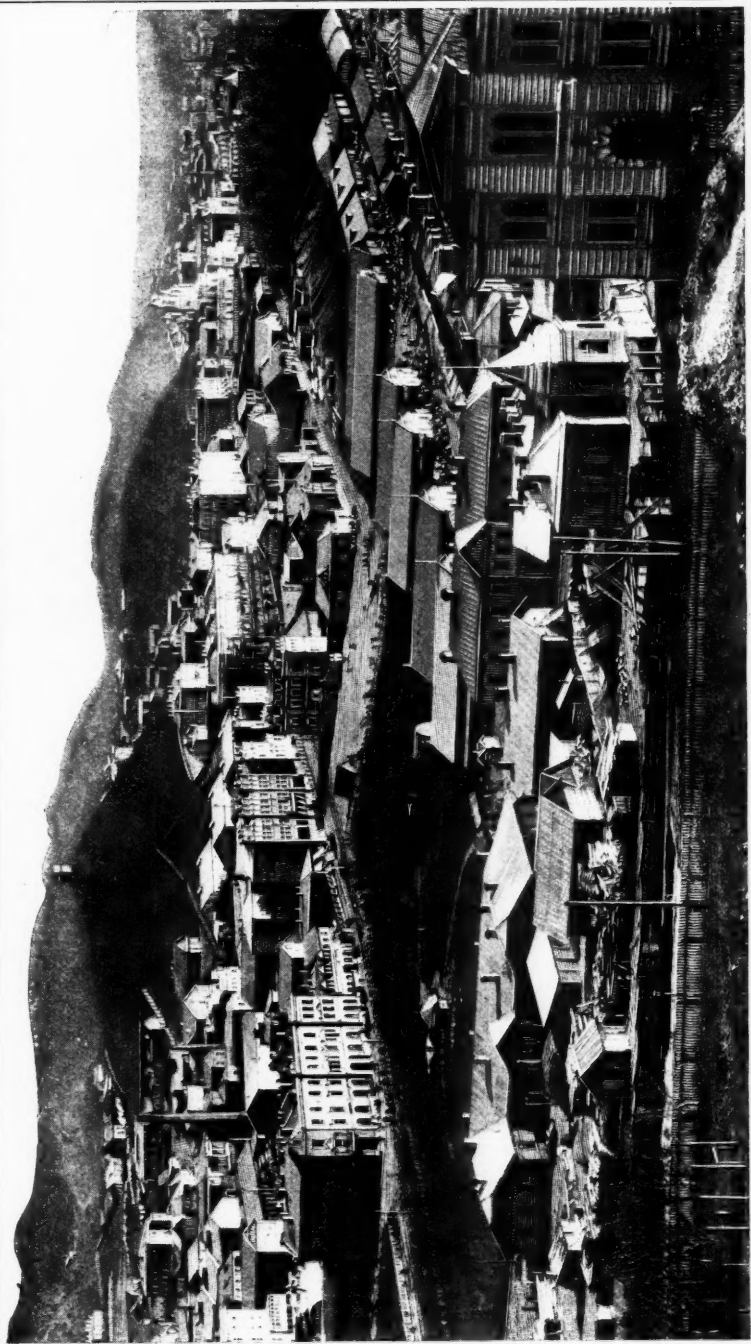
It is fascinating to visit Seoul and to watch the tactics of the intriguers at the Korean court. Lately there have been many additions to the French contingent, and they are apparently working with the Russians. There is a continual

vert to it. He may, if the Russians pay him well enough.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN FACE TO FACE.

The prospect of a war between Japan and Russia is one which continually looms on the horizon in the Far East. One hears of it everywhere in Japan, but there is no jingoism. The Japanese say frankly that they do not want to fight, but that if Russia pushes too far, war there will be. In Korea views are divided as to which country would do most for the Hermit Kingdom's welfare. The balance of opinion seems to be in favor of Japan. It is true that at the termination of the war with China, the Tokio government used arbitrary and absurd measures in its attempt to reform Korea; but Japan has learned many things since then. At any rate, her rule would be broad and tolerant for foreigners and missionaries. Her present interests in the country transcend those of any other power.

I have heard a well known representative of the British government in the



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF VLADIVOSTOK—FOUNDED AS A NAVAL STATION IN 1872, VLADIVOSTOK HAS ATTRACTED MUCH OF THE IMPORT TRADE OF EASTERN SIBERIA, AND HAS ALREADY GROWN TO BE A CITY OF THIRTY THOUSAND INHABITANTS.

East advance the opinion that Korea would be divided between the two powers, Russia taking the upper part, and Japan the lower. This might satisfy Japan, but I do not think that it would suit Russia, whose chief purpose, undoubtedly, is to hold one or more ports in the extreme south of the peninsula.

Too much space is required to go at all minutely into the relative strength

there may be a hundred thousand soldiers of the Czar in the easternmost provinces of his empire; there may be more. As to Japan, it is probably safe to say that she could promptly put two hundred thousand men into the field.

Russia is as little anxious for war as is Japan, in spite of the fact that Russians are greater jingoes about it. She desires first of all to complete her railroad,



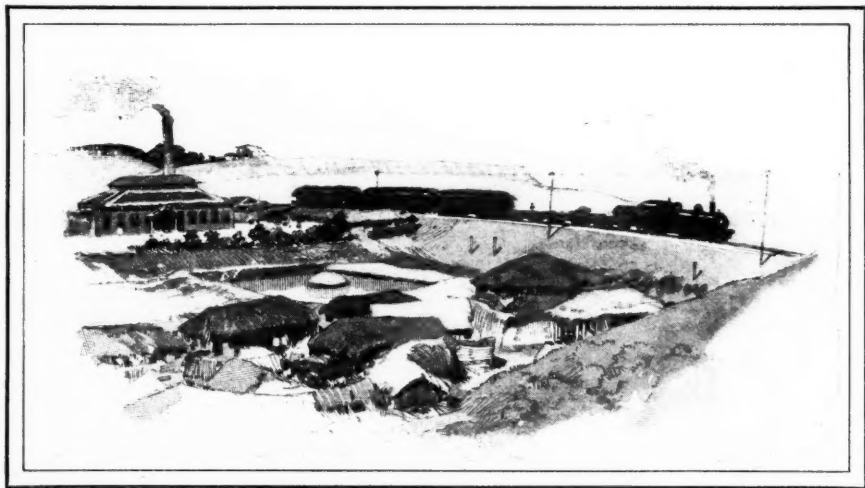
ONE OF THE GATES OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA, AND THE CENTER OF THE DIPLOMATIC AND COMMERCIAL RIVALRY OF RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE INTERESTS IN THE HERMIT KINGDOM.

and resources of the two rival powers. It is generally conceded that Japan would be likely to score the first successes. She is now the seventh naval power in the world, and her force is constantly increasing. Russia is the third; but while Japan concentrates her whole navy within a few hundred miles of the Korean coast, Russia's fleets are widely scattered.

Of military force, no man knoweth the strength of Russia in the Far East. There are garrisons of many thousands at different places, and the Cossacks are scattered about everywhere. In all,

so as to have a better method of transporting troops and supplies. It is not her policy to gain her ends by force. And financially, neither nation is in condition for a costly struggle.

To possess Manchuria seems to be a legitimate ambition of Russia—if deliberate aggression upon a neighbor's territory can ever be called legitimate. She has founded settlements there, has policed the country, opened it to commerce, and introduced the railroad and the telegraph. The other powers have allowed her to get a tolerably firm grip upon the province, and it is not likely



VIEW ON THE LINE FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL, THE FIRST RAILWAY IN KOREA, BUILT BY AMERICANS, BUT NOW OWNED BY A JAPANESE COMPANY.

that she will relax her hold. The Korean problem is more difficult; it may possibly be solved by an international agreement to guarantee the kingdom's independence against both Russia and Japan.

RUSSIA'S VAST AMBITIONS.

But many think that Russian ambition has soared far beyond Manchuria and Korea, and that she desires to become mistress of China and of the entire East. Such an idea seems in accordance with the Russian mental process. England is the country which has most often said "Check!" to Russia's aggressive moves. Today, the combination of almost any power with Japan would be sufficient to stop the plans she has in hand. There is no country which has more at stake than ours. Shall we believe all that courtly Russian diplomats say? Shall we be naïve enough to think that Russia will ever withdraw from Manchuria?

The Russian people unquestionably believe that they have an Eastern mission. They are almost fanatical about it. A mission they undoubtedly have; but it is not to dominate the entire East, nor the globe—which would eventually be the logical outcome. They would probably give the Chinese a good government; but the commerce of China would be entirely in their hands. The rest of

the world would be admitted to it on sufferance only, if at all; and such a policy would in itself be a heavy blow to the other great trading nations.

There has always been friendship between the United States and Russia; but if the latter continues her aggression in China, there must come a fatal clash of interests. The sooner, therefore, that Americans realize what commerce with China will mean to the United States in this century, the better.

I should be sorry were this article taken as a condemnation of Russia. I sincerely admire her, and I like the Russians. Her grand ambitions are natural, and in a sense legitimate; but their scale is too colossal for the welfare of the world. I deny that she is more selfish than other powers; she is simply more successful, and more to be feared. Her diplomacy—and diplomacy is a weapon that she prefers to the sword—is more subtle and less scrupulous than that of other nations.

If we look forward to a death struggle for world supremacy between the Slav and the Anglo Saxon, we may hear the swords being whetted in the Far East today. Let us rather admit that both races have a grand and glorious mission, and that, if we are not blindly careless about our own future, the world will be large enough for both.

American Game Preserves.

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

THE THREATENED EXTINCTION OF OUR NATIVE GAME ANIMALS, AND THE EFFORT TO SAVE THEM BY ESTABLISHING GREAT PRIVATE PARKS IN WHICH THEY ARE PRESERVED AND BRED.

IN the bounty that nature once lavished upon the North American continent, the last half century has worked a ruthless change. Destruction, in a way, has been complete. Those countless multitudes of living things that once tracked the land from coast to coast—where are they today? A short generation ago, six million head of bison filled the plains northward from Texas to Assiniboia. Today—parked in menageries and preserves—a scant remnant of fifteen hundred remain. Tomorrow, it will be the elk and moose that will follow, creatures that even now have been driven to a few remote and difficult wilds. Legislation, to be sure, has uplifted a hand against the destruction; but what do we find? Not much, beyond inoperative laws—laws enforced

only against the stranger—laws that appear for appearance's sake alone.

In a few of the States—notably in Maine—there is a responsible effort to keep the game laws in effect. But how many of the legislators who make these laws have the desire or the intelligence to see that they are enforced? The few who are in earnest about it must haggle and bicker and argue for the pittance that pays for game protection; and at the best, the scant funds limit the work.

This condition is clearly understood. As a result, we find today men who have given up all hope that the law will provide for the future. To keep something for themselves, they have fenced in sections of the wilderness, have stocked it anew with game, and are saving some of our finest game animals from extinction.



IN BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST PARK, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE NOTCH ROAD, WITH A HERD OF BLACKTAIL DEER IN THE FOREGROUND.

Some day, when the country awakes to the sorrowful fact that the game at large is gone, these little holdings may still survive to show what existed in the past.

There are close upon a hundred private game preserves in the United

States, each set forth the advantage of game preservation when there was little thought of it in the United States and Canada.

Today, among the most advanced and flourishing preserves in America are the



WINTER IN BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST PARK, SHOWING PART OF THE BUFFALO HERD, WHICH HAS INCREASED, SINCE THE PRESERVE WAS STARTED, FROM TWENTY FIVE HEAD TO ABOUT A HUNDRED.

States. The number, moreover, is constantly growing, and as most of them are in the finest hunting regions, it is not difficult to see that the best and most accessible country will soon be closed to the average sportsman.

Although the common whitetail deer had been kept for ornament in a number of small parks, especially in the South, the first real game preserve in this country was that of Judge John Dean Caton, of Ottawa, Ohio. The Caton preserve was founded for the particular purpose of keeping all kinds of deer both for sport and for the study of the genus. As a result, Judge Caton produced his authoritative work, "The Deer and Antelope of America." Since his death the park has languished, but its benefits were far reaching, for it dis-

tinguished Corbin Park, at Newport, New Hampshire; the Litchfield tract, at Tupper Lake, New York, and the Webb holdings at Nehasane, New York, and Shelburne, Vermont. There are others, of course, equally notable in their way, but these are mentioned particularly since their effort is to preserve and increase in a purely wild state many species of American and alien game.

The Corbin tract is, I believe, the largest estate of its kind in the world. A wire fence incloses a range of field and forest of more than twenty five thousand acres, and there is additional land outside. Altogether, it includes a considerable part of four townships. The Duke of Sutherland's estate in Scotland is much larger in area, but its scope falls far short of the Corbin effort. On

this Scotch range, the diversity of game is by no means so extensive, nor is its wild life nearly so plentiful.

THE CORBIN GAME PRESERVE.

Blue Mountain Forest Park—the title of the preserve—is set down in a rugged

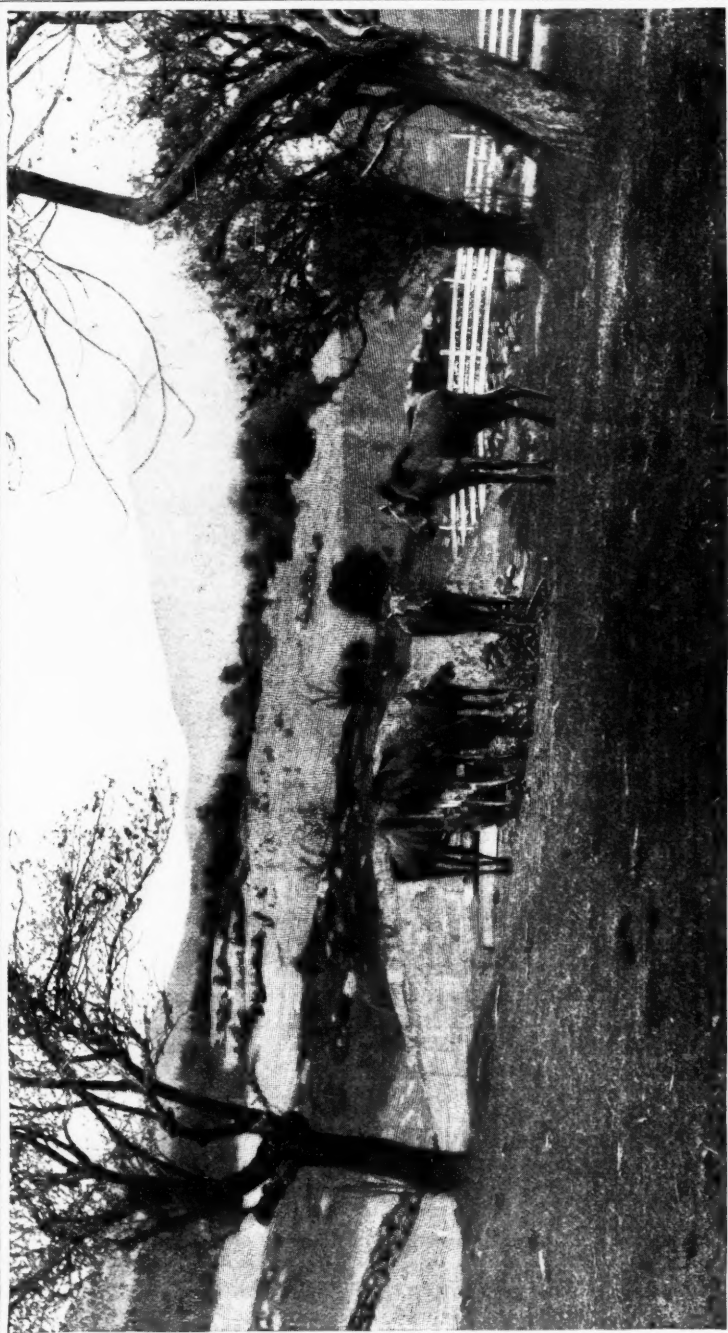
of bison graze, and beyond, at the edge of the wood, one has a glimpse of deer, a trio of white tails, or perhaps a bunch of the Western black tailed variety. On a crisp, frosty morning—listen! High from the neighboring hill comes the astonishing whistle of a bull elk, crying



IN BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST PARK—SENATOR PROCTOR, OF VERMONT, AND A WILD BOAR THAT HE HAS SHOT.

country, a spur of mountain land apart from the main ranges of New Hampshire and Vermont. Its scenery varies. On one hand, the steep acclivities of Croydon uplift from the plain, a wooded height hardly touched by the ax. Deep brakes surround the base, and on the slopes impenetrable thickets bar the human way, yet offer sanctuary for the hundreds of head of wild game. At one end is a beaver meadow; on the other side tilled fields, in a wide sweep of open country where the plow scratches close to a primeval forest. In this diversified landscape there is a remarkable variety of game. In the grassy openings, a herd

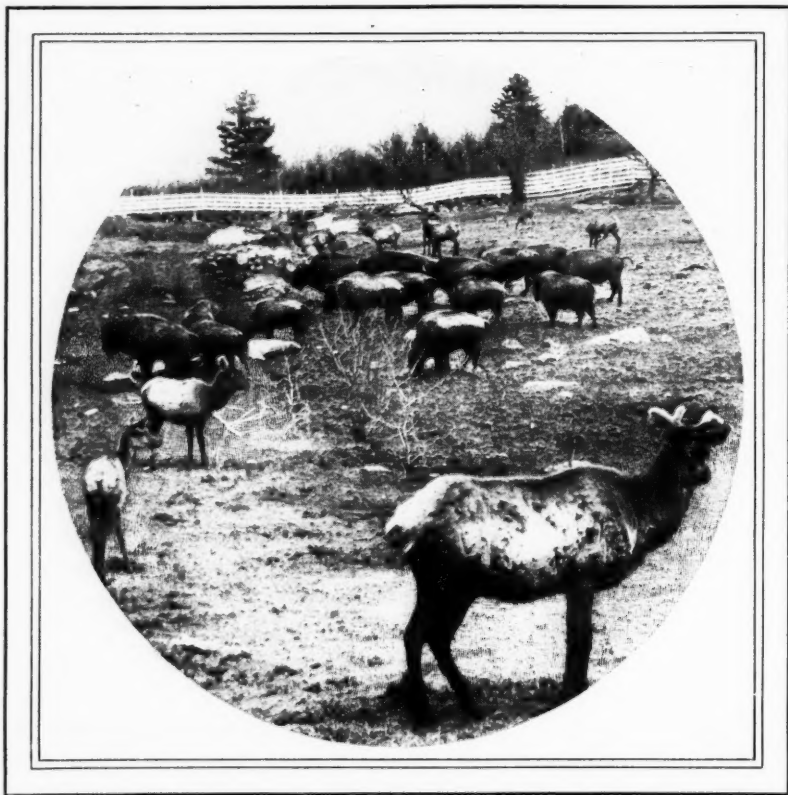
his challenge to a rival of the herd. Or steal in at dawn to the beaver meadow, and the sedgy pond at its head. There is a dull crashing in the wood, and then splash, splash, splash—a tall shadowy form stalks along the shadow, the bulk of a bull moose. A companion cow shuffles at his heel, and there is the summer calf, or perhaps a pair of them. Then drive deeper into the tangle of second growth, and creep along the vales and the hollows between. There is much to be seen—deer in herds, a sounder of pig, perchance, scurrying away, or an old tusker standing, his back bristling, waiting whether for peace or war.



IN BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST PARK—YOUNG MOOSE BROWSING UPON BRANCHES THAT HAVE BEEN CUT FOR THEM. SINCE THE FOUNDATION OF THE PARK, THE MOOSE HAVE INCREASED FROM FOURTEEN HEAD TO MORE THAN A HUNDRED.

There are more than twenty five hundred head of deer in the Corbin park, and the number is constantly growing. The herd of buffalo has increased to a round one hundred, and how many herds—technically called sounders—of pigs there are in the tangled sweep of forest and open, no one really knows. Four-

rapidly as possible to the old Corbin homestead of three hundred acres, and presently had fourteen hundred acres of diversified ground. A present of two deer from his brother was the beginning of the herd. At first they were kept at Mr. Corbin's place on Long Island, at Babylon. Others of different

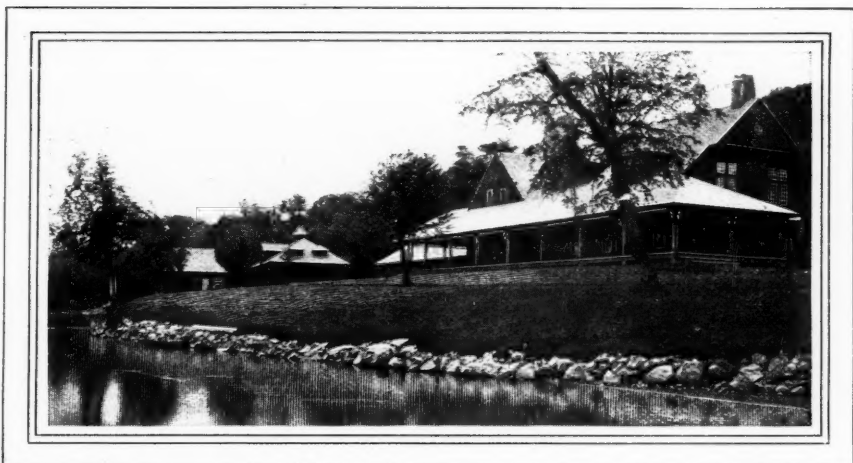


IN BLUE MOUNTAIN FOREST PARK—YOUNG ELK AND BUFFALO GRAZING IN ONE OF THE PASTURES, IN EARLY SPRING.

teen of the wild porkers were originally imported at a cost of a thousand dollars, and, under idyllic conditions, they have increased almost with the rapidity of rabbits.

The genesis of Blue Mountain Park was singular. The late Austin Corbin, who was born in New Hampshire, went West as a young man, and made a fortune in banking. Then he came back East, made another fortune in railroading, and began acquiring property for a country seat at his birthplace. He added as

species were added, and when it was found that the moist climate of Long Island was not suitable for some of the animals, they were shipped to New Hampshire. Here they flourished, and with growing enthusiasm their owner resolved upon the great park that today stands as one of the lasting monuments to his name. Its formation was no easy achievement. To obtain control of the entire property involved the transfer of no fewer than three hundred and seventy five titles, the price paid vary-



DR. W. SEWARD WEBB'S "CAMP" AT NEHASANE, WHERE THERE IS THE LARGEST GAME PRESERVE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

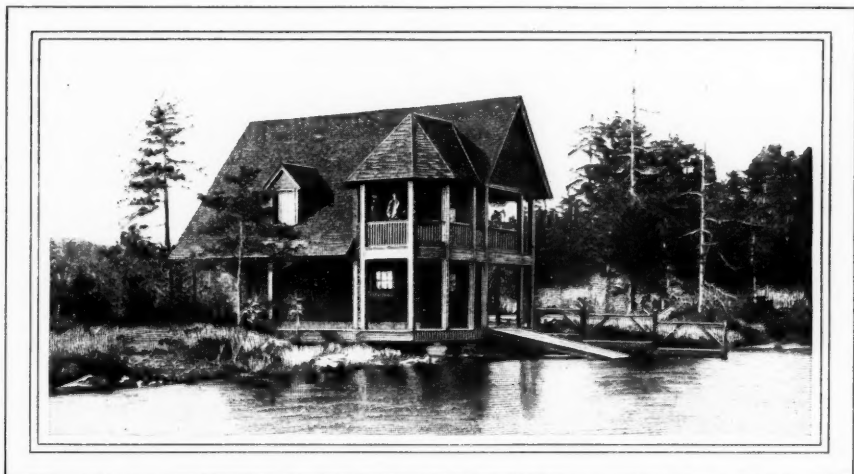
ing all the way from one to twenty five dollars an acre.

STOCKING THE PARK WITH GAME.

Contracts for game were at once written. The first purchase was of bison in Iowa, and later from "Buffalo" Jones, of Omaha. Following the shaggy headed herd came the elk, bought in Wyoming and Montana, at a cost of from eighty five to a hundred and twenty five dollars apiece. The moose were more difficult to obtain. They were pro-

cured in Minnesota and Maine, at an expense of from one hundred to two hundred dollars a head. Common deer were obtained more easily, drafts from Montana, the Adirondacks, and Maine furnishing fruitful herds. Hagenbach, of Hamburg, furnished the wild boar from the Black Forest, while the red and fallow deer were brought from Great Britain.

All have marvelously increased. Even the foreign varieties have adapted themselves to new surroundings, and the loss



IN LITCHFIELD PARK, ONE OF THE GREAT GAME PRESERVES OF THE ADIRONDACKS—THE DUCK LAKE BOATHOUSE.



BOG RIVER FALLS, IN THE ADIRONDACKS, A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE TUPPER LAKE DISTRICT.

From a copyrighted photograph by Stoddard, Glens Falls.

is inconsiderable. A few elk, apparently, have died from ticks, but aside from this there has been no sickness among the animals.

It is a curious fact that the increase of wild game within the fence has had a marked influence upon the game of the surrounding country. Before the institution of the park, deer were extinct in the neighborhood, and the only wild game consisted of rabbits, foxes, and raccoons, with the usual New England game birds. But since the development of the park, deer have returned to the surrounding country, bear have been killed on the edge of the preserve, wildcats are numerous, and Mr. Corbin, the son of the founder, has reason to believe that Croydon is now tenanted by a family of panthers.

One of the efforts of the park has been to propagate a hybrid between the bison and the conventional polled Angus cattle. This has not fully succeeded, though the pure blooded buffalo continue to increase, and the estate has sold several specimens at a rate close upon four hundred and fifty dollars a head.

MANAGING A GREAT GAME PRESERVE.

No little art has been exercised in laying out roads and in adding to the pic-

turesque and natural advantages of the park. A superintendent, with a staff of twenty five keepers—or fifty, at certain seasons—keeps a close watch of the game, reporting on its movements, increase, and range. Twice a week it is necessary to patrol the entire twenty seven miles of wire fence, and all the time there is a close watch of the preserve to prevent poaching and to keep visitors from disturbing the herds. It must not be understood, however, that the park is a close corporation, for strangers are readily admitted when the condition of the animals permits. But during the rut of the elk, it is necessarily closed, as the big bulls display all their quarrelsome proclivities during that strenuous season of match making and war.

The central station, near the southeast corner of the park, is the headquarters of the superintendent. Here the park keepers make their daily reports, and near at hand is the winter range of the bison, with their shelter sheds, and the silo bins in which their green fodder is stored. But even in the heaviest weather, *Bison Americanus* scorns the sheds, and prefers to stand deep in the snow to his hocks, facing the blasts with his sheathed and matted front.

For the further comfort of all the

animals, stone troughs, filling from clear springs, are set out along the ranges, and during the heavy weather of winter the herds of all kinds are fed regularly. Large trees are felled freely, in order

strate the success of the park. From a beginning of about twenty five head, the buffalo now number a hundred; from fourteen head, the moose have increased to more than a hundred; from a herd



A WOODLAND ROAD IN THE NEHASANE PRESERVE—IN THE WHOLE ESTATE THERE ARE ABOUT FORTY THOUSAND ACRES OF PRACTICALLY UNBROKEN FOREST.

that the moose may browse upon their tops. In addition, a section of swamp land and meadow has been turned into a pond, and the growth of the pond lilies and water grasses on which the moose thrive has been encouraged. Occasionally, a bull is killed, members of the Corbin family and their friends drawing lots for the honor.

Unimpeachable figures clearly demon-

of one hundred and forty elk, it is now estimated that there are close upon a thousand on the ranges, and the original one hundred and twenty four deer of all other varieties have multiplied till they now number more than twelve hundred. Only two failures have been recorded—the inability to breed the American woodland caribou and its congener, the European reindeer, probably

due to the fact that the park does not afford a sufficient supply of natural food. The estate is about to try again with the caribou, and perhaps may overcome the difficulty. A pair of beaver, freed along one of the streams, at once began

sources is rapidly improving. But private control has manifest advantages, and there seems to be no general desire to sell out to the State.

Dr. W. Seward Webb's preserve at Nehasane is the most extensive of the



ROCK POND, LITTLE TUPPER LAKE, IN THE ADIRONDACKS, SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY OF THE LITCHFIELD PRESERVE.

From a copyrighted photograph by Stoddard, Glens Falls.

operations, and, with the precision of engineering skill, erected a dam across the waterway. But once it was completed, they disappeared down the brook, a grate of stout wire screening failing to stay their escape.

All told, the Blue Mountain Forest Park has cost close upon a million dollars, and so far there is yet to be heard the voice of one member regretting it.

THE NEHASANE PRESERVE.

In the Adirondacks, private game preserves are rapidly increasing in number, although the Legislature at Albany is now making an effort to hold the greater part of this forest reserve under State control. In several instances, private territory has been bought and added to the public lands, and the system for protecting and developing the game re-

Adirondack holdings. It consists of about forty thousand acres of virtually unbroken forest land. About eight thousand acres are fenced in with a wire barrier, nine feet high, within which herds of elk, moose, and deer are strictly safeguarded. One of Dr. Webb's chief aims is the propagation of the moose, now extinct in the North Woods. In his own territory, the experiment has succeeded admirably, but the attempt to re-establish the king of American deer outside the fenced ranges has been defeated by conscienceless poachers.

In 1893, when the park inclosure was completed, Dr. Webb bought about twenty moose, most of them being splendid specimens caught on the Upper Ottawa, in Quebec. As soon as they had settled themselves in their new home, they began to prosper and increase in the

most satisfactory way. More than a generation before—some time between 1860 and 1865—the last native moose in the Adirondacks had been killed. In all probability, the last one was a cow which Lem Cory, a Saranac guide, assures me his father shot in the summer of 1865 on Bog River, a few miles above the Webb preserve. With the increase of his protected herd, Dr. Webb is encouraged to believe that the Adirondacks may be restocked, although when four fine specimens were turned out of the inclosure about a year ago, the first news of them was when one was shot by a local poacher. Notwithstanding this, Dr. Webb has not given up hope, and both he and Mr. William C. Whitney have promised another attempt if the Legislature will enact laws more rigorously protecting the species.

The idea of the Webb preserve is the protection and propagation of wild game for sport's sake only; but from the fact that Dr. Webb is disposed to assist in restocking public lands, it assumes a more generous character than other similar preserves can claim.

All the protected species have thrived wonderfully at Nehasane. With the prohibition of hounding, and of killing does by any means, the native deer have more than doubled in number. The elk, an original herd of sixty, have increased in the same proportion, although the range is not precisely suited for their development. The common deer are now so numerous that there can be no correct estimate of their number. The natural resources of Nehasane are extraordinary and beautiful. It is a country of forest and stream, absolutely wild, in the very heart of the Adirondacks. Lake Lila—the Smith Pond of bygone days—lies at the edge of the preserve, and in this and other waters near by the trout fishing is unsurpassed. One of the rules of the park is that no one shall take more than twenty five fish a day, and as shooting and fishing are restricted to the owner's friends, the fish and game are little molested.

ANOTHER FINE ADIRONDACK PARK.

Litchfield Park, the property of Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, of Brooklyn, bids fair to become, in a few years, one of

the most extensive game preserves in the world. A part of the territory rests on the slope of Mount Morris, a striking peak of the Adirondack range, and at its foot is Tupper Lake, a blue forest water studded with wooded islands. Mr. Litchfield's present efforts are for the propagation of elk and deer, in which he has been consistently successful. Like the Webb preserve, the tract consists of about nine thousand acres fenced with wire, while outside of this is a larger tract of open forest. All of it has been improved under the most careful supervision. Men skilled in forestry have laid out its roads, a number of small and attractive camps and boathouses have been built about its ponds, and no efforts have been spared to make it both picturesque and convenient without detracting from its natural beauties.

Mr. Litchfield is a sportsman of ripe experience, widely conversant with the habits of native wild game. He has designed his park solely as a shooting preserve, and the game within its limits remains in a wholly wild state. There is no attempt to feed either the elk or deer, or to shelter them during the winter months. But notwithstanding this, the animals have thriven amazingly. In Europe, where game parks have been developed for centuries, it is a question whether any of them can furnish sport equal to a preserve like this. Here, within a comparatively limited area, the proprietor expects, within a few years, to hunt nearly all the many varieties of game known to the United States. He will get his sport, moreover, at half the expense and half the care of the proprietor of a European preserve of the same size.

On the preserve are a number of lakes now thoroughly restocked with trout. In 1893, when the tract was laid out, fishing in these waters was hardly worth the while; but by preventing poaching and the taking of fish by illegal means, Mr. Litchfield now has the best trout ponds in the North Woods. One trout of six and a quarter pounds—a record breaker for the Adirondacks—was found dead a short time ago in one of the ponds, and in nearly all the waters on the preserve fish of three and four pounds are by no means rare.

An experiment soon to be tried on the Litchfield preserve will be the introduction of the woodland caribou. So far, it has been found virtually impossible to propagate the species in any inclosure; but Mr. Litchfield hopes to solve the difficulty. Moose also will be turned into the park.

Dr. W. Seward Webb's preserve at Shelburne, Vermont, is notable chiefly for the fact that it is one of the few estates in America where there is an attempt to stock the covers with English pheasants. On the Pacific coast it has been found possible to propagate the pheasant with little care, but in New England and the middle Atlantic States, the experiment, for various reasons, has been difficult. Dr. Webb, however, manages to obtain excellent shooting, and as many as four hundred brace have been in one season's battues.

GAME PRESERVES IN CANADA.

Outside of these developed preserves, there are many in the United States and Canada where large tracts of forest are leased or bought outright and public shooting and fishing prohibited. In eastern and central Quebec, for instance, all the best waters are owned or leased by private individuals or clubs, and within the last few years many shooting rights have been purchased. In western Quebec, the best moose country on the continent outside of Alaska, vast tracts of virgin forest are going into the hands of individuals and clubs. When one considers that a generation ago this range was unknown save to the Hudson Bay voyageur, the stray trapper of untracked wilds, it will be understood how rapidly we are approaching European methods. Ten years from now, all that country in Canada near the Ottawa and St. Lawrence will probably be closed to public shooting. Without this privately enforced restriction, it is an open question what would become of the game. In the last ten years, hunters have played havoc

throughout this wide region. A decade ago, it was ridiculously easy to kill moose anywhere on the Upper Ottawa, but today a hunter has to work, and work hard, too, for his game.

Perhaps the most characteristic of these Canadian preserves is the Caughwana tract, running north of Deux Rivières on the Magnacippi River. It embraces a wide tract of unbroken forest, and half a dozen extensive and beautiful sheets of water—Caughwana, Russell, Long, Rascicot, Line, and Hamilton Lakes. Indiscriminate slaughter being prevented, the preserve immediately improved; the moose from the surrounding country tracked into this sanctuary, where instinct taught them they would be free from harm during the winter and the breeding season. The preserve is leased by a half dozen men from New York, but, aside from policing the range, there is no attempt to stock the covers with game of any kind. They have gone on the theory that where the game is not altogether extinct, protection will show wonderful results.

In the Southern States, the estate of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt—Biltmore, in North Carolina—is a distinct contrast to this wild Canadian preserve. It comprises about eighty thousand acres of diversified country, farm land, forest, and highly cultivated garden. An organized system of rangers has protected it ever since Mr. Vanderbilt came into possession, and with the most astonishing results. Deer, turkeys, grouse, and quail have multiplied to great numbers. Little encouragement is given to this wild game, beyond occasional feeding and an incessant warfare upon such destructive animals as the bear, the wolf, the wildcat, the fox, the mink, and the coon. Nor has much been done to introduce foreign game, since the propagation of native species has been so satisfactory. Of this territory, about six thousand acres are inclosed, and the remainder open.

WHAT THEY ARE.

The snowflakes? Lilies sound asleep.
The poppies? Kisses frozen fast.
The stars? The tears dead maidens weep.
The sky? Your soul seen true at last!

Edwin LeFèvre.

HELEN MILLER GOULD.

BY J. P. COUGHLAN.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE MOST POPULAR WOMAN IN AMERICA. WHO HAS DEVOTED HER LIFE AND HER MILLIONS TO MAKING LESS FORTUNATE PEOPLE HAPPIER AND BETTER.

EVERY great event in the life of a nation is counted upon to bring forth a fresh gallery of heroes to relieve the pent up enthusiasms of the people. The war in Cuba and its melancholy aftermath in camp and hospital brought, among others, Miss Helen Gould, entirely against her own seeking, into the lime light of publicity. As soon as the chronicle of her good deeds became known, preparations for her apotheosis were begun. The American may pride himself on his reserve, but he has almost a virginal sensitiveness to gentleness, charity, and kindness. When once, through any cause, his outward armor of repression is removed, it is not difficult to touch his heart, and to touch it deeply.

Helen Gould endeared herself to the American—and perhaps all the more quickly because he had been accustomed to look for only negative virtues, at best, from the Gould name—by the splendid promptness of her giving. Doubtless there were others who gave as freely as she, and many who, proportionately to their means, gave as much; but their benefactions did not seem the same. We have a way of distinguishing between that which is given with the hand and that which is given with the heart. The giving is more likely to be appreciated than the given.

JAY GOULD AND HIS DAUGHTER.

In the moil and labor of Wall Street, Jay Gould battled for millions. He raided and crushed those weaker than he, and fought doggedly with those stronger. He employed every artifice of the cruel code of finance. He received many hard knocks, more than his share, perhaps, and he took them like a man, and won; but he gave blows

as hard as any that he received to many who did not win. Naturally, he left many sore heads. His methods were denounced, his name bore a burden of contumely, and honor was not attributed to him.

There are those who say that his daughter is now buying with his millions the good name of the world that was denied to him. On the contrary, she has said that her charities were directly inspired by his teachings, that every worthy action that she has done can be traced directly to his inspiration. She loved her father, and is devoted to his memory. She is far too loyal to harbor the thought that there exists any offense for the world to forgive. She is not an apologist for him; she has no patience with his detractors.

Once a society woman, presuming on an intimate acquaintance, made a remark about the millions accumulated from the "savings of the widow and the orphan."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the daughter of the financier. "Such talk is absurd. My father made his money in Wall Street, and widows and orphans have no business there."

The first heralding broadcast of the name of Helen Gould—she signs herself, and, I believe, prefers to be called, Helen Miller Gould, in memory of her mother—was at the outbreak of the war with Spain. An announcement was made that a generous and patriotic woman had given a hundred thousand dollars to the national government as a contribution to the cost of a righteous war. There was much surprise when it was learned that the donor was the daughter of Jay Gould, who was, perhaps, the best hated man in America. Shortly afterwards the same generous hand gave

twenty five thousand dollars to the Woman's National Relief Association. Such promptness and public spirit caused an opening of the eyes, and it was asked what manner of woman was this who set an example to the nation.

Then began a prying into the doings of Helen Gould. A heedless world, which, very unjustly, had tarred the entire Gould name with the same brush, was amazed at the unostentatious charity of her life. Her unobtrusive benefactions were bared, or at least a few of them, for the full extent of Miss Gould's charities will, I firmly believe, never be known to any one but herself. Such is the cynicism of the age, that frank surprise, by those who did not know her, greeted this revelation of the daughter of him who has been called a great money pirate. A young woman—she was not yet thirty—born into millions, with a natural place in the most ornate society, she has devoted herself to the serious business of life, and the philanthropic and religious responsibilities of her position.

SOME OF HELEN GOULD'S WORK.

This remarkable young woman realized very early the great responsibilities attaching to the ownership of millions. That she should be capable of bearing them, she entered herself as a student in the woman's law class of the University of New York, where she took the regular course, but did not graduate, because of her desire to avoid publicity. As a result of this training, she has always been competent to administer her business affairs with a minimum of outside advice. After a schooling at Dr. Gardener's, on Fifth Avenue, and this course at the University of New York, she entered life impressed with its seriousness. The misery of less fortunate humanity called out to her for assistance, and she took her own way of answering the appeal.

One of her first charities was the establishment, at Woodycerest, a charming old colonial place near her own country home at Irvington on the Hudson, of a haven for crippled children picked up in the slums. Summer and winter, a number of blanched little folk with deformed bodies are nursed there to health and

happiness. It is no stinted charity that mothers these lucky waifs. A mansion is their home, and sloping lawns, overrun with wild flowers, and fanned by the breezes of the Hudson, are their playground. The kindness with which they are treated makes them forever the slaves and worshipers of the gentle, sympathetic woman so frequently among them.

In this, as in all Helen Gould's charities, there is not an atom of selfishness. She even denies herself the pleasure of being charitable to the interesting. The more unprepossessing, and therefore the more in need, the object of her charity is, the more freely she gives. Before she established Woodycerest, she supported—and still supports, I believe—two cots in the Babies' Shelter connected with the Church of the Holy Communion. With her annual check she never failed to urge the instruction: "Please reserve the cots for the two most uninteresting babies."

MISS GOULD AT CAMP WIKOFF.

My first glimpse of Helen Gould was at a time when she was the idolized of the American army. The duties of a correspondent took me to Montauk Point when the bungled and mismanaged Camp Wikoff was established. The confusion of those first weeks was appalling. Soldiers were dumped down there in thousands, sick, wounded, and well huddled together without order and without provision. The situation would have taxed the best system in the world; it played havoc when there had been no time for system.

One day one of the ramshackle, make-shift conveyances of the place came driving up the rude new roadway, where negro teamsters were volubly and vigorously urging forward their mules knee deep in the soft earth. In the primitive vehicle sat three young women, sedately and plainly dressed, and apparently unconscious of the ejaculatory negroes. At the collection of tents called by courtesy the General Hospital, they dismounted and inquired for Colonel Forwood and Major Brown. The visitors were Helen Gould and two young ladies said to be her cousins.

The smallest of the three, dressed in

plain black, was the center of the group. Led by Colonel Forwood, they made a complete inspection of the tented wards where the stricken soldiers were lying. The name of Helen Gould was not mentioned, else there would have been a demonstration, for her generosity had already reached our boys in Cuba. The men lying on their narrow cots did not know this soft voiced, sympathetic little woman whose hand had the gentle touch of a mother, and whose presence had the sweet atmosphere of a sister of mercy; but many guessed, or rather penetrated, her identity.

Rarely have I seen so much practical knowledge and common sense combined with so much sympathy and largeness of heart as Helen Gould displayed that day in her walk through the hospitals of Camp Wikoff. A recommendation here, a quick, incisive suggestion, almost a command, there, all for the welfare of the suffering soldiers—such was her visit. At its close, when she had seen for herself the needs of the camp, she turned to Colonel Forwood and told him to draw on her bank for any amount at his discretion for the benefit of the sick and wounded. Colonel Forwood paid her the compliment of taking her at her word in a liberal manner.

CHARITY AND PATRIOTISM.

Scarcely a man who suffered in the war in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, has not been, directly or indirectly, benefited by her generosity. Her house at 579 Fifth Avenue, New York, and her country home near Tarrytown, were turned into hospitals when the transports began crawling northwards with their freight of suffering. She cared for hundreds under her own eyes, and lavishly contributed when help was needed elsewhere. To hospitals and homes, wherever a sick soldier had found refuge, she sent flowers and fruit, blankets, food, and money. Nor did her efforts stop at easing the hardships of the fighting men. Her sympathy extended to those who are often the most grievously hurt by war, the mothers and wives at home, who suffer and are wounded without the excitement of battle.

A burning patriotism animated her,

and she felt that no sacrifice was too great to make for the men who had answered the call of country. She is, above all things, patriotic, and takes a great and intelligent interest in the affairs of the republic. Her action in the agitation against the seating of Congressman Roberts of Utah was a clear index of her character. With all the ardor and passion of her nature, she threw herself into that fight. Money, time, and influence she spent in defeating what she considered an outrageous assault upon the morality and the womanhood of the nation. To her action, indeed, Mr. Roberts' exclusion from Congress may be largely attributed.

She is not a politician, though she takes a deep and abiding interest in all current events that are likely to engage the attention of a woman of high intelligence. Her greatest activity is in doing good, and so much time does she devote to that pursuit that she has little for any other.

Not satisfied with what she had done for the soldier, she exerted herself on behalf of the sailor, and Jack, ashore or afloat, has no better friend than the founder of the Sailors' Club near the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The story of the foundation of that institution shows how readily Helen Gould's sympathies can be interested in any project of a generous and practical nature. Frank Smith, of the Young Men's Christian Association, was struck with the idea of doing something for the great number of sailors who are continually ashore without friends or decent amusement around the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He began by forming a small club, and he had not progressed further than to show an earnest of good and practical intention, which the late Admiral Philip warmly approved, when Helen Gould heard of the project.

THE GOOD THAT WEALTH CAN DO.

She immediately went over to Brooklyn on a visit of inspection. That same day she wrote out a check, from which grew a handsome building that is home and club to thousands of sailors. Altogether, she has given to that institution, founded in the inspiration of an afternoon, more than four hundred thousand

dollars. The jackies have there a hotel with nearly a hundred beds, a restaurant, a library, a smoking room, and rooms where they can get all reasonable amusements, without having to make their perilous cruises up the Bowery. Incidentally, there is a savings bank, which is working wonders with the hitherto undeveloped thrift instincts of the sailor.

These things explain why she is regarded as a saint by soldiers and sailors of the United States. And this is her chief reward. She has had the tangible evidences of the nation's gratitude in the resolutions passed by the Legislatures of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois; but deeply as she must appreciate these, her nearest friends know that she feels more keenly the unspoken thanks of the common soldier and sailor.

I had a vague notion of giving a detailed statement of Miss Gould's charities, but I gave up the project. They are almost innumerable, and most of them are known only to herself and the recipient. It would seem that nothing deserving of help is capable of escaping her. Hers is a nature always ready to respond to the call of misfortune. When the Windsor Hotel fire appalled New York, she made her house, directly opposite the scene of the catastrophe, into a temporary hospital. A score of doctors and nurses worked there, the dead and the dying were laid on the beds and the lounges of the house, with never a thought by its mistress for the thousands of dollars' worth of costly carpets, furniture, and tapestries ruined by such usage. It was all very unfeminine, I suppose, but if she had any grief for the desolation of her cherished belongings she concealed it in her greater feeling for the misery and suffering of the victims of that awful horror.

The firemen of New York showed their appreciation of such unselfish heroism by presenting Miss Gould with a fire line badge, the token that secures admission beyond the police cordon at fires. She may never use it, but the donors could have paid her no more sincere compliment.

When the floods at Galveston shocked and horrified the nation, she was again

in the forefront of those who came forth to proffer help. Her instinct is to give.

MISS GOULD'S LIFE AT IRVINGTON.

At her home at Irvington, Helen Gould sits during much of the day at an old fashioned desk, attending to the business of her estate, and still finding time for arranging and planning good. She is an exceedingly busy woman; the old cork handled pen is diligent in her fingers; and besides working a full eight hours every day herself, she keeps ten or eleven secretaries employed with her charitable schemes. She is always scheming fresh charities, and never seems to drop the old ones. She has a long list of pensioners that is constantly gaining fresh additions.

Of course the repute of her open handedness makes her the mark of every begging letter writer in the country, and many plausible scoundrels try all sorts of expedients to acquire a little of her wealth; but her legal training and her natural common sense stand her in good stead, and she is rarely taken in. Many an instinctively charitable person would be soured to cynicism by this constant assault of cringing, lying, undeserving beggars, but Miss Gould does not allow it to influence her free hand in giving to worthy causes. She once allowed one of her secretaries to make an estimate of the amount asked from her in a single week. From Monday to Saturday in the chosen week her mail contained petitions which, if answered, would have demanded an expenditure of fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

Her income is approximately a million dollars a year, or nearly three thousand dollars a day; but of this scarcely more than a tithe is expended on its owner. The rest she regards as a sort of trust for the less fortunate. When she entertains, it is modestly, and her fashionable visits are few in the course of a season. Indeed, she is far happier when she is entertaining at one of her houses a group of self supporting working girls—a class in whom she is greatly interested. She takes an intellectual delight in aiding the efforts of those who are striving to aid themselves.

In all her charities, and in all her work, there has been a practical and

sensible spirit. She is not a sentimental giver, nor one who gives for the mere gratification of impulse, or for the appearance of munificence. On the contrary, she exerts herself to give where it will do good, and looks to it that her benefactions will genuinely benefit those for whom they are intended. She has a very clear and rigid perception of what her duties and responsibilities are. Here, in her own words, is what she told the Woman's Club of Cincinnati on the duty of a woman of wealth:

I shall never cease to preach the gospel that women of means should do more than rush through life for nothing but their own pleasure. It is the duty of women who have wealth to help others, and especially other women, and to make life for them worth the living. So much happiness may be scattered continually that the more one tries to help others, the more one loves to do it.

These were not vain words. They contain the precept and practice of Miss Gould's own life. She, indeed, finds her greatest happiness in helping others.

Helen Gould's munificence is felt in other directions than that of charity.

She is an ardent partisan of education, and in addition to contributing handsomely to Columbia University, has endowed many educational establishments besides privately aiding many young people in their studies. Not long ago she again showed her public spirit by guaranteeing the sum of a hundred thousand dollars for a Hall of Fame on the campus of the New York University, overlooking the Harlem River.

Next to doing good, Miss Gould's hobby is gardening, and, with a fine disregard for the sun and breeze, she spends many hours in the beautiful grounds of her Hudson River home, among her plants and flowers. She has few visitors, but to those she receives she is grace and sweetness personified. Her entire lack of affectation, and the tender, sympathetic smile that illuminates her dark features, win her guest at once, and then it is that one begins to realize how it has come about that this young woman has taken such a hold upon the hearts of the people of America.

ART'S DEVOTEES.

THE way is thronged ; we set our feet unto it ;

Brave, eager faces crowd on either side.

We cheer our hearts and happily pursue it—

The way of art, beginning smooth and wide.

"The wondrous wise," we think, "have been deceiving

With tales of dull discouragements to know ;"

Alas, the false steps we must be retrieving !

Alas, the way that narrows as we go !

And many falter, faint and sick and weary ;

And many down diverging pathways turn,

To follow over green marsh, deep and eerie,

Where they behold their *ignis fatuus* burn.

While overhead a bird croaks, "Hurry, hurry !"

Though ever harder seems the cruel way ;

No more light laughter leaps in mirthful flurry—

We are too tired, we only work and pray.

No noisy crowds, no loud, insensate chatter,

No indeterminate or futile toil ;

Deaf to the tongues that scoff, and those that flatter—

Invincible, impossible to foil.

With steadfast eyes, with white, set, fearless faces,

We reach unto the laurel leaves of art ;

And rather those green garlands of the Graces,

Than ships at sea, than wealth of field and mart !

Helen Noe.

An Idyl of the Fourth Estate.

THE EVERY DAY ROMANCE OF ALIDA BOSKOP'S TWO FRIENDS.

BY E. T. ROYLE.

FIRST breakfast, then baby—that was Alida's routine each morning, before she pinned on her shabby hat and hurried to the big building where she toiled, all day long, as humble little understudy to the mailers. Breakfast presented a Lenten monotony all the year round, save on those rare occasions when it was illumined by a slice of boiled ham, or by a section of summer sausage, lank, wrinkled, and canvas swathed, like a fragment of garden hose. Rye bread of rigid consistency was sometimes varied by corpulent, spindle shaped rolls, thickly incrust-ed over the top with blackened poppy seeds. Coffee, which scarcely suggested a tropical origin, was invariable. Alida's habit of removing stale coffee grounds and scalding out the pot, learned at the settlement cooking class, was viewed by her mother as an amiable eccentricity, to be endured rather than imitated. Domestic science has not yet attained a very strong growth in New York tenements.

"My mother doesn't believe in all over washing for babies, but I do, and I want somebody to tell me how to do it," Alida had remarked to one of the settlement helpers; and, although the Boskop baby drifted far from his pristine freshness before evening, he began each day in a state of aristocratic cleanliness. To one of the little Donovan girls, who watched him until his mother came back from her morning round of office cleaning, Alida gave many housewifely injunctions.

"Don't let a hull raft of them side-walk kids get botherin' Jimmy," she admonished, as she struggled into her out-grown jacket; "and give him a crust to chew on so's to help his teeth." She started down the dark stairs. "And don't you be givin' him coffee, neither, like you did yesterday," she called from below.

Alida was past fourteen, as she scornfully assured the factory inspector. Her thin little face and fluffed out hair showed under an ambitious hat crowned with pessimistic plumes. All day long she sat or stood by a table covered with damp, inky smelling papers, which she creased firmly across the equator with the assistance of a flat bone knife. Then the mailer, shin-

gling his table with a succession of overlapping wrappers, would cover the exposed edges with noisome paste, and hustle the folded papers into their wrappers with a series of antelope bounds.

Alida's chief ambition was to keep a great pile of creased papers in advance of the mailer. Sometimes there was a temporary lull, and she was free to rest her pathetic little hands, already scarred and seamed with unchildlike toil. She watched the mailer feed long ribbons of yellow paper, bearing addresses, into a vindictive little machine, which incessantly bit off the names and affixed them to the wrappers with an angry stamp. Twisting belts moved over her head, carrying the magic power of steam to stitchers and folders and queer, many armed steel monsters, waited upon by chattering young women. For the Empire City Printery was one of the many servants of the Fourth Estate, and little over-worked Alida was among its handmaidens.

Alida's first introduction to the new linotype operator was a distinctly informal one. Tripping over a pile of battered electros, thoughtfully dropped in the middle of the floor by the galley boy, she was picked up by a blond giant, who brushed the dust from her shabby frock, and wiped away imaginary tears with a surprisingly clean handkerchief. He addressed her as "kid," which was humiliating, though kindly. Alida blushed furiously, and escaped to her folding, with a feeling of envy for the long skirted girl at the next machine—an envy purely impersonal, since it was addressed rather to Miss Maguire's trailing skirts than towards her somewhat angular person.

Not that Miss Maguire wore trailing skirts while at work, for a carpeting of oil, varied by tags of paper, forbade all save the most informal garments within the printery. Miss Maguire was the attendant of a high shouldered, sardonic looking stitching machine, fed with wire, like a mechanical ostrich. With machine-like regularity, she ran Sunday school weeklies, frivolous fashion sheets, and ponderous trade journals through the stitcher, wearing meanwhile a totally dis-

interested expression. She was not given to flights of imagination, but sometimes the possibility of adjusting wire stitching to domestic buttons occurred to her, as it has, perhaps, to many harassed housewives.

Gradually it came about that an odd friendship began between the little folder and the big linotype man. Haldane learned of Alida's father, traveling through the West in those bachelor accommodations that take the form of freight cars and section houses, and give the poor man a millionaire's surcease of family cares. He heard about the baby, and acquired a good deal of vicarious experience from Alida's domestic cares.

"Did you ever go to the country?" he asked one day.

"I went on an excursion once," said Alida. "I saw a lot of chickens—not dead, you know, but running around with all their feathers on. I saw a real cow, too—my, but wasn't I scared!"

Haldane laughed, his mellow baritone making Miss Maguire cease her argument with one of the pressmen long enough to respond with an answering smile. It was noon, and some of the young women were boiling tea, and giving varied lunch orders, all in the imperative mood, to the galley boy. This autocrat carried a wooden rod, decorated with a fringe of nails, which served to hold a multitude of small tin pails. He was an imposing sight as he stepped off the elevator, bearing a yard of glittering pails in one inky hand, and a pyramid of pie in the other.

"I'd like to get out in the real country once," continued Alida; "somewheres where I could pick flowers for my own self, and where the policeman wouldn't chase me;" and, as the whistle blew, she moved off to her pile of unending papers with an expansive sigh.

Haldane thought of the thin, eager little face more than once, as he sat at his key-board in front of the bubbling pot from which the molten metal was pumped into accurate lines. He was a kindly fellow, and the forlorn little folder appealed to his sympathies. So it happened, one much anticipated Sunday, that he escorted little Alida up town, with the prospect of an afternoon in the park. His invitation had been received by her with awe and misgiving, as she thought of her social and sartorial shortcomings.

"Why don't you take your girl somewheres, 'stead o' me?" she asked, her unchildlike little face expressing a mixture of pride and yearning. "I ain't only a kid, and think of a girl that hasn't any

decent clothes goin' out with the like o' you."

"I'm sure you look all right," stammered Haldane, looking with visible embarrassment at Alida's slender form, incased in a bedticking apron that had once belonged to the foreman. "See here, kid, I want you to go because I like you, honest, and you see if we don't have a good time;" and Haldane hurried away after patting Alida's thin, hard working hand reassuringly.

So behold her, one bright Sunday, wearing a neat, black hat—whose shiny newness told nothing of the shoe polish bath to which it had been subjected—its bows of ribbon and bunch of flowers illustrating the good heart of Mamie Donovan, who had removed these trimmings temporarily from her own hat for Alida's greater glory. It was kind hearted Mamie, too, who had shown Alida how to press and freshen her frock, and had acquired a pretty collar from the oldest Corrigan girl. So it was quite a trim little figure that joined the tall linotype man, with a happy face that would irradiate any dress.

"Clo'es do make a difference," observed Alida, as she and Haldane finished their outdoor lunch under a grape arbor, "but there's a heap in the people that's wearin' them. When Miss Maguire's fixed up, you'd say she had everything that's goin' on her hat, and a few things that ain't; but you can tell she isn't the real thing. Did you ever notice Miss Graham?"

Haldane admitted, with some stiffness, that he had seen Miss Graham. She was the slim little stenographer, whose knot of rust colored hair, rising above a pinky white neck and a businesslike linen collar, proved an irresistible magnet to the linotype man on the few occasions when he entered the office. Sometimes he had the happiness of raising his hat when she entered the elevator, and once he had received her thanks for the recovery of a handful of statements which a vagrant wind sent flying across the corridor.

"Some o' the girls say," continued Alida thoughtfully, "that she does somethin' to her hair to make it so shiny, but I see her brushin' it onct, and it's the same clear down to the roots. It seems to me it ain't so much dressin' up that makes a girl look stylish, as the way she does it."

"You like Miss Graham, don't you?" said Haldane, gazing abstractedly at a very fat baby, which acknowledged the attention by screwing up its features into a war map, and wailing in italics.

"Sure," said Alida sententiously. "She

put witch hazel on me hand when I came near takin' it off in the folder, and she took me home to tea one Saturday. She can make tea and toast and fried oysters—honest, she can—and you ought to see her in a white apron! It has frills, and a real pocket."

Long after he had left little Alida at the corner—"What's the use of comin' all the way home with me?" she said; "besides, the kids'll be sayin' you're my steady"—Haldane tramped slowly along the streets, smoking, with thoughts hovering about a girl with rust colored hair and a white apron with a real pocket, a memory which lingered with him all the following day, when Alida came forward proudly after lunch, with a few spicy pink carnations and a bit of greenery tucked into her shabby frock.

"Miss Graham gave them to me," she said proudly. "She's got a bunch on her desk, 'cause they rest her, she says;" and Alida held the flowers forward for Haldane to take a whiff of their sweetness.

"Couldn't you spare me just one?" asked Haldane eagerly. "Do, and I'll bring you a whole bunch tomorrow for it."

Alida handed a flower to the young man with eager generosity, and watched him as he folded it carefully in a little notebook, which he slipped into his pocket.

"I'm going to keep that flower, little girl—to remember you by," said Haldane, with the quizzical smile that always gave Alida a sense of comradeship.

"To remember me? I guess you need it," responded the child with an answering smile of comprehension, as she went to her accustomed work.

The next day a cluster of carnations discreetly veiled in manila paper appeared on Alida's table, to be borne home happily, and there to be placed in a chipped glass by the side of a blunt nosed plaster saint with a pink aureole much in need of repair. It is only in books that a single flower, presented by a settlement worker, induces a tenement housewife to scrub the entire establishment, and be a shining moral light forever after; but it is a fact that Alida's mother was detected in the act of rinsing the coffee pot the day following, and was even suspected of extending the rinsing process to her own person.

One brisk Saturday in early autumn, when the raptures of Grand Street millinery indicated the changing season among the bindery girls, Alida, in the unwonted glory of a Rough Rider hat and a spotless linen collar—which, as she observed philosophically, took the curse off

her old frock—took her way to the entrance of the busy Brooklyn Bridge. She had a whole day off—a doubtful blessing resulting from slack work—and her morning at home had been spent in an orgy of house cleaning. A bar of yellow soap had faded like a vision under her amateur scrubbing brush; and, though the result still left something to be desired, there was a pleasant, sudsy cleanliness about the two little rooms. A slight difference with her mother, owing to Alida's pernickety idea that a lunch of coffee and dill pickles was not advisable for a teething baby, had been amicably adjusted, and Alida was happy in the prospect of a country excursion with the wavy haired stenographer.

"We're goin' up to the river by Grant's tomb," she had confided to Haldane the previous day, "and then we're goin' over to Jersey, where there ain't policemen to stop us from pickin' flowers. She says there's whole fields full of flowers over there—purple and yellow ones—that don't belong to nobody. And she's goin' to take somethin' to eat along, so's we'll have a little picnic. Ain't she good? You and her are my two real friends;" and Alida looked at the big linotype man with the shy confidence of a homeless kitten unexpectedly caressed.

A brief interval of watching at the bridge entrance was rewarded by a sight of the slim figure crowned with rust colored hair. Hester Graham, trim and short skirted in sober brown, with a bit of vivid red at her throat, suggested a robin.

"You look good enough to be a Christmas card," said Alida, with a partially suppressed hug, and the friends started off together.

That was surely an enchanted afternoon. Alida looked so happy that even a pampered fox terrier, crossing on the ferryboat under the escort of a discontented colored maid, unbent so far as to wag his stumpy tail as he looked at her, and the stout widow owned by the terrier, whose weeds exhaled newly acquired wealth, offered her a bag of chocolates. Then they wandered along a country road, passing a few gentle faced, black clad nuns from the near by convent, while Hester talked of birds and flowers and all the pleasant fancies that come to the mind of a sweet natured girl.

"I like the way you tell me things," said Alida. "You don't seem like you was always tellin' me for my own good, like some of the ladies that come to the settlement."

"But they are telling you for your good, surely," said Hester, with a little laugh.

"Yes, but they needn't let it stick right out," objected Alida. "Oh, do let's sit here, and look at things"—pointing out a nook among the trees, near the edge of the bluff. There was an old stump to furnish a rustic seat big enough for half a dozen, with a vista, far below, of placid river and yellowing trees.

"This is just the place for our lunch," said Hester, unfolding the trim little packet she carried. Alida gazed at the river and the distant city with a beatified face, while Hester apportioned the lunch; little triangles of unknown sandwich, each clad in a paraffin paper ulster, and corpulent little sponge cakes, into which the maker had surely mixed an extra portion of sunshine. Hester took off her hat and leaned her head against a tree, her red brown hair glowing against the rough gray bark. Alida gazed at her happily, turning slowly to look at a tall man who strolled by.

"Well, if there isn't my other friend!" she cried excitedly.

Haldane turned with an air of surprise which was very creditable under the circumstances, and came forward with distinct embarrassment.

"To think that both my friends should be here at once!" said Alida, after performing a solemn and ceremonious introduction. The linotype man had explained

his presence by his camera, and the desire to take a certain view above the river. It appeared that this view was quite impossible, from an artistic standpoint, without some human interest, and Haldane carried home with him that night a slightly cloudy negative showing a clump of chestnut trees with two girlish figures in the foreground. Hester Graham suggested that there was hardly sufficient sunshine to give a very clear picture; but to Haldane's mind Hester herself put all the sunlight into the landscape.

It was growing dusk as they crossed the river; a flush of red still showed in the western sky, behind the Palisades, while the distant lights twinkled in the city, and shone in the water. Alida snuggled close to Hester, with the fatigue of infinite contentment, and asked searching questions concerning the earth and the fullness thereof.

"It isn't so hard to work, after all, when there's folks you care for," she observed after a long silence. "Me mother ain't mean, like some mothers, and there's the baby and my two friends—I've lots to make me happy;" and she looked at them with eyes full of fondness.

Haldane leaned over, and, putting his arm around her thin shoulders, gave her a gentle little momentary embrace. But it was Hester whom his eyes caressed, and in her face he saw something that made him tremble and flush. A great happiness swelled within him.

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

He died and we buried him there—

In the sound of an unnamed stream ;

The poison plants around him flare,

And the silence is deep as death.

There we left him in wordless dream,

With a "God speed" spoken underbreath.

I laid a flower on the dead man's breast,

While the eaglets whistled in shrill dismay—

Nothing could then disturb his rest ;

I gave him the rose, and we covered him up

With the cold, black earth, and rode away.

My heart was bitter—I could not weep.

He was so young to die so soon—

He was so gay to lie alone

Burned by sun and chilled by the moon,

There where the waters are cold and gray,

There by the slimy ledges of stone—

But there he must sleep till the sun is gray.

Hamlin Garland.

Chronicles of Us.

THE INTIMATE HISTORY OF SEVEN GOOD FRIENDS.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

THE SEVEN:

CHARLOTTE, *otherwise Mrs. McLean, a poster artist.*

CAMERON, *her son.*

PAUL, *a sculptor.*

RUTH, *a magazine writer.*

LORRIMER FFLOYD, *a caricaturist.*

LANSE } *ambitious playwrights.*
EVELYN }

III—Ruth's Last Week.

"I THINK the man was a cad," declared Paul. "He knew he had to suffer, any way—there was nothing on earth she could do to help or prevent it; he might have had the grace to keep it to himself."

"I don't know," objected Ffloyd; "I think he had a right to the help of her sympathy if he wanted it."

"Besides," added Charlotte, "would she ever have forgiven him for shutting her out at the very biggest moment of his life? I wouldn't, I know—no matter what suffering it saved me."

"That's just it," said Paul excitedly; "he ought to have been big enough to take even her unforgiveness if it kept her from going through that horrible ordeal with him, inch by inch. Lord! Think what it must have meant to her!" He got up and began to walk restlessly about the room.

"Paul is right," said Ruth, who had been listening with the wide eyed absorption she gave to everything. "I agree with him absolutely."

"How unusual!" commented Ffloyd, and they all laughed, Ruth as heartily as any one. "How does it feel, Paul, to be the center of an admiring circle?" Ffloyd went on.

"How does it feel to be a silly ass?" Paul returned shortly.

This conversation came back to Ruth with sudden force as she left the doctor's a few days later, looking white and limp.

"Now, you are not to worry," the doctor had said. "I'll find out all about the dog, but it's ninety nine to a hundred he was just ill tempered. He'll never bite any one again, I can tell you. Come in and let me see you every day or two, but don't think about it any more than you can help."

"Oh, of course it's all right. I shan't worry," Ruth had said cheerfully. They knew this was sheer bravado, but it eased the situation. They were both so afraid she would cry.

She went home to her little bachelor apartment and curled up, feeling very weak and sick, to face the matter. How would they all take it? Paul would be distressed; he would want to know all about it, to the last detail, and he would make her the center of importance for the time being. She smiled up at a plaster head of his Nimrod on the wall above. Ffloyd would be concerned—when he remembered. He would ask her frequently how she was, and listen to her answer if it was not too long. Lanse and Evelyn would take it from the picturesque angle and enjoy it immensely. Charlotte would be all sympathy and anxiety, and Cameron would be outrageously funny on the subject. But every one of them would be uneasy, she knew. Paul's words, "He might have had the grace to keep it to himself," came back to her persistently. Why should they be told till the danger was all over, or until— She did not finish the sentence.

A literary cast of mind is a great blessing. Instead of facing the prospect of hydrophobia as most people would, with dismal forebodings resulting in general depression, Ruth scented a valuable situation, and felt a distinct exhilaration at the idea of working it out, in secret, with herself as heroine. She was never proof against "copy," even when furnished at her own expense.

"Now," she said triumphantly, as she went to bed that night, "I'll live just as I would if I knew for certain this was my last week on earth. I don't know whether I'll be good or bad, but I'll be something!"

During the next few days, while the two ugly marks above her right shoe top were still painful, Ruth put her wardrobe in exquisite order, replacing buttons that had been off for months, cleaning the insides of collars and the under sides of sleeves, and throwing away disreputable treasures in the way of battered slippers and broken combs. The wild confusion of papers in her desk was replaced by a few

neat packages, one of them labeled, "To be destroyed in case of my death." She took a great satisfaction in that. Everything was prepared for inspection, even to the erasing of some marginal marks she had made in her Swinburne at an earlier stage of her development. Then, still limping a little, she went off to Sunday night tea at Charlotte's.

"From a coroner's standpoint, everything is perfect," she said to herself. "Now to make the most of things!"

The last comer had left the flat door unlatched, so she let herself in without ringing the upper bell. Charlotte's splendid laugh, that they all loved and did their best to rouse, came from the diningroom. Ruth paused in the unlighted sitting room and looked in at them. Ffloyd, tipped back in his chair, and smoking, of course, was laying down the law to Cameron, who listened with boyish intentness. Lanse and Evelyn were making the toast, talking at their usual excited rate. According to Ffloyd, there had not been a pause in their conversation for five years. Paul was pouring oil, drop by drop, into the bowl in which Charlotte was mixing her mayonnaise. They seemed so satisfied, so complete without her, that Ruth felt suddenly neglected and desolate.

"If I came back from the dead, that is the way I should find them," she thought miserably. "I'm utterly unimportant and forgotten. If Charlotte were away, they'd all be lost and forlorn. And if Paul—"

"Why," exclaimed Charlotte suddenly, "Ruth rang the lower bell five minutes ago. Why doesn't she come up?"

"I'll go and see," three of them began at once; and Ruth could have died for them in her gratitude. Her spirits rose with a jump. She came forward with a happy little laugh.

"Here she is. Your front door wasn't shut," she said. "You all looked so nice, I stopped to admire you."

"Bet you hoped we'd say something good about you," suggested Ffloyd, giving her chair a friendly shake.

"What a pity we didn't!" added Paul, smiling across at her. A little glow spread all through her till she could have cried in her happiness and relief. She was still one of "Us"; she still mattered to them. They would really care if—

"Look here," she began presently; "if you knew, each one of you, that you had just a week more to live, how would you spend it? Would you be very good—or very bad? What would you do?"

"You mean, you'd be perfectly certain to die at the end of the seven days?"

Ffloyd asked. She nodded expectantly. "Why," he said, looking at her gravely through a haze of smoke, "I'd marry you, Ruthie." She laughed.

"Well, I'd rather be your widow than some people's wife," she admitted. "What would the rest of you do?"

Lanse, whose pink and white skin and silvery blond hair were only faintly contradicted by the worldly wisdom of his eyes, looked up seriously.

"I'd work up a big exit some way," he said. "I'd spend every cent I possess, throw it right and left—ten dollars to the bootblack, fifty to the waiter; live *en prince* and time it so that there wouldn't be one cent left when I died—not even to bury me with. Think what a jolly sensation it would make!"

"Most of us couldn't play that game more than one day," objected Charlotte. "In fact, I couldn't live *en prince* much over twenty minutes. What would you do, Paul?"

"Why, I think I'd devote myself absolutely to the people I was fond of," he began. "I'd be to them all the things I could be now, but some way don't get time for. If I felt affectionate, I'd show it just as I pleased without bothering about consequences and misunderstandings. Lord, wouldn't it be a relief! I've been cramped all my life. Now, when we came in to-night, and you laughed that wonderful laugh of yours, Charlotte, and I hadn't seen you for three days—I wanted to give you a large embrace."

"Well, why on earth didn't you?" demanded Charlotte.

"Mother, remember that I am here," Cameron interposed with great dignity, but got no attention whatever.

"It wouldn't do," Paul said sadly. "I—I learned that early in life. It makes trouble, and women don't understand. You might, Charlotte, but you're the only one; and I wouldn't risk it. But with seven days' warning, wouldn't I let go?"

"What else would you do?" asked Lanse.

"I'd make faces at every one I disliked," said Paul, growing excited. "If strangers irritated me by the quality of their voices or the shape of their noses, I'd swear at them. And if I saw a woman who was beautiful on the street, I'd go up and tell her so and thank her for it."

"Yes, and you'd spend six happy days in the lockup," said Cameron. That rather quenched the discussion; but Ruth had found her way.

"I'll be to them all the things I could be now, but some way don't get time for,"

she repeated to herself. "I do love them dearly; and for this once I'll show it."

It was a quieter evening than they usually spent, but a very happy one. There was a sense of harmony that made them all seem very near to one another.

"Oh, Lorrimer, aren't they nice!" she said, with a little sigh as they went down the stairs together.

"We're nice, too," he answered.

"Rather," she assented, and, with a sudden warmth of affection, she slipped her arm through his, laying her doubled fist in his palm. His fingers closed over it at once and he smiled down at her through his glasses. If he was surprised, he did not show it.

"So you like me, do you?" he suggested.

"Rather," she repeated. It was Paul's word, and she used it with conscious enjoyment, as though it were a little indulgence she had allowed herself.

"How much?" he went on in an amused voice. But Ruth, oppressed by what might be hanging over her, answered him with sudden seriousness:

"More than you have any idea of—more than you can ever guess." There was a tremor in the hand he held, and tragic earnestness in the eyes that were lifted to his. A startled look crossed Ffloyd's face. They were at her door before either of them spoke again. His voice then was constrained.

"Is anything troubling you, Ruth?" he asked with an effort. The impulse to tell him was strong for the moment, but she fought it back.

"Yes, but I can't tell you about it. Don't ask me," she said, looking up at him wistfully. Then, following out her new resolve, she lifted his hand to her cheek and held it there for a second. "Good night, dear," she said, and left him.

"Now, if anything happens, he'll remember that," she said to herself with some satisfaction. "I'm glad I could show him. I do love them all!"

Ffloyd, meanwhile, stood on the steps for a dazed interval, staring at his hand.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, it can't be that!" he exclaimed under his breath as he went away. "I never dreamed of it. Oh, it can't be! Why, what shall I do?"

The more Ffloyd thought about it, the more uneasy he became. It was not as if Ruth were a demonstrative person. Even with Charlotte he had never seen her go farther than a half mocking hand clasp. There was something new in her eyes. He had vaguely felt it when she had first come in that evening, and in answer to some

trivial remark of greeting he had made her face had lighted up with a sudden glow that was not so far from tears. It had troubled and stirred him for a moment, and it now came back to him vividly.

"Ruth—poor little Ruth! Whatever shall I do?" he exclaimed, walking restlessly about his room.

An hour later Paul was awakened by a knock at his studio door. He stumbled across in the dark and opened it, to find Ffloyd panting outside.

"Elevator wasn't running, and I—walked up all eight flights—without stopping," he explained. "Paul, I don't know what to do—and you've got to help me. It's about Ruth."

Paul turned up the light, wrapped himself in a dressing gown, and lit a cigarette, while Ffloyd stumbled through an incoherent statement of the case, telling more by what he did not say than by his words.

"Of course she can't care; it's some mistake," he wound up lamely. "But what in Cain shall I do if she does?"

"Ruth," began Paul slowly, "is one of the nicest girls I ever knew."

"That makes it all the worse," said Ffloyd irritably. Paul looked up and met his eyes for the first time.

"Well—do you never expect to marry?" he asked impersonally. Ffloyd stared at him a moment, then turned away abruptly.

"Oh, I—I don't know," he said vaguely. "I hadn't—thought. I guess I'll—go home now." At the door he turned back. "Of course you won't say anything——" he began.

"Oh, yes; I'll put it in the morning papers," Paul said shortly. When Ffloyd had gone he finished his cigarette, staring up at the light. Then he rose with a stretch and a sigh.

"That poor little girl," he said to himself; "and going through it all alone up there! I wish Ffloyd were more—oh, well!"

When Ruth went to the doctor the next day she fancied he looked at her rather anxiously, and took a certain enjoyment out of the fact. To be the heroine of a tragic uncertainty is exhilarating to a literary imagination, when the temperament behind it is thoroughly optimistic. It evidently worried him that he had not been able to find out anything about the dog. The people of the little grocery store in front of which the attack had been made disclaimed all knowledge of him.

"Perhaps they thought you were going

to arrest them or something," Ruth suggested. "I'll see what I can find out."

On the way home she stopped at the grocery and bought some oranges.

"What has become of the brown and white dog you used to have here?" she asked of the boy as he did up her purchase. He glanced quickly at her, then looked off in evident embarrassment.

"Oh, he ain't here any more," he answered.

"But I saw him last week—didn't I!" she added to herself. "I heard he had bitten a lady," she went on, as she received no answer. "A dog like that ought to be shot."

"Yes'm, he was shot," said the boy uneasily. "He never bit no one before. He wasn't a cross dog."

"Well, why do you suppose he did it? Was he—mad?"

"Yes'm, that was it. He was mad."

Ruth felt a sudden deadly numbness of brain and limb. Outwardly, she took her fruit and waited for her change, then went home to her apartment and put her things away just as usual, but her inner self was quite unconscious of all this. She only realized that what she had taken for a pleasantly alarming little drama had suddenly turned into dreadful reality. All the glamour and excitement were gone. Even the literary imagination fails of comfort when the alternatives are insanity or a horrible death. She lay on her couch with her arm across her face without stirring until the afternoon was gone and the room was quite dark. Then with a long breath she pulled herself up.

"Well, at any rate, I'll have the grace to keep it to myself," she said out loud, pushing back her hair and resting her hot forehead in her hands. She lit the lights and began to straighten herself, looking curiously at her flushed face in the mirror. When she turned to her washstand, a little bottle on the shelf above caught her eye with its skull and crossbones. It was some laudanum she had had for an aching tooth. She took it down and looked at it intently.

"If it doesn't come on too fast——" she said.

And then, all at once, she was afraid, afraid as she had never been before in her life; afraid of the blackness of the closet, of the silent room with its watching mirror, of the little bottle with the staring label. With shaking hands, she pinned on her hat and, catching up her coat, ran from the horrors that had taken up their abode there.

Paul was lying back in a deep chair

reading somewhat sleepily, and called an absent "Come!" to the knock on his door. When Ruth entered, pale and unusual looking, he stared at her, too surprised to move. She went straight to him and, dropping on her knees by his chair, took his arm in both her hands.

"Paul, if you had been out, I think I should have died," she said, and, burying her face against his sleeve, she began to cry. He rubbed her shoulder gently with his other hand.

"Poor girl," he whispered; "poor little Ruth!" After a moment she pulled herself up resolutely.

"There, I'm all—right," she said brokenly. "I just had an attack of the horrors. I couldn't stand being alone another minute."

Paul thought he understood.

"I know," he said; "and you're bothered. Do you want to tell me about it, Ruth?"

She turned away from the temptation and shook her head. "I'll have the grace to bear it alone," she said to herself.

He put her in the big chair, brought a rug and cushions, and shaded the lamp from her with a newspaper. She watched him with grateful eyes, immeasurably comforted.

"If my dying could do Paul any good, I wouldn't mind it," she thought, burying her face against an Indian red cushion, pleasantly suggestive of tobacco. "There's a poem in that somewhere," she added; for the literary habit is strong even in *extremis*.

Paul put a cushion under her feet, then stood smiling down on her.

"This would make a good scene for 'Alfaretta, the Little Slave Girl,'" he suggested. "Out of the Storm; the White Face against the Window——"

"Eight stories up," commented Ruth. "Think what a neck she'd have to have!" They both laughed.

"The villain is close upon her track," Paul went on. "There is barely time to conceal her before a loud knock——"

Knuckles on the studio door at that instant made them both jump. Before they could collect their wits, Floyd walked in.

"Say, Paul——" he began impetuously, then, seeing Ruth, stopped short, the color rushing into his face. Both men were so plainly disconcerted that Ruth felt suddenly uncomfortable and out of place.

"I had the blues and Paul has been cheering me up," she explained awkwardly. "I was just going."

"Oh, it's early," Paul said rather mechanically.

"I must," she insisted, struggling to her feet. She saw the two exchange glances full of some meaning she could not divine, and wondered uncomfortably what plans her presence had upset.

"Ruth, I want to walk home with you," said Ffloyd, with the solemnity of one who has just formed a high purpose.

"Oh, it isn't necessary. It's early yet. Really, Lorrimer, I don't want you," she protested, and looked appealingly at Paul, but he would not meet her eyes.

"Please let me. I want to," Ffloyd repeated even more gravely.

"Very well," she said helplessly. "Good night, Paul. Thank you."

"Good night, Ruth," he said, and held her hand warmly for a moment with a little smile of encouragement that puzzled and hurt her.

"I might have had just this one evening with him," she thought rebelliously. "But he didn't even try to keep me. Oh, I wish Lorrimer Ffloyd were in Jericho!"

Ffloyd, meanwhile, was helping her in and out of the elevator and opening swing doors for her in a way that would have amazed her if she had not been too troubled to notice it. He usually left her to perform these minor services for herself, but tonight he felt strangely protective. The traces of tears on her face and her evident confusion at seeing him had touched him deeply. Ruth certainly was a dear girl. A man might— He drew her arm through his and closed his fingers over her hand, and Ruth, suddenly ashamed of her resentment, and remembering only the years of warm friendship between them, met the advance cordially.

"I've had a bad day, too," he said. "How's it all going to come out, little girl?"

"Oh, Lorrimer, I don't know!" she exclaimed. "I don't feel as if I could bear it much longer," she added in a lower tone.

"I don't believe you'll have to, Ruthie," he said with deep meaning. "Only, one has to be very sure, doesn't one? Is there anything to do but—wait a little?"

"I must have told more than I realized," she said with a faint smile. "I didn't mean to bother any one with it. But it's the waiting that's killing me. If I—oh!" She broke off with a cry of fright and shrank up against Ffloyd, clinging to his arm.

"What is it?" he exclaimed. He saw nothing but a brown and white dog sniffing at the lamp post.

"That's the dog," she cried. "Oh, I'm afraid!"

A boy came up at that moment and whistled sharply to the dog. Ruth turned to him excitedly.

"Take hold of him—hold him tight," she implored. "That's the dog that bit me—and you're the boy who said he had been shot!" She released the startled Ffloyd as the dog settled down in evident amity, sweeping the pavement with his tail. "What did you mean?" she asked sternly.

"But he ain't a cross dog," the boy said unhappily. "We keep him in the back yard all the time now, and he never bit no one before, didger, Petey?" The dog beamed and flourished his tail harder than ever.

"But you said he was—mad," Ruth insisted.

"Yes'm, that was all. You hit his bone with your foot and he was awful hungry, so he just bit before he thought. Any dog would get mad if you hit his bone away."

"Oh!" said Ruth. A whole world of dread and misery seemed to roll away with that long breath.

"Ruth, what does this mean?" demanded Ffloyd for the third time.

"Father says if you complain or anything, he'll have Petey killed," the boy went on, rubbing the stubby head that was nosing his leg. "We—we've had him five years, since he was a little puppy." The dog rose and began to paw his jacket, making long passes with his tongue at the troubled face above. "Can you resist that?" the boy's eyes said plainly. And Ruth could not.

"Well, just keep him out of mischief," she said. "Good night." She turned happily to Ffloyd as they went on.

"Wasn't it funny?" she laughed. "He used 'mad' in the vernacular and I in the literal, and out of that I've had a day of pitch black horror. Oh, I know I'll be all right now. I'm so hungry! I had no dinner. Have you any money?"

Over a supper table she told him all about the past week. He took it very soberly. "And that was all that was troubling you?" he asked finally.

"Well, surely it was enough!" she exclaimed. "But I shan't worry any more. I'm sure I'm all right now."

"Oh, I'm sure you are," he assented, staring dismally at his plate.

"Well, you seem disappointed," she protested. Then she laughed. "Oh, Lorrimer, think what copy I've stored up, these last few days! I've learned a great deal about human emotions."

"Yes; I think I've learned a little something, too," he said with a long sigh.



THE STAGE

CHARLES RICHMAN CHATS ABOUT HIS CAREER.

"The newspapers, not Mr. Daly, made me leading man of his theater."

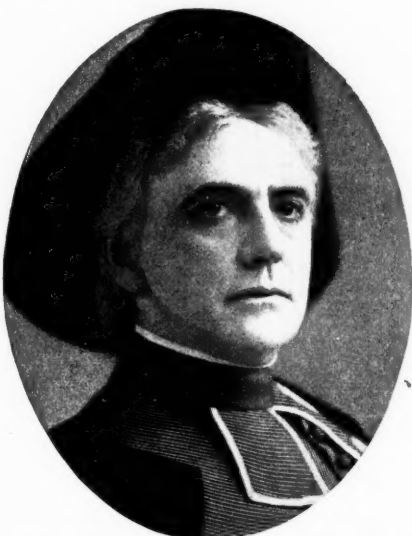
So said Charles Richman in the course of a chat for *MUNSEY'S*.

"But the whole thing," he went on, "is a story that begins a year or so before that. I had been playing with Mrs. Langtry in 'Gossip,' at Wallack's. This was in the spring, and Mr. French, her manager, wished to engage me for the next season. I told him I wanted to be in a new production, but on his assuring me that one would be made during the winter, I signed the contract, and went off home to Chicago, easy in my mind for the summer. But with September came a brief word from Mr. French. 'Mrs. Langtry has changed her plans, and is not

coming to America.'

This threw me out of an engagement, after all other openings of any worth were filled. I felt pretty blue. I had played in New York with Annie Russell in 'New Blood' and 'Esmeralda,' and didn't want the people there to forget all about me. Besides, it was a question of bread and butter to get something to do.

"And just here luck, which I claim plays a good share in an actor's advancement, stepped into my front dooryard. Maurice Barrymore had been acting during the summer with the Stockwell company in San Francisco, but he was wanted to create the lead in 'The Heart of Maryland'; so he came East, and I went West to take his place. The first thing I played in was 'Diplomacy,' which we are doing at the Empire this spring. But after all the long journey, I only remained in California two weeks. Georgia Cayvan was going to star, and the post of leading man was offered me.



JAMES O'NEILL IN ONE OF THE DISGUISES HE ASSUMES IN "MONTE CRISTO."

From his latest photograph by Rose & Sands, New York.



GERTRUDE NORMAN AS THE BLIND GIRL IN "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

From her latest photograph by Rose & Sands, New York.



CHARLES RICHMAN, LEADING MAN OF THE EMPIRE THEATER, AS HE APPEARED IN THE LAST ACT OF "A ROYAL FAMILY."

From a photograph by Rose & Sands, New York.

"I lost little time in getting back to New York, only to be met with another crushing blow. Miss Cayvan had been taken to a sanitarium, and her tour was abandoned. Here were two knock-outs for me inside of as many months.

"I went to Charles Frohman. 'Yes,' he said, 'I can place you, but not till next season.' But meantime I had to live. I haunted the agencies, and through one of them Mr. Daly obtained my address and sent for me. He had had some relations with Mr. Palmer when the latter took Miss Nethersole off his hands, and had seen me act under Mr. Palmer's management. I went to Daly's and had my interview with its manager. We finally came to terms—of course I was eager to get the opening at his theater, but, equally of course, I didn't care to let him know it. Frank Worthing was leading man then, and I was engaged to do anything that came along.

"For a while nothing came my way. Of course I was under salary, but this is poor consolation to the ambitious actor. At last, however, he had a piece that he must have regarded as suited to my personality, and he cast me for *Bruno von Neuhoof* in 'Countess Gueki.' Worthing was not in the bill. And how Mr. Daly worked with me at rehearsals—literally worked! He would take hold of me and bend my body in just the pose he wished me to assume with certain speeches, swaying me



VIOLET DALE, WHO MIMICS JULIA MARLOWE AND OTHERS IN VAUDEVILLE.

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.



GEORGE BACKUS, WHO IS "LIEUT. MOWBRAY" IN "JANICE MEREDITH."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.



EVELYN ASHLEY, OF THE STANHOPE-WHEATCROFT DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



MAUDE FEALY AS "ALICE FAULKNER" IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

From her latest photograph by Horton, Cleveland.



MINNIE ASHLEY AS "DUDLEY" PLAYING OPPOSITE JAMES POWERS IN "SAN TOY."

From a photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf, New York.

back and forth as if I were a reed; and it was the same way with my head. The first night came. I was the last principal

reception would have been. The next morning every paper in New York called me Daly's new leading man.



FRANCES AND CAROLYN GORDON DOING THEIR DANCE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "SAN TOY."

From a photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf, New York.

to go on; all the others had had their reception. I appeared, and there wasn't a hand. My first bit was a little scene with Sydney Herbert, and there was applause after that, which, of course, was much more satisfactory to me than any

"Mr. Daly didn't like it one bit. In fact, he didn't wish to have *any* leading man at his theater. He was still sore over John Drew's defection, and did not want to give another man the power to hurt him in the same way. His idea was to have



MAXINE ELLIOTT AS "PORTIA" IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
From her latest photograph—Copyright by Burr McIntosh, New York.

both Worthing and myself—or any two men, for the matter of that—casting us as he saw fit.

“‘Gueki’ ran out the season, and then we went on tour. Mr. Daly tried to leave

resigned and gone with Maxine Elliott. In that light affair, ‘Number Nine,’ Mr. Daly wanted to give the lead to Cyril Scott, but again I was successful in protesting.



MILLIE JAMES, WHO IS A DAUGHTER OF LOUIS JAMES, AND WHO MADE A HIT AS THE TEN YEAR OLD GIRL IN "LOVERS' LANE."

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.

me out of bills, but I wouldn't submit. I told him I was quite willing to quit the company if he so desired, but as long as I was with him, and could play the parts, I wanted to have them. Worthing had

"We used to have the most tremendous arguments over the thing. Sometimes, though, it was all on one side, for I have gone into Mr. Daly's office to have my say, and said it, even though he kept his hands



LEWIS HOOPER, WHO LEADS THE
"PRETTY MAIDEN" DOUBLE
SEXTET IN "FLORODORA."

*From a photograph by the London
Stereoscopic Company.*



LAURA ALMOSSINO, ENACTING
"BONITA" IN ONE OF THE
"ARIZONA" COMPANIES.

*From a photograph by Murillo,
St. Louis.*



RICHARD R. NEILL, WHO IS THE
SILENT SOLDIER IN "JANICE
MEREDITH."

*From a photograph by Baker,
Columbus.*



ADELAIDE WARREN, WHO WAS
"POLLY LOVE" IN "THE
CHRISTIAN."

*From a photograph by Kitchell,
Indianapolis.*



WILLIAM FARNUM, WHO IS PLAY-
ING THE TITLE RÔLE IN
"BEN HUR."

*From a photograph by Moore,
New Orleans.*



MABEL WRIGHT AS "CELIA PRYCE" IN "THE ROYAL BOX."

From a photograph by Strauss & Curtis, Kansas City.



BRUCE MCRAE AS "CHARLES BRANDON" IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

From a photograph by Huntington & Clark, Detroit.

over his ears all the time. Still, I am pretty well convinced that he heard me all the same. And yet, in spite of all, we were always good friends, and I had the highest regard for him. He was one of the three managers to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude for training received at their hands. His death was a great blow to me.

"Then came an offer from Klaw & Erlanger to star me. But there was the stumbling block of a play. We couldn't find a suitable one. Finally it was suggested that some one should go to Charles Frohman and ask him if he had anything on hand that would serve. He hadn't, but he sent for me. I knew by the way he began his talk that he was going to ask me to do something I wouldn't want to do. What he did offer me was the post of leading man to Annie Russell; and I certainly did object to supporting any star.

"Can't you give me anything else?" I

asked. 'Stick me in the middle of some special company, where I shall have an even chance.'

"Mr. Frohman's only reply was a smile; then he said, handing me a manuscript: 'Here, go into that room and read this play. It was written for John Drew, but I am going to use it for Annie Russell. Don't make any reply till you have read it.'

"Well, I sat down and read the play through, and when I had finished I came



HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "MISTRESS NELL"

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

out to Mr. Frohman with the exclamation, 'Oh, yes, I'll play that part quick enough.'

"I thought you would," he said.

I am repeating inwardly: 'My God, and this is the woman my boy loves! I cannot give her to him, and yet if I refuse my



A SCENE FROM THE ORIGINAL "CASINO GIRL," BEFORE IT BECAME A CRAZY QUILT MADE UP OF SNATCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES TO FIT IT FOR THE LONDON MARKET.

"The play was 'Miss Hobbs,' although at that time it had no name.

"This was the beginning of my connection with Charles Frohman, the third manager who has helped me. The first was James A. Herne, under whom I made my first New York appearance in 'Margaret Fleming.' Giving to each the special credit due, I should put Mr. Herne down as the realist, Mr. Daly as past master in teaching comedy of the old school, and Mr. Frohman as the possessor of the keenest dramatic instinct. From Mr. Herne I learned the trick I still employ of writing out and committing to memory certain lines to say to myself at important crises in a play, while listening to the person who is talking to me. For instance, in 'Mrs. Dane's Defense,' when Miss Anglin makes her long speech of confession,

consent, it will be like to break his heart.' With these thoughts in mind, I am kept keyed up in the story, ready to look my cue as well as speak it when it comes.

"I am not very old, and yet it has been my fortune to serve under three of the managers who have written their names large in the history of the contemporary stage—Palmer, Daly, and Frohman. Mr. Frohman is a man who is perhaps more talked about, and less known to the public, than any other individual of equal ranking. As I have said, he possesses the keenest scent for a dramatic situation, always making changes for the better, not for the mere purpose of showing that he has the power to do so. I remember in 'Miss Hobbs,' where the prompt book called for the blowing of a fog horn in the yacht scene. The sound was supposed



A SCENE IN THE SKATING RINK CARNIVAL OF "THE PRICE OF PEACE"—MINNIE SELIGMAN AND CHARLES CHERRY IN THE FOREGROUND.

to come from some other vessel. 'No,' Mr. Frohman said. 'Bring your horn on the stage, and have it blown where the audience can see it for themselves and know what the sound comes from.' And it turned out to be one of the most effective bits in the act. To be sure, he and I disagreed over my make up in 'Mrs. Dane's Defense.' I had a beautiful wig prepared, which would have made me look the *Judge*, but Mr. Frohman declared that he did not wish me to disguise myself, and I dare say he was right from his point of view. And I want to add that I have always found him a most generous, kindly, and considerate employer."

"SAN TOY" AND SOME OTHERS.

It is good news for stay at home New Yorkers that the playhouse by the sea at Manhattan Beach will devote the summer to revivals of "The Circus Girl," "The Geisha," and "A Runaway Girl." All three of these were big favorites in the Daly musical régime, and more than one theatergoer has wondered why some enterprising manager did not put on the trilogy. Meantime, the newest of the

series, "San Toy," has renewed its hold at Daly's, and the public rejoices to have Minnie Ashley back in the cast.

For eleven weeks she could not act. Threatened with blindness, she found it impossible to stand the glare of the stage lights, but happily recovered at Easter time. Starting in the chorus with De Wolf Hopper, her untheatric personality singled her out for notice from the front, and last year she made the only hit won in "The Greek Slave." She is an especially graceful dancer, and her *Dudley* in "San Toy"—the opposite rôle to Powers'—became the talk of the town when the piece was brought out last autumn. She possesses that combination of modesty and chic which is most in demand in this type of part. During Miss Ashley's absence, her place was taken by Carolyn Gordon, of the two Gordon sisters, Brooklyn girls who started in the chorus under Mr. Daly. Carolyn Gordon was *Mrs. Creel*, wife of the fisherman, in "A Runaway Girl."

The new *San Toy*—Marie Celeste having gone with Francis Wilson—is Flora Zabelle, who began her career in the chorus ranks of one of the Castle Square companies. George K. Fortesque, the big

man, continues as the *Mandarin*, husband of the six cute little wives. He was one of the pillars in "Evangeline," twenty odd years ago, playing the part of a shy little girl. He is rather short on voice, but exudes a sort of generous good humor which seems to establish cordial relations with the audience at once.

Observant of the hold that musical comedy has on the public, the continuous houses mean to share in the spoils. Proc-

easier to replace players than acrobats in a sudden emergency.

A TRIUMPH OF MAKE UP.

They had been rehearsing the children in "Lovers' Lane."

"Come, clear," cried the stage manager, "shooing" the little ones out into the wings, to make room for a scene with the principals.



THE FINAL SCENE IN THE FRENCH FARCE "ON AND OFF," WHICH WAS REVIVED AT THE LYCEUM TO PROLONG THE RUN OF THE CLEVER AFTER PIECE, "THE SHADES OF NIGHT," FIRST PUT ON WITH "THE LASH OF A WHIP."

tor has organized a company to revive "Cinderella at School" (once used by De Wolf Hopper as "Dr. Syntax") in a two hour entertainment for the summer months at his various houses, playing an engagement at each in turn. "Madame Butterfly's" hit at the Fifth Avenue no doubt had its share in bringing about this new departure in vaudeville.

That little play, filling over an hour, was a godsend to the management in the recent strike of the White Rats. It is

He noticed that one little girl remained behind. Walking up to her, he began with:

"Didn't you hear me tell you to clear? That means leave the stage, and if—"

The girl looked up at him with a funny gleam in her eyes. "I am Miss James," she said, and the man was profuse in his apologies.

For Millie James plays one of the most important parts in the piece, *Simplicity Johnson*, a ten year old child from the

orphan asylum, about whom revolves much of the action of the story. Miss James' make up was so realistic that she had unwittingly deceived even the stage manager.

Millie James is the daughter of Louis James, the Shaksperian actor, and has been on the stage several years. One of her earliest parts was with James J. Corbett, in "The Naval Cadet," in which she was called on to play an eight minute comedy scene suspended by her arms from two rings at an elevation of fifteen feet above the stage. She was with Annie Russell in "Catherine," and last season was the girl in "Woman and Wine" who described the horse race from the top of the coach. Seeing her in "Lovers' Lane,"

it strains credence to think of her as really in the twenties.

A VERY YOUNG LEADING WOMAN.

A few years ago, at a benefit performance in Denver, Blanche Walsh took the part of *Romeo*. The *Juliet* was a girl barely fifteen years old, who had already acted *Vera* in "Moths," and played *Suzanne* (created by Maude Adams) in "The Masked Ball." She was so close to the actual age of Shakspeare's *Juliet*, and she played the part with such precocious intelligence, that she attracted a good deal of attention. Augustin Daly heard of the youthful player, investigated for himself, and made a four years' con-



A SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF "MANON LESCAUT"—HERBERT KELCEY, BESIDE MANON (EFFIE SHANNON), WHO HAS JUST BREATHED HER LAST, TO THE ENEMIES WHO ARE UPON THEM—"SHE IS BEYOND YOUR REACH NOW!"



A SCENE FROM "THE SHADES OF NIGHT"—THE PRESENT OWNER OF THE HAUNTED CASTLE TO HIS FAIR NEIGHBOR, WHILE THEIR ANCESTORS IN THE SHAPE OF SPIRITS LOOK ON APPROVINGLY FROM AROUND THE SCREEN—"WON'T YOU MAKE ME THE HAPPIEST MAN IN ENGLAND?"

tract with her. It was the last contract he ever signed; before Maude Fealy could reach New York, the great manager was dead.

Mansfield promptly stepped into the breach and offered Miss Fealy an engagement, but she could not well be made to look the part of *Roxane* in "*Cyrano's*" last act, and there was nothing else to offer her at the time, so it came about that her first New York appearance was made as *Eunice* in "*Quo Vadis*" in the early spring of 1900. Before the season closed, William Gillette engaged her for *Alice Faulkner* to his *Sherlock Holmes*, which makes her the youngest leading woman in the country, as well as the most photographed actress on the American stage. She was born in Memphis, Tennessee, and at eleven toured the country in Shakspeare with the late Margaret Mather. Mr. Gil-

lette takes her and "*Sherlock Holmes*" to London in the autumn, to appear for three months at Henry Irving's theater, the Lyceum.

THE RISE OF MAXINE ELLIOTT.

Maxine Elliott was not born to the stage. Her youth was passed in Rockland, Maine, and her parents were people who had no thoughts for the theater except hard ones. In course of time she married and came to live in New York, where misfortune befell her, compelling her to earn a living. In this emergency she sought the stage door.

It was not difficult to get a chance to show what she could do. Any manager would think twice before "turning down" an applicant of such beauty as this woman, who was also fortunate in having

chosen a *nom* calculated to stick in the memory. Her very first appearance was in a play by Stanislaus Stange—who later turned comic opera librettist—called

pany and appeared as *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night"; and on her return to New York she made a pronounced hit in "The Two Escutcheons." Then, of course, it was



DAN DALY AND EDNA MAY IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO LONDON.

"Aftermath," the cast of which was divided between amateurs and professionals. Then for two seasons she played small parts with E. S. Willard, appearing in "The Professor's Love Story," "Judah," and "The Middleman." After that she was in "The Prodigal Daughter," when that horsy melodrama opened the American Theater, and thence she passed to Rose Coghlan's company, doing *Dora* in "Diplomacy" and *Mrs. Allonby* in "A Woman of No Importance." This brought her up to 1895, when Mr. Daly engaged her to play the lead in the little Japanese piece that fell down, "The Heart of Ruby." But although the play failed, Miss Elliott remained at Daly's, where people began to talk about her beauty and predict a sunny future. She dazzled London when she went there with the com-

time for her to leave; there couldn't be two leading women at Daly's—at any rate, not when Miss Rehan was one of them; so Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing quitted the troupe together, and set up at the Fifth Avenue in "A House of Cards," which presently toppled about their ears.

Then Miss Elliott was engaged by Daniel Frawley for a ten weeks' season with his San Francisco stock company. Nat Goodwin was playing in the Golden Gate City at the same time, on his way to Australia. At this juncture Cupid took a part in the proceedings. Mr. Goodwin had a leading woman, Blanche Walsh, and Maxine Elliott had several more weeks of her Frawley engagement to fulfil. But love laughs at contracts as at locksmiths, and Mr. Goodwin finally had

his way. In consideration of getting Miss Elliott for the Australian tour, he agreed to give Mr. Frawley the right to play "A Gold Mine," and undertook to appear at Frawley's theater on his return from the antipodes. So it fell out that when Maxine Elliott next acted in New York, the following season, she wrote her name in

in which Gertrude Elliott, as the girl *Midge*, was accounted the only thing worth while. A quick change to "An American Citizen" brought prosperity, and the Goodwins became London favorites. They bought a beautiful home in Kent, in which they spend their summers, but this year they are to remain longer, to give "When We Were Twenty One" through the autumn. This clever play, although written by an Englishman, has not yet been seen on the other side of the Atlantic. Its author, H. V. Esmond, is a young actor in the company at the London St. James, and although he had been tapping at the



A SCENE FROM "UNDER TWO FLAGS"—BLANCHE BATES AS CIGARETTE TO FRANCIS CARLYLE—"THEN YOU DO NOT LOVE THE SILVER PHEASANT?"

private life as Mrs. N. C. Goodwin, and in public was set down as that actor's chief support.

The first play of their joint appearance on home ground was "An American Citizen," and it was in this that Miss Elliott's abilities as an actress began to be recognized. An immediate hit was scored, and the company established such a reputation that in their next venture they dared fate with a play that ended unhappily—Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale." From this period Maxine Elliott was starred jointly with Mr. Goodwin.

It was in the summer of 1899 that they tried their luck in the English capital. They found but a chill reception for their opening bill, "The Cowboy and the Lady,"

gate of popular approval for years, it was reserved for him to make his first pronounced hit in a foreign land. It seems that his latest comedy, "The Wilderness," recently produced at the St. James, has also scored.

By the time when these lines are read, Maxine Elliott will have made her first appearance as *Portia* to the *Shylock* of Mr. Goodwin. This special presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," for only a limited number of performances, promises to rank with Charles Frohman's revival of "Diplomacy" as one of the few notable events in an otherwise barren spring season.

RAIDING MOONSHINERS.

BY SAMUEL G. BLYTHE.

THE MOST DANGEROUS AND PICTURESQUE PART OF THE WORK OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE BUREAU, WHICH LAST YEAR COLLECTED NEARLY THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, MOSTLY IN TAXES ON LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

"I would not use tobacco,
For it is a filthy weed;
I would not put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

THOUSANDS of the sturdy little chaps who, in the old school days, declaimed young *Mr. Reed's* views as perpetuated in rhyme, must have failed to abide by his principles. Nor has his denunciation of the "filthy weed" had an appreciable effect on the habits of the people of this country as a whole. How horrified little *Robert* would be if he knew that during the latest internal revenue year more than five billion cigars and more than three billion cigarettes were made and smoked in the United States! Imagine, too, his dismay on learning that we made and consumed, by chewing and smoking, almost two hundred and eighty million pounds of tobacco, and put into our noses and on our gums fourteen million pounds of snuff!

And if *Robert* combined his antipathy to tobacco with an aversion to spirituous and malt liquors, he would surely be amazed and grieved to discover that in the same twelvemonth we made nearly seventy five million gallons of spirits, and forty million gallons of fermented liquors, such as beer and ale.

Each year of the last twenty shows an increase in our production of spirits, fermented liquors, and tobacco. The lynx eyed Internal Revenue Bureau finds out these things, and, in so doing, collects as taxes on the makers and sellers nearly three hundred millions of dollars a year.

The purse of the nation is filled from many sources, but the two most generous classes of contributors are the men who pay the internal revenue taxes and the customs duties. They give nearly all of the six or seven hundred millions

of dollars now required to keep our complex governmental machine running. Where others dribble pennies in, these revenue producers pay double eagles. Of the two, the internal revenue receipts are the greater by some sixty or seventy millions of dollars annually.

COLLECTING THE INTERNAL REVENUE.

Broadly speaking, any government stamp that is not a postage stamp is an internal revenue stamp. These little pieces of engraved paper are sold by the government at the price marked upon them, and are used by manufacturers of the various articles on the official schedules, from playing cards and chewing gum to high wines and snuff. The stamp is the government's outward and visible sign that the tax has been paid. In internal revenue parlance, the certificate that hangs in the cigar store is a "special" stamp, as well as the red bit of paper you paste on your bank check. Anything on the revenue schedules offered for sale without a stamp is illicit, except in the few instances where the government allows the paying of special assessments to cover taxes.

Collecting the customs is rather a commonplace matter. Bales and boxes and cargoes of goods, and trunks of personal belongings, come into our ports; experts calculate *ad valorem* and specific duties, and solemnly take the money. Once in a while there is a bit of smuggling, but not often. That romantic pursuit has fallen into disrepute, mainly owing to the astuteness and energy of the customs inspectors. Nowadays, the mainstay of the smuggler is the Chinaman who wants to get into this land of plenty, despite the exclusion law passed some years ago.

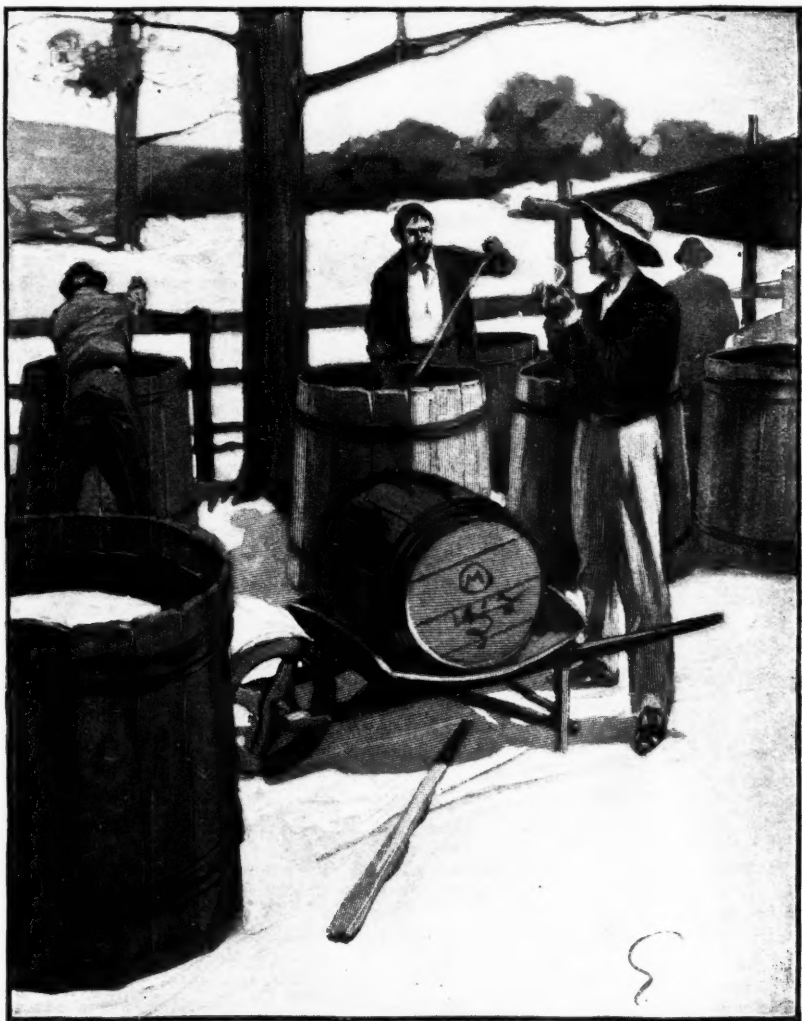
It is different with the in-



A MOONSHINER AT BAY.

ternal revenue. Conventional enough in its usual dealings with the people, its gaging, and storekeeping, and stamping, and registering of factories and distilleries, it

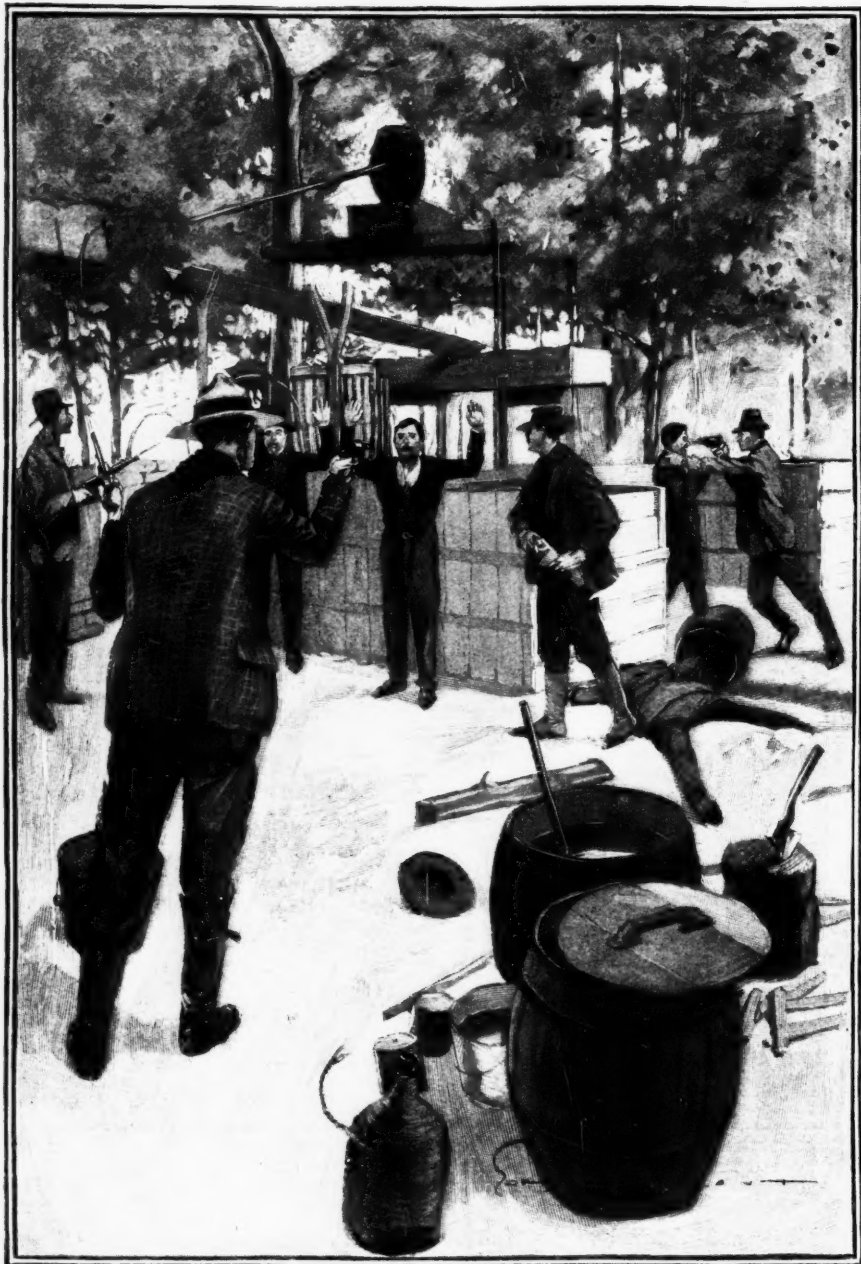
The ordinary processes of the internal revenue are humdrum enough, as has been said. The government levies on the makers of spirituous and fermented



MOONSHINERS AT THEIR MASH TUBS—"AFTER THE CORN IS BROKEN TO BE MIXED WITH WATER FOR THE MASH, THE MOONSHINER HAS NOT MUCH TO DO BUT KEEP HIS FIRE GOING AND WATCH OUT FOR REVENUE OFFICERS."

has a wild and picturesque side, full of action and sometimes stained with blood. Guns—the latest Krag-Jorgensens—are the weapons of the internal revenue. Fearless and stalwart men are its servants. They do heroic deeds in its behalf, and generally they receive about three dollars a day from an appreciative government.

liquors, of cigars, of smoking and chewing tobacco, of cigarettes, of oleomargarin and filled cheese, and, under the special revenue act, framed to provide additional money for the war with Spain, it taxes some fifty other things. A number of these special war taxes have been repealed recently. To facilitate the collection of the



MOONSHINERS SURPRISED BY A REVENUE AGENT'S POSSE—IT IS THE REVENUE AGENT'S BUSINESS TO ARREST EVERY VIOLATOR OF THE LAW AND TO DESTROY EVERY ILLICIT STILL HE CAN FIND.

internal revenue moneys, the country is divided into districts, some embracing parts of States, and some taking in sev-

eral States. Each district has a collector and a deputy collector, who sell stamps to all who may apply and pay for them.

Each district has its gagers, storekeepers, and other workmen. At Washington there is a commissioner of internal revenue, who is the head of the department.

THE REVENUE AGENT AND HIS WORK.

In every district there is also an official known as a revenue agent; and the revenue agent is the person in whom we are most interested just now. His business

The "moonshine belt" comprises the States of Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Arkansas, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee. Mississippi, Missouri, West Virginia, Louisiana, and Florida also have illicit stills. Once, to the great surprise of the entire revenue force, an agent found one at work in Wyoming. This perplexed everybody until it was learned that the man oper-



A REVENUE AGENT MUSTERING HIS MEN FOR A RAID —"HE GOES INTO THE FIELD WITH HIS POSSE, BACKED BY THE UNITED STATES, AND ARMED WITH KRAG-JORGENSEN RIFLES."

is to detect the violation of the internal revenue laws. He finds and destroys illicit stills. He catches moonshiners. He rides into the wilderness, and sometimes he does not come back. His calling is as dangerous as that of the soldier, but the soldier gets the glory, and the revenue agent and his men get nothing but their pay. If he is killed, perhaps there is a grudging allowance for his family by special act of Congress.

Revenue agents work on the assumption that, sooner or later, they will be fired on from ambush. Of course they are expert with the rifle. Naturally, too, they are somewhat distrustful of certain phases of the human nature of their districts.

ating it had gone West from Georgia not long before.

The Ohio River is the boundary line of the moonshine belt. To the south of the river, the still is built in deep gullies and ravines, on the banks of creeks that run down the mountainside, or on the mountainside itself. North of the Ohio, illicit distilling is carried on in cellars and in rooms in tenements. It is as prosaic a business as boiling soap.

In order to understand the relation between the moonshiner and the revenue agent, the viewpoint of each must be explained. The moonshiner is convinced that his business is not illegal. He contends he has a God given right to make whisky

out of his grain if he sees fit, just as he has a right to make meal or flour out of it. He maintains that it is as legal in every way to distil fruit into brandy as it is to make fruit into jam.

As one revenue agent expresses it, "a lot of people who ought to know better think that the moonshiner is breaking an unjust law when he makes whisky out of his corn." Basing his operations on this principle, the moonshiner will fight the revenue agent. He firmly believes that it is an infringement of his liberties as an American citizen to break his still, or to lay a heavy tax on the spirits he manufactures. He only bows to superior numbers when he runs into the underbrush before the raiding agents. He does not recognize the law vested in the agents. To him they are marauders and intruders, assailing the business of a peaceable man. He has no compunction in shooting one of them, if he thinks he can do it without getting caught.

The revenue agent goes into the field with his posse, backed by the United States, and armed with Krag-Jorgensen rifles. His business is to see that the government gets its tax for every gallon of spirits distilled in his district. He is instructed by his chief at Washington to arrest every violator of the law, and to destroy every illicit still he can find. He has but one rule of procedure, but that is absolute. He must never fire first. But when he is fired upon, which frequently happens, he is free to fire as often as he pleases and as accurately as he can. The black flag goes up when the first shot comes out of the underbrush. There is no quarter. Every man shoots to kill. The moonshiners know this, and guide themselves accordingly. Ordinarily, they run as soon as the charge is made; and experienced revenue agents always ride straight in the direction of the shots as soon as they have returned the first volley. The moonshiner does not stand, nor does he stand when the charge is made on the still. His only idea is to get behind a stone or a stump, and pot the agent if he can.

THE METHODS OF THE MOONSHINER.

Bearing these conditions in mind, it may be well to look at the moonshine

whisky industry as a means of livelihood. It is fairly profitable. It does not require much capital. An illicit still can be made for any sum from ten dollars to five hundred. The usual investment is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars. The stills are crude affairs, although some large ones, capable of turning out a barrel of whisky a day, have been found and destroyed. Sheet copper is procured, and the local tinsmith makes the worms and the receptacle for the mash. Then all that is needed is a few stout barrels or boxes and a stream of running water, and the work can begin.

It is easy work. After the wood is cut and the corn is broken to be mixed with water for the mash, the moonshiner has not much to do but keep his fire going and watch out for revenue agents. The whisky distills itself.

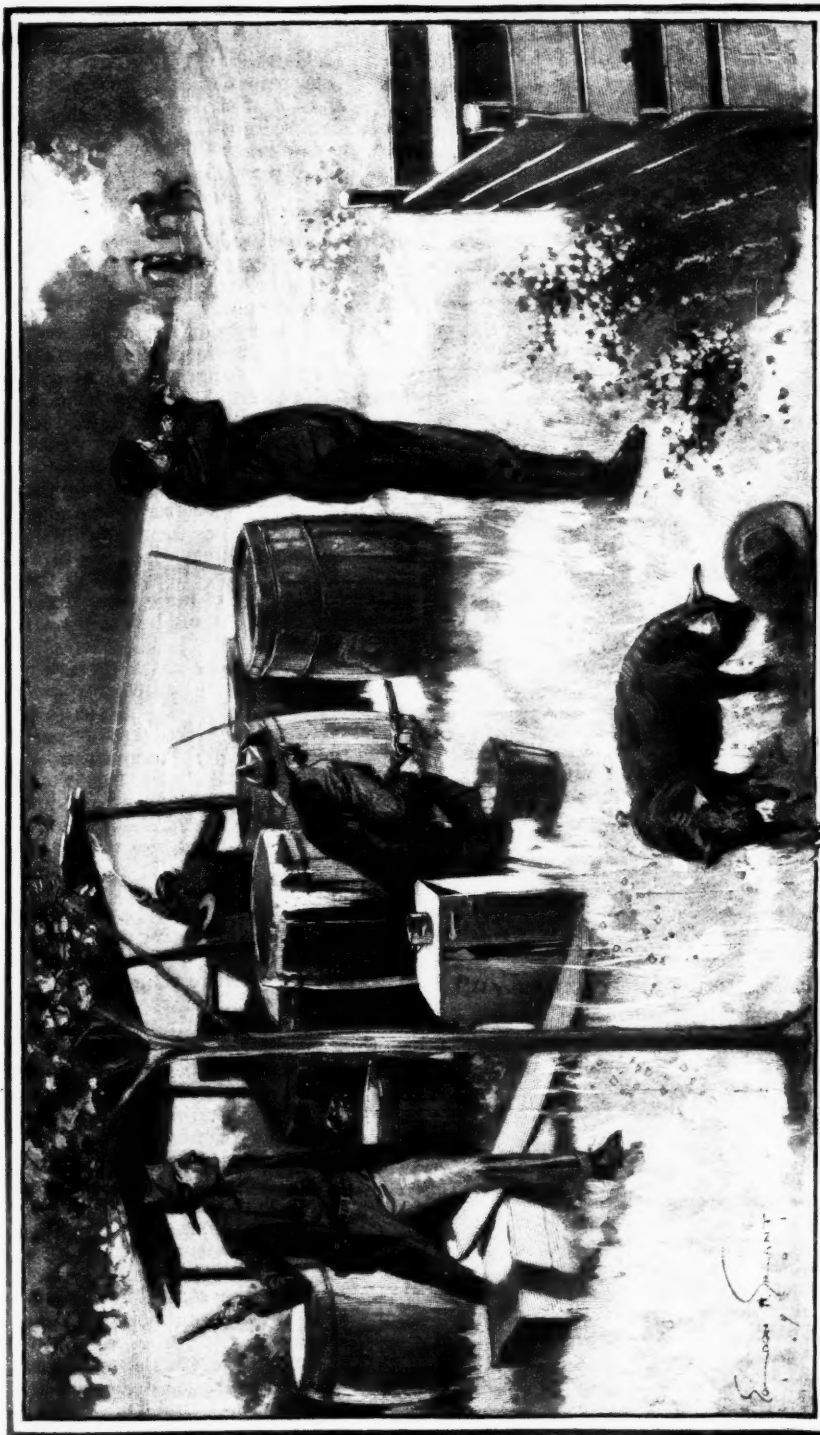
A still of average size will produce about eighty gallons of marketable whisky in a week, and if the moonshiner has a

good market, he can get about \$1.10 or \$1.20 a gallon for his product. Allowing for leakage and other waste, he should receive in cash or barter, about ninety dollars for his eighty gallons. His material should not cost more than twenty dollars, leaving him with seventy dollars for his week's work. This seems like good wages for a man living in the woods; but very few stills make anything like seventy dollars a week the year round, for there is much time when they cannot run because of scarcity of water, or for fear of the agents. Besides, the usual moonshiner would stop work for two months, if he could start that period with seventy dollars in his pocket.

All whisky is white when it leaves the still. The illicit whisky is also raw and strong. The moonshiner has no time to color, age, or blend his product. He must get it to the market as soon as he makes it. It is a saying in the moonshine country that whisky is as cheap as water. So it is, almost, for the distiller. A bushel of corn will make from two and a half to three gallons of spirits. In the big distilleries five gallons can be forced out of a bushel of corn, at a cost of fifteen or twenty cents a gallon. Tax paid, this whisky costs the manufacturer from \$1.40 to \$1.45 a gallon. It is retailed at from



DESTROYING A MOONSHINER'S TUBS.



A FIGHT BETWEEN MOONSHINERS AND A REVENUE POSSE—"THERE IS NO QUARTER. EVERY MAN SHOTS TO KILL. ORDINARILY, THE MOONSHINERS RUN AS SOON AS THE CHARGE IS MADE; AND EXPERIENCED REVENUE AGENTS ALWAYS RIDE STRAIGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SHOTS AS SOON AS THEY HAVE RETURNED THE FIRST VOLLEY."



eighty cents to two dollars a quart; and that is why the whisky maker gets rich, even when he pays the tax.

Moonshiners are a shiftless and careless class. They are too lazy to raise cotton. Farming has no attractions for them.

With consciences clear

on the question of breaking the law, they sell their product to their neighbors and live a life of squalid ease. Some who have big stills get their whisky to the cities. It is sold over the bar in Southern towns. Many a man who is usually law abiding drinks corn whisky on which no tax has been paid, and enjoys it the better for that fact.

Under the system of the internal revenue department, every distillery or brewery must be registered. An unregistered place is an illicit place. It costs nothing to register, but it costs the tax to produce under that registration. It does not follow that every registered place is legal. There is a kind of whisky known to revenue agents as "blockade" whisky, which is made at a registered still, but marketed without paying the tax. This usually gets away from the local market.

There are similar violations of law in registered breweries and cigar and tobacco factories. Once in a while an illicit brewery is discovered operating without registry or license. Usually they are found in the Northwest, on the border line between this country and the British possessions, and there are few of them.

WHERE MOONSHINERS MOST ABOUND.

Georgia and Arkansas have the greatest number of moonshine stills, these two States producing more than half the illicit spirits made in this country. Georgia, especially, is full of stills. The Georgia moonshiner is usually a poor creature, content to make a few dollars a week by selling his whisky to his neighbors. Occasionally a man more enterprising than his fellows goes into the business on an extended scale, and builds a large plant, but most of the stills are small, cheap, and not particularly prosperous.

Moonshining in Georgia is a parlous business, too, for that State is in the district assigned

to David H. Gates, the pride of the revenue service, and a most cordially detested citizen among law breakers in the South. Gates is an immense man, five or six inches more than six feet tall, with shoulders a yard across, a grim, clean shaven face, steely blue



eyes, and a general "don't tread on me" air. Like many other men who live their lives in scenes of danger, he is as soft spoken as a woman; but when he goes after a still, the still is always destroyed.

Georgia moonshiners do not shoot much. They run. In Arkansas the moonshiners have a habit of ambushing the agents. Kentucky does better from a man to man viewpoint. Here the moonshiners fight instead of skulking. When a revenue posse gets after an illicit still in the Blue Grass State, it is more than likely that somebody will be hurt before the affair is settled.

In every moonshine district there are men scattered about to watch for evidences of illicit whisky. These men are the local detectives of the revenue service, and they generally make up the raiding forces. If they get a clue, they work carefully and quietly, until they have discovered whereabouts the still is probably to be found. Then they report to the revenue agent in charge of the district. Word is sent out that there is to be a raid. The posse men come in. Armed with the very latest repeating rifles, and taking plenty of cartridges, they start out with the revenue agent in command.

They go in wagons if the roads are good. If the trail leads into the mountains, they go on horseback. They try to get into the suspected neighborhood at

night; for most of the people who live near the stills are patrons and friends of the moonshiners, and if somebody sees the raiders, and word is passed along that "the revenues are coming," there is at once a great ringing of bells and blowing of horns. The moonshiners at work at the stills know what this means, and bolt for the woods.

Then, to locate the still, the posse has but to find the stream of water that supplies it. No still can exist unless there is plenty of water close at hand.



THE ENGRAVINGS ON THIS PAGE SHOW THREE TYPICAL MOONSHINERS.

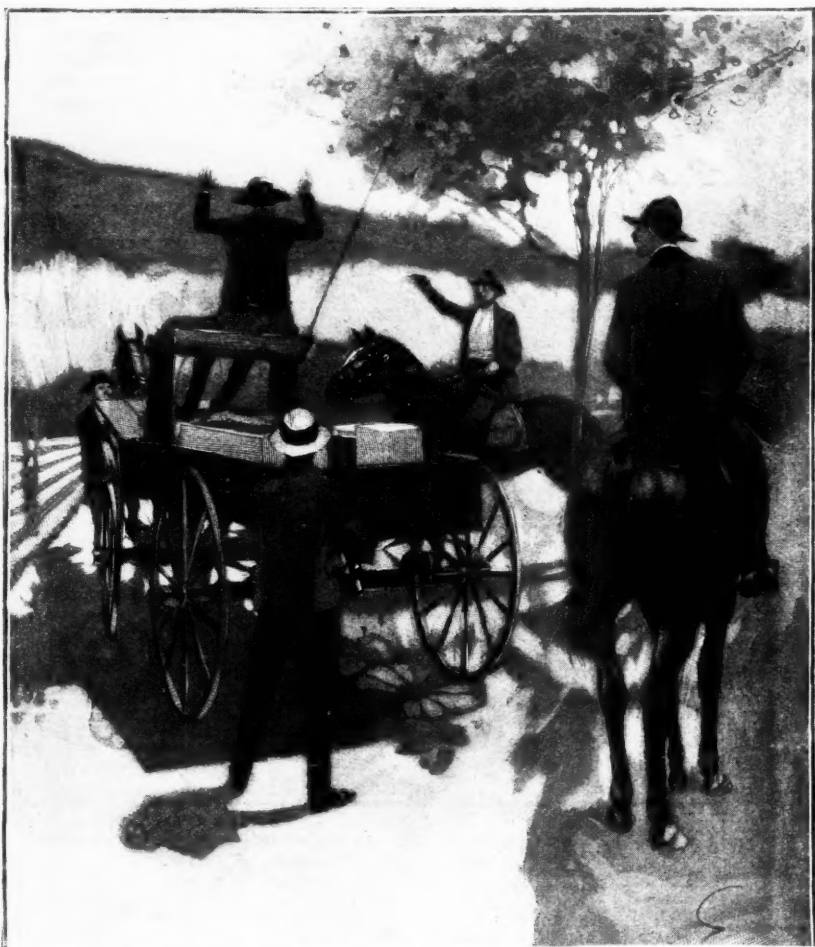
Sometimes a moonshiner sets up his apparatus in the cellar of his cabin, or runs it in a room in his house, but usually it is out of doors, on the banks of a stream.

A BATTLE WITH MOONSHINERS.

A typical raid was one that Gates led in eastern Kentucky, close to the Vir-

threw out a skirmish line, and with three or four companions rode straight ahead. They were close to the stills, for the smell of mash was heavy on the night air.

As they were turning into a little gully, they were fired on from ambush. One of the bullets nipped a piece out of the bridge of Gates' nose, and knocked him



AN ARREST ON SUSPICION—REVENUE MEN HOLDING UP A SUSPECTED MOONSHINER WITH A LOAD OF ILLICIT WHISKY.

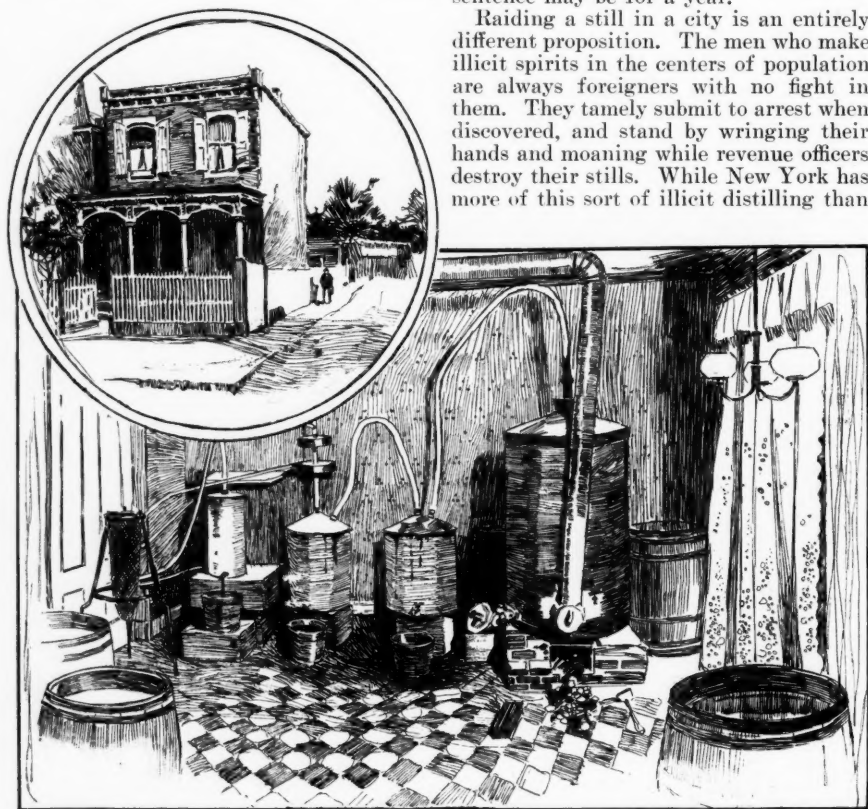
ginia line, some time ago. Word had come to him that four big stills were running in that neighborhood. With a dozen heavily armed men, he rode all night to attack them unexpectedly. Just at daybreak, they came to two houses where moonshiners lived. Here two men were left on guard, while the rest of the posse hastened on to the banks of a river. Gates

from his horse. He shouted to his men to charge, and followed on foot. There was another fusillade from the bushes. Then Gates gave the order to fire. The fire was returned, and there in the woods the four revenue agents and perhaps a dozen moonshiners fought a pitched battle, each side working their rifles as rapidly as possible.

This kept up for twenty minutes, when other members of the posse, having heard the firing, came up at a run. Then the moonshiners broke cover, and retreated to the mountains. Gates and his men followed them, but while in pursuit ran plump into the largest still they had seen

local sympathies in the moonshine belt. Judges are lenient with the offenders when they are brought up for trial and sentence. The usual penalty is three months' imprisonment for the first offense, and six months' for the second. Upon a third arrest and conviction, the sentence may be for a year.

Raiding a still in a city is an entirely different proposition. The men who make illicit spirits in the centers of population are always foreigners with no fight in them. They tamely submit to arrest when discovered, and stand by wringing their hands and moaning while revenue officers destroy their stills. While New York has more of this sort of illicit distilling than



AN ILLICIT STILL, RAIDED IN JANUARY, 1899, AT NO. 3545 GERMANTOWN AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA—THE HOUSE APPEARS IN THE UPPER ENGRAVING. IN THE SECOND STORY FRONT ROOM WAS THE STILL, WITH FOURTEEN BARRELS OF FERMENTING MASH.

in that part of the country. They stopped, emptied the mash on the ground, and destroyed the still. The moonshiners got away, and nobody knows to this day whether any of them were wounded or killed. On the other side, two men besides Gates were hurt; but before eleven o'clock the next morning four stills within a radius of three miles had been found and destroyed. Then the raiders built a camp fire, fried bacon, made coffee, and rested for two or three hours, first stationing pickets on all sides of the camp. In the afternoon they started out again.

Revenue officers have to contend with

any other city, there is a good deal of it in Philadelphia, and some in Chicago. The stills in these cities are in the thickly congested foreign quarters.

The entire cost of collecting the internal revenue taxes of the United States during the last year was but a little more than four million dollars. Nearly forty four hundred men are employed in the service. Altogether, this largest revenue producing branch of the government is the most economical in operation; and this is due in large measure to the patriotic promptness with which the average American pays his tax.

The Rewards of the Law.*

BY WILLIAM O. INGLIS.

THE GREAT CHANGE THAT HAS COME OVER THE LEGAL PROFESSION, AND MADE IT THE LAW BUSINESS—A CALLING THAT OFFERS SPLENDID PRIZES, WHICH ARE NOT EASY TO WIN—SINGLE FEES OF MILLIONS, AND AN AVERAGE INCOME SAID TO BE LESS THAN A THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE young man who looks forward to living by the practice of law is going into a business—and the word is used advisedly—whose possible gains are marvelous. He may make men gape at a fee of five million dollars, earned by his conduct of one difficult and gigantic transaction; or, if he is unlucky enough not to have the right kind of equipment, he may himself marvel at the small reward he has reaped after years of ceaseless and grinding labor.

The practice of law is called a business, because that is what it has become to ninety nine out of a hundred of its practitioners; and the hundredth man does not get on—at least, in New York. There are lawyers who still retain the high position they won years ago, and who hold the old, starched ideas about the dignity and aloofness of the legal profession; but the young man beginning with these convictions will find himself heavily handicapped. The conditions here considered are those in the largest cities in the country, where the biggest fees are made and the greatest reputations won.

No longer do lawyers win great fame in the courtroom. Oratory is not an essential; in fact, it is hardly considered an advantage in a purely legal career, so greatly has the spirit of affairs changed.

It is no longer the legal profession; it is the law business.

The head of a modern successful law office sits in his private room like the head of a big corporation or the commercial general of a big department store. When a client has outlined the nature of his case, the law general presses the proper button. Forthwith there appears a third man in the consultation. He is the head of the particular department of the big law business that includes the specialty the client needs—the railroad department,

or the real estate branch, or whatever it may be. Thereafter the client sees this department man in the necessary consultations, knowing, of course, that the head of the firm always directs the general conduct of his affair.

BEGINNING A CAREER IN THE LAW.

To prepare for a successful career in the law business, a young man must make a large investment. He will spend four years earning his bachelor of arts degree in some university, which will cost him from four hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year; then three years in a law school at a cost of from one to three thousand dollars more. Next he will, after proper examination, be admitted to the bar. Thereafter he is inside the pasture. Whether he shall feed luxuriously or crop sparse thistles depends upon himself.

The fledgling lawyer has before him two roads, the one an up climb, the other a down slide. If he is wise, he begins not by trying to make so much the first year, but by seeking for clients who will stay by him and with him. The aim of the young man who is attempting to climb up the ladder, when he sees his first client, is not to get the most out of it for himself and then let his client drop, but rather to do as much and get as much profit for his client as is possible.

On the other hand, the young man who seeks the quickest way to notoriety may start out by endeavoring to get criminal cases and those dealing with sensational accidents or misfortunes. Perhaps he makes an arrangement with men both within and without hospitals to give him first notice of accident cases, and to persuade the victims to send for him. He works his way in this manner until he becomes what is known as a criminal lawyer, a sharer of calamity, whose mind is

*This is the first of a series of articles on the earnings of the great professions. The next will deal with the average income of the physician, and the cost of his education.

trained simply to extract the most out of society, by reason of its misfortunes, or, if you please, by reason of its crimes; first for himself, and lastly for his client.

The lawyer who follows that down hill course is usually doomed. His immediate profits may be greater, but in the long run there is little hope for him. The young lawyer who has higher ambitions and ideals may enter the employ of a big firm and work himself up to a partnership, or stay with his employers until he sees his way clear to start in for himself, with some of his former employers' clients as his own. He may work in a big office only long enough to complete his education with practical knowledge, and then open an office of his own.

The young lawyer who tries to build up a mercantile business of his own is likely to find it up hill work. At first, he cannot hope to obtain other than small matters, and, as a rule, from small people. Physicians' collections, considered hopeless by the physicians themselves, get into his hands; and it may be that the physicians will introduce him to the druggist, and he will have suits for the collection of little bills amounting to ten or twelve dollars. In time he will widen his acquaintance among men of business, and may be entrusted with more important cases. The turning point in his career comes, not when a suit is placed in his hands, but when he is called into the counsels of a firm. Perhaps his clients are considering a business move by which they hope to make a thousand dollars. They want to know if he can suggest a way whereby they can make two thousand instead of one. This is his first big trial, although he may have appeared in important litigation.

THE MODERN LAWYER A BUSINESS MAN.

Formerly the lawyer was assumed to be an *omnium gatherum* of legal information, with the ability to do everything pertaining to the law, from drawing a will to defending a murder case. He was not supposed to be a man of affairs, or to have property. Indeed, he was farthest removed from the business man and his methods. Today, to be successful, the lawyer must make his methods those of the business man, and become an integral part of the business world. Twenty years ago a man went to a lawyer when he was in trouble. Now a client seeks a lawyer in order to keep out of trouble.

Formerly, the man of law was a part of the tear down system; now he is a part of the build up system. He must, in fact,

take the position of a legal partner in the enterprise that he is summoned to aid, whether the enterprise be that of an individual, of a business firm, or of a corporation. He must be of assistance to his client in the management of daily affairs, and especially in the organization of large business undertakings. By means of his knowledge of the law and the practical sagacity which he must possess, it is his duty to make business enterprises more profitable, and to insure his clients against legal complications by so shaping their operations that they will not get into lawsuits. The most successful lawyers, and the best paid, are those who keep their clients out of litigation, and not those who successfully get clients through litigated controversies.

The practice of law in large cities today is simply the manufacturing of certain specific commodities which the public requires in the way of information and work. The time has gone by when any one man attempts to know it all. The successful lawyer first ascertains what the public needs in the way of information. Then, if he is wise, he becomes a specialist in this particular line. He must not only possess a certain amount of "know how," but must have the kind of "know how" that the public wants and will pay for.

The strongest and best recognized lawyers, and the best paid as a rule, are either at the head of a combination of lawyers, or a part of such a combination. It is no uncommon thing in New York today to find law firms paying more than twenty thousand dollars a year in rent, employing from twenty to fifty clerks, and having in their offices, either under salary or in the capacity of sharing profits, from five to fifteen members of the bar. This also necessitates another thing which renders the law business like unto mercantile business. It requires capital. Some New York firms have as actual available capital on their books sums ranging from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The necessity for this is apparent when one considers that the employees should be paid weekly, while clients pay monthly, quarterly, semi annually, or sometimes only yearly. The actual disbursements of such a firm may be anywhere from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars annually. Lawyers are rated not only by what they do for others, but by their own business success. Many a bank, in determining which of two or more counsel it will employ, first ascertains who has the best financial

credit, who pays his bills with the greatest regularity, who has unincumbered property, and who keeps the best and largest bank balance. In other words, banks and clients generally apply the common sense business principle, that of two lawyers of equal integrity, the one who has been most successful in managing his own affairs is likely to be most successful in handling the affairs of the client. To such an extent has this been carried that regular reports are issued, on the plan of a mercantile agency system, but restricted to lawyers, giving their property, standing, and professional character.

THE WORK OF A LARGE LAW OFFICE.

There was a time when a successful lawyer kept no books, and clients were billed, from time to time, when necessity overtook the lawyer. The amount was put down in a lump sum, without regard to the actual disbursements. Often clients were charged as much as it was thought they would stand. Now the best law offices have what is practically a banking department, with a cashier, to whom all accounts are presented, and who scrutinizes all outgoing bills.

In one of the best known offices in New York all the business is arranged under departments, the heads of which receive not only a salary, but a percentage. While there is a firm name, the business is owned by one man. Every employee is required to keep a record of the time spent on each client's affairs, and the exact amount of work done by each member of the firm is also registered. There is even a record of the time each client spends in the office. These things go to the fee clerk, who determines how much the case cost the office, including the office expenses. To this is added a regular percentage of profit, and the client's bill then goes to the auditor, who decides whether the result to the client justifies the charge.

This gives an idea of the general conduct of business in great New York law offices, and it applies, in a modified form, to those of other cities. Let us now consider the advantages of the new order of things to the lawyers themselves. They often receive single fees that exceed the total income of the whole professional career of the foremost legal lights of twenty years ago—fees so enormous that they may sound incredible. The highest fee ever received by a lawyer is credited to William G. Moore, of Chicago. A few years ago Mr. Moore was recognized by his professional brethren as a brilliant man with a good practice, who was yet to dis-

tinguish himself. He conceived the plan, which he perfected after much study, for bringing all the American tin plate manufacturing concerns into one corporation. With infinite patience and labor, with courage and audacity that no obstacle could balk, he succeeded in organizing the American Tin Plate Company. His fee was said to be five million dollars, and the report of the Industrial Commission at Washington appears to verify this. Of course a great part of the lawyer's reward was in the form of stock of the new company.

HOW GREAT FEES ARE EARNED.

About a year ago Andrew Carnegie was at odds with his chief associate, Henry C. Frick, and the latter began a suit in which all the chief stockholders of the Carnegie companies became parties. A disastrous legal fight was threatening, one that would do infinite harm to the great steel business. After the rival interests had spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in legal fees, James B. Dill, a New York lawyer, succeeded in showing these men that they were at odds over a matter of ten million dollars, and that they would lose a great deal more than that in keeping up the fight. He pointed out a plan of reorganization and consolidation that would yield a profit of a hundred millions. Mr. Dill's advice was followed, with complete success. Mr. Dill received a check for one million dollars as his fee. That is enormous, but if a lawyer helped any man to make a profit of a thousand dollars, the gainer would hardly think ten dollars an exorbitant fee for the advice.

James C. Carter, that rugged, forceful man who appears in the United States Supreme Court at Washington more often than any other New York advocate, derives an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year from his law practice. His retainer is never under five thousand dollars, and he receives at least five hundred dollars for each day or part of a day that he spends in court. Joseph H. Choate, now our ambassador to Great Britain, had a similar scale of fees while practicing law in New York. Messrs. Cromwell & Sullivan recently received two hundred thousand dollars for their services to the Northern Pacific Railroad. Edward Lauterbach's fee for reorganizing the Third Avenue Railroad Company was two hundred thousand dollars, but the company was in the hands of a receiver before the lawyer could collect. For clearing up all the difficulties that beset the probate of the recent Vanderbilt will, Senator

Chauncey M. Depew was paid a hundred thousand dollars. Lawyer Levy Mayer sold the Ogden Gas Company to the Chicago Gas Trust, and thereby earned a fee of half a million. Messrs. Moran, Kraus & Mayer spent three years in Whisky Trust litigation and in the formation of the American Spirits Association. They were paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Perhaps the most remarkable fee on record was the quarter of a million dollars paid to the late William M. Evarts, a few years ago, for saying "yes." The question submitted to him was whether a great corporation had the legal right to exist. The late Benjamin Harrison received two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for acting as counsel for Venezuela in the arbitration proceedings at Paris concerning the boundary dispute with British Guiana. John E. Parsons received the same amount for reorganizing the Sugar Trust under the laws of New Jersey. Thomas B. Reed, formerly speaker of the House of Representatives, is guaranteed an annual income of fifty thousand dollars by the law firm of Simpson, Thatcher & Barnum, of New York, and he probably earns twice that amount.

In another branch of the profession, Messrs. Weeks, Battle & Marshall are said to have received fifty thousand dollars for the defense of Roland Molineux. Austen G. Fox and Daniel Rollins received fifty thousand dollars for their services as special deputies to the attorney general of the State of New York, in con-

nection with certain prosecutions which grew out of the Lexow investigation in New York.

A comparison of these fees will show that the great financial rewards in the law business are those which go to legal advisers for the exercise of the creative faculty, rather than to the advocates who plead at the bar. In the struggle to obtain practice, even the firms whose names are widely known do not disdain methods that would make a layman stare. Sons of presidents of trust companies are eagerly welcomed as partners in law firms. They bring business. There are great firms in the Wall Street district that have social attachés. They bring business. Not infrequently it happens that mediocre lawyers are taken into firms, not for their own ability—which might perhaps be worth a thousand dollars a year—but for the social influence of their wives, which brings practice worth fifty times that amount into the hands of their husbands' associates.

There is another side, that of the men who do not reach the high places, for it is only the giants that receive these enormous fees. Like most other cities, New York is overcrowded with lawyers, and, lest the young man contemplating the law as a profession be too optimistic, it should be said that more than half the lawyers of New York have a hand to mouth struggle for existence. Notwithstanding the enormous incomes of the leaders of the bar, the average net earnings of the lawyers of New York are said to be less than a thousand dollars a year.

LOVE IN THE COURT OF REASON.

THE queen sat on a splendid throne;
None was so cold and stern as she.
The chained prisoner stood alone,
And bode her will right patiently.

"This man hath angered us," quoth she;
"To sum his sentence needs short breath.
Shrift let him have and courteously,
And after shrift must follow death."

No word the waiting traitor spake,
But looked into her eyes so brown;
Her scepter in her hands she brake,
And from her throne the queen came down.

She took his fettered hands in hers;
He only laughed in sweet content.
Through gaping crowds and wondering stir
Together to far lands they went.

Clinton Dangerfield.

The Lost Opportunity.

AN INTERESTING PAGE FROM THE ANNALS OF WALL STREET.

BY EDWIN LEFEVRE.

FOR many years Daniel Dittenhoeffer had desired the ruin of John F. Greener. "Dutch Dan," as the Street called Dittenhoeffer, was a burly man with very blond hair, a very red face, and a very loud voice. Greener was a sallow, swarthy bit of a man, with black hair and a squeaky voice. He had furtive brown eyes and a very high forehead; while Dittenhoeffer had frank blue eyes and the pugnacious chin and thick neck of a prizefighter. Both were members of the New York Stock Exchange, but Greener was never seen on the floor after one of his victims lifted him bodily by the collar and dropped him fifteen feet into a coal cellar on Exchange Place. He would plan the wrecks of railroad systems as a measure preliminary to their absorption, just as a boa constrictor crushes its victims into pulp the more easily to swallow them. But the practice, unchecked for years, had made him nervous and soul-fidgety.

Dan spent his days from ten to three on the Stock Exchange, and his nights from ten to three at the roulette tables or before a faro layout. Restless as the quivering sea, and suffering from chronic insomnia, he had perforce to satisfy his constitutional craving for powerful stimulants; but as he hated delirium tremens he gave himself ceaselessly big doses of the wine of gambling—it does as much for the nerves as the very best whisky. He would buy or sell fifty thousand shares of a stock, and he would bet fifty thousand dollars on the turn of a card. Greener found in the Stock Exchange the means to a desirable end; but, despite his success in stock jobbing, he had no exalted opinion, in his heart of hearts, of stock operations. Dittenhoeffer thought the stock market was the court of last resort, whither financiers should go, when they were in the right, to get their deserts; when they were in the wrong, to overcome their deserts by the brute force of dollars. It was natural that in their operations the two men should be as dissimilar as they were in their physical and temperamental characteristics—Machiavelli and Richard Cœur de Lion.

Scores of men had tried to "bust"

Greener, but Greener had grown the richer by their efforts, the growth of his fortune being exactly equal to the contraction of theirs. Sam Sharpe had come from Arizona with twelve million dollars avowedly to show the effete East how to crush "financial skunks of the Greener class." And the financial skunk learned no new lesson, though the privilege of imagining that he was giving one cost Sharpe half a million a month for more than a year.

Then, after Sharpe had learned more of the game—and of Greener—he joined hands with Dittenhoeffer, and together they attacked Greener. They were skillful stock operators, very rich and utterly without financial fear. Their combined seven or eight millions was divided into ten projectiles, which were hurled, one after another, at the little man with the squeaky voice and the high forehead. The little man dodged the first and the second and the third, but the fourth broke his leg, and the fifth knocked the wind out of him. The Street cheered, and showed its confidence in the artillerists by going short of the Greener stocks.

But just before the sixth shot, Greener called to his assistance old Wilbur Wise, the man with the skinflinty heart and thirty millions in cash. A protecting rampart, man high, of government bonds was raised about the prostrate Napoleon, and the financial cannoneers ceased firing precious projectiles. The new fortification was impregnable, and they knew it; so they contented themselves with gathering up their own shot and a small railroad dropped by Greener in his haste to seek shelter. Then Sharpe went to England to win the Derby, and Dittenhoeffer went to Long Branch to amuse himself playing a no limit faro game that cost him, on an average, ten thousand dollars a night for a month.

After a few months the fight was resumed. Greener was desirous of "bulling" his stocks generally, and his pet Federal Telegraph Company particularly. Just to show there was no need to hurry the "bull" movement, Dan sold the stock "short" every time Greener tried to advance the price. Four times did

Greener try, and four times Dittenhoeffer sold him a few thousand shares—just enough to check the advance.

Greener really was in desperate straits. He was committed to many important enterprises. To carry them out he needed cash, and the banks, fearful of stock market possibilities, were loath to lend him enough. Besides which, there was the desire on the part of the banks' directors to pick up fine bargains, should their refusal to lend Greener money force him to throw overboard the greater part of his load. Greener had despoiled innumerable widows and orphans in his railroad wrecking schemes. The money lenders would avenge the widows and orphans. It was a good deed. There wasn't a doubt of it in their minds.

Federal Telegraph, in which Greener's commitments were heaviest, had been slowly sinking. Successful in other quarters of the market, Dutch Dan decided to "whack the everlasting daylight out of Fed. Tel." He went about it calmly, just as he played roulette—selling it carefully, ceaselessly, depressingly. And the price went down and down.

Greener, unsuccessful in other quarters of the Street, decided it was time to do something to save himself. He needed only five million dollars. At a pinch three millions might do, or for the moment even two and a half; but he must have the money at once. Delay meant danger, and danger meant Dittenhoeffer, and Dittenhoeffer might mean death.

Of a sudden, rising from nowhere, fathered by no one, the rumor whirled about the Street that Greener was in difficulties. Financial ghouls ran to the banks and interviewed the presidents. They asked no questions, in order to get no lies. They simply said, as if they knew: "Greener is on his uppers."

The bank presidents smiled indulgently, almost pityingly: "Oh, you've just heard it, have you? We've known it for six weeks."

Back to the Stock Exchange rushed the ghouls to sell the Greener stocks—not only Federal Telegraph, which was a fine property, but his reorganized railroads, whose renaissance was so recent that they had not grown into full strength. Down went prices, and up went the whisper: "Dittenhoeffer's got Greener at last!"

A thousand brokers rushed to find their dear friend Dan, to congratulate him—Napoleon's conqueror. But dear Dan could not be found. He was not on the floor, nor at his office.

Some one had sought Dittenhoeffer be-

fore the brokers thought of congratulating him; some one who was the greatest gambler of all, greater even than Dutch Dan; a little man with furtive brown eyes, a squeaky voice, and a wonderful forehead—Mr. John F. Greener.

"Mr. Dittenhoeffer, I came to ask you a question," he squeaked calmly. He stood beside a voluble ticker.

"Certainly, Mr. Greener." Dittenhoeffer instantly had a vision of humble requests to "let up." He almost formulated the very words of a withering refusal.

"Would you execute an order from me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Greener. I'll execute anybody's orders. I'm a broker."

"Very well. Sell fifty thousand shares of Federal Telegraph Company for me."

"What price?" asked Dan, jotting down the figures, from force of habit, his mind being paralyzed.

"The best you can get. The stock"—glancing at the tape—"is at ninety one."

"Very well."

The two men looked at one another—Dutch Dan half menacingly, Greener, calmly, steadily, his furtive eyes almost truthful.

"Good morning," said Dittenhoeffer at length, and the little man's high browed head nodded dismissingly.

Dittenhoeffer hastened back to the Exchange. At the entrance he met his partner, Smith, the "company" of D. Dittenhoeffer & Company.

"Bill, Greener came to me, asked me whether I'd accept an order from him, I said yes, and he told me to sell fifty thousand shares of Federal Telegraph, and I'm—"

"You've got him, Dan! You've got him! Smilie, of the Eastern National Bank, tells me there isn't a bank in the city will lend Greener money, and he needs it badly to pay the last ten millions to the Indian Pacific bond holders. He's bit off more than he can chew, confound him!"

"Well, Bill, we'll treat Mr. Greener as we do any other customer," said Dittenhoeffer.

"But—" began Smith, with undisguised consternation, though he was an honest man.

"Oh, I'll get him yet. This won't save him. I'll get him yet"—with a confident smile.

It would be very easy to take advantage of Greener's order and make a fortune. Dittenhoeffer was "short" twenty thousand shares of Federal Telegraph, which

he had put out at an average price of ninety three. He could take Greener's block of fifty thousand shares and hurl it bodily at the market. Not even a gilt edged stock could withstand the impact of such a fearful blow. Federal Telegraph, whose edges were not dazzling, doubtless would break fifteen points or more, and he could easily take in his shorts at seventy five, or possibly even at seventy—which would mean a profit of half a million dollars for him; and a loss of a cool—and much needed—million to his arch foe, Greener. If he merely allowed his partner to whisper, in strict confidence, to some friend how Dan was selling out a big line of Telegraph for Greener, the room would surely go wild, everybody would hasten to sell, and the decline would go so much further as to cripple the Little Napoleon, possibly beyond all hope of recovery.

Had Greener made the most colossal mistake of his life in giving the order to his enemy?

Dan went to the Federal Telegraph "post" and gave twenty brokers orders to sell a thousand shares each at the best obtainable price, while he himself, through another man, took an equal amount to cover his own "short" sales. On the next day he sold twenty thousand shares, and on the third day the last ten thousand shares of Greener's order. This selling, people thought, was for his own account, and "short" stock, in Wall Street par-

lance—that is, stock he did not own, trusting later on to buy it back cheaply. Such selling never has the depressing effect of "long" stock, because it is obvious that the short seller must sooner or later buy in the stock, insuring a future demand which must exert a lifting influence on prices, for

He who sells what isn't his'n
Must buy it back or go to prison.

Dittenhoeffer was able to get an average of eighty six dollars a share for Greener's fifty thousand shares. The Street thought Dan was becoming too reckless. It knew that Greener was a "slippery little cuss," and believed that the short interest must be simply enormous, and the danger of a bad "squeeze" exceedingly great. Wherefore, men forbore to "whack" Telegraph. Indeed, many astute traders saw, in the seeming weakness of the stock, a trap of the wily little Napoleon. They refused to be ensnared.

With the four million three hundred thousand dollars obtained from the sale of the stock, Greener overcame his other troubles. Dutch Dan's fresh attacks, the following week, did no harm.

The little Napoleon had trusted to a stock broker's honor, and the result justified his daring stroke. He became the owner of a great railroad system, and left it to his children. Fifteen months later Daniel Dittenhoeffer was a bankrupt. He died penniless.

ATLANTIS.

TALL, spectral masts, with shreds of tattered sail,
Gaunt hulls and decks washed white with years of rain;
Carved prows and figures worn by storm and gale,
And caravels that seek not home again;

A broken rudder and a battered wheel;
Snapped links of chains, and anchors rusty red
Rise with the tide or sink with rotting keel,
Laden with spoils of cities burned and dead.

There floats a galley of the years gone by;
Here swings a newer hull with funnels black;
Afar a bell buoy tolleth like a cry
For all the ships that sailed and came not back.

High on the slope of distant, shining hills
The grass is marked with little mounds of gray;
A strange, sweet fragrance all the evening fills
With memories of some gone yesterday.

And that one lighthouse that no man may see!
Lone hearts for years their weary vigils keep
Across the wave that cometh ceaselessly
From that dim island where lost sailors sleep!

John James Meehan.

LITERARY CHAT

"THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR."

From June around to May, it is published every day,

Till the public is beginning to be vexed;

For its manifold disguises are continual surprises,

And we never know what form is coming next.

As adventure grim and gory, as a sweet New England story,

Or as vapid social chatter 'twill appear,
But, whatever way he names it, still the publisher proclaims it

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

One week among the stars we're investigating Mars,

The next into the slums we're hurried down;

One week with crooks we gamble, the next we meekly amble

With lovers through a little country town.

Today religion flooring, tomorrow we are soaring,

Corelliwise, into another sphere;

We cannot help but read it while its sponsors boldly plead it

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

Oh, Mrs. Humphry Ward, oh, Mr. Leicesters Ford,

Oh, Barrie, Gissing, Churchill, Hope, & Co.,

Wells, Pemberton, Corelli, Dunn, Allen, Ade, and Kelly,

And Kipling, we beseech you to go slow!

With masterpieces dealing, our intellects are reeling,

And discrimination's feeling rather queer;

With confusion we are smitten, for we find that each has written

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

Oh, Dodd Mead, Lippincott, Doubleday, Macmillan, Pott,

Oh, Harper, Scribner, Appleton, and Lane,

Bowen Merrill, Stone, and Holt, we have risen in revolt!

You want to drive us crazy, it is plain.

So we humbly ask you whether you can't somehow get together,

Draw lots, and let it once for all be clear,

While each for favor itches, of all your novels which is

"Undoubtedly the novel of the year!"

PIRATING SWINBURNE—How the work of the English poet suffers by the changing of words in a recent edition.

Has a poet no rights that publishers are bound to respect? And shall the works that he labors so hard to fashion and finish to his will be the playthings of the unappreciative or the bungling? Is there no reverence for a poem of established fame?

Here, for instance, is Mr. Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," a work that may be supposed to have a clearly defined place in the world's literature, to be a recognized and familiar thing. Lately a new edition of it—pirated, necessarily—has been issued in this country, full of startling changes from the accepted and popular version, and of astonishing errors in punctuation. The changes in the text are accounted for by the fact that the copy used was the forgotten first American edition—also pirated—which differed materially from the version that the author gave to the world through his present English publishers. A common sense of propriety would seem to indicate the choice of an author's own text if we are going to pilfer his goods.

More than a year ago a New York firm announced a forthcoming reissue of all of Swinburne's works, to be revised and edited by the poet himself, and all Swinburnians looked eagerly for the first volume. It has not appeared, and there is no indication when it will appear. It is shrewdly suspected that the publishers have found it much easier to announce the revision than to get the poet to undertake it. Few men seem less careful of the fate of their works, an indifference the more remarkable in one of such prodigious industry. It is said that when his "Tristram" was in press, Swinburne's publishers waited months for the return

of the proofs that had been sent him, and finally issued the first part by itself, without his revision.

THE PHILIPPINES—Another book about them, and one of the best, though its material is poorly arranged.

"The Philippines: the War and the People," by Albert G. Robinson, is a valuable and interesting book. Its author, who spent seven months in the islands as the correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, is a trained observer and a skilful recorder of his observations. There are few better sources of unprejudiced information about our great oriental dependency.

But while the book contains much excellent matter, in some respects it is open to serious criticism. Most of it consists of letters sent to Mr. Robinson's newspaper from Manila, and reprinted with the addition of descriptive and historical chapters. The result is unfortunate, because there is little sequence in the narrative and no apparent order in the arrangement of the material. The author constantly recurs to points that he has touched upon before. For instance, in Chapter X, he describes the character and habits of the Filipinos, dwelling especially upon their cleanliness and their fondness for churchgoing; in Chapters XIV and XVI he covers the same ground again. On page 171 we read:

One of the notable points about the Filipino women is their modesty.

On page 265 Mr. Robinson tells us:

As for modesty of demeanor, I have nowhere seen that of the Filipino women surpassed.

On page 29:

As Santiago province has been the hotbed of Cuban revolutions, so has Cavite province been the focal point of Filipino insurrection.

And on page 132:

What Santiago province was to Cuba, Cavite province has been and is to Luzon—the seat of many insurrections.

In this busy age, such repetitions are unfair to the reader; and there are many of them in Mr. Robinson's book. On page 322 he cites, as a sample of Filipino culture, an advertisement of a performance of "Aida" by Tagal artists. He must have forgotten that on page 275 he described himself as having been "taken in" by this same announcement. Twice—on pages 60 and 385—he laments the fact that most of the American soldiers enlisted for a fight, and went to the Phil-

ippines to "shoot niggers." Three times—on pages 70, 150, and 293—he says that the situation has changed so slowly that his letters might just as well have been written six months or a year later than their dates. This seems to show an exaggerated eagerness to be "timely"—which is probably responsible for the appearance of the book without a thorough rearrangement of its contents.

If the volume possessed an index, its lack of order might be partly forgiven; but it has none, a fact that detracts seriously from its value as a book of reference.

THE LITERATURE OF FOOD—When the instantaneously digestible pellet is perfected, what will the poor authors do?

Are there any references, in the whole course of fiction, dearer to the heart of the average reader than the pages descriptive of food and feasts? Grossly material as the liking is, who but the most hopeless dyspeptic will deny it?

You may have forgotten the names of half Dickens' characters, but you have not forgotten their feasts. You remember the steaming kettle on the hob, the aroma of rum and lemon peel, the sizzling fragrance of the veal cutlet, or even of the tripe that you would disdain upon your own table. You beam with pleasure at the thought of many a cozy bar where you too have visited, though you may have quite forgotten the company in which you went.

With Thackeray, you have had late breakfasts with *Major Pendennis*, and have sipped the renowned port of *Philip's* graceless sire. You can recall the eggs the young *Feverels* ate at their honeymoon breakfasts, and you have even eaten strawberries and chocolates with the *Duchess' Phyllises* and *Molly Bawns*. If you are classical, you recall the milk and honey of the Vergilian shepherds' homely meals.

But there is a new and most painful departure in the literature of food. There are publications devoted to the exploiting of the concentrated pill or the chemically perfect liquid which is to enable us to work all day long without pause for more vulgar refreshment. In these, hot water is celebrated instead of wine and ale, and as for tripe—perish the thought!

One young lady—all unknown ladies are young—wrote an impassioned and dyspeptic plea for the abolition of the banquet and the dinner party, the other day.

"We cannot," she admits with regret, "dispense with food entirely, but we can refrain from displaying our gastronomic feats and predilections in herds. When that rude arrangement developed from the mollusks and adapted to the conditions of a savage cries out lustily for fuel, is it really necessary for us to flock to a public eating room, there to study the menu as though the fate of nations trembled in the balance? When we have become thoroughly civilized we shall retire, each to his closet or behind his own screen, not, as now, to make eating the chief end of man and woman, but to take nourishment sufficient to sustain life and strength."

Certainly the new literature of food, in spite of its involuntary humor, is not so agreeable to read as the old—a fact which somehow makes one suspect the appetizing qualities of the new foods.

BILL SIKES' FIRE—Augustus Hare describes the burning of Hatfield House, wherein the Dickens burglar figured.

One of the many interesting things in Augustus Hare's "Story of My Life" is the account of the burning of part of Hatfield House in 1835. In this fire Lady Salisbury, the grandmother of the present marquis, was burned to death. So completely was she consumed that only by a ruby ring that her maid remembered her putting on was there any identification of her ashes.

What makes Mr. Hare's account of the fire particularly interesting is the fact that it is the one described in "Oliver Twist" at which *Bill Sikes* assists the firemen with such frenzy, seeking death in vain after his murder of *Nancy*.

ROOM FOR THE OLD MASTERS—

The action of the Providence public librarian arouses fears among the busy producers of modern literature.

If the diligent writers of today are as wise as they are diligent, they will proceed against Mr. William E. Foster, of the Providence Public Library, and will try to have some law enacted to save them from the unfair competition of the writers who had their day anywhere from twenty to two thousand years ago. It has been said that all that is required to destroy a taste for current fiction is to become familiar with the classics in fiction. If this is so, Mr. Foster is sounding the

knell of the two hundred and sixty five thousand edition works.

The Providence librarian has reserved a room for what De Quincy called "the literature of power." In it he has placed more than two thousand volumes of the works of writers who have had the seal of longer approval than Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Irving Bacheller, Miss Marie Corelli, or Miss Mary Johnston. In that room the reader finds the world's classics of inspiration and entertainment without having his attention diverted by all sorts of side issues, as is the case when he consults the ordinary catalogue.

To go to the average library is something like going to the average department store. The shopper has come out for certain staple goods—black silk, or woolen underwear, or what not. But the counters of marked down chiffons, the bargains in dimities, the sacrificial sales in silk stockings, do their deadly work, and she buys them regardlessly. Then, impoverished, she has to do without the silk or the underwear.

So the average catalogue is a veritable bargain counter of literary wares, distracting one from the thing of true merit which one wishes to read. A room devoted exclusively to the standard works of the great will prove a fearful agent of destruction to merely ephemeral literature.

MISS HARRADEN AT HOME—Her apparent youth and her loyalty to the late queen.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, if the flattering tales of a recent interviewer are true, might make a comfortable living as an encouraging example to intellectual young women, and as a living refutation of the slanders of carping masculine critics of the Sir James Brown stripe, who maintain that every mental grace in woman is achieved only at the expense of a physical one.

According to the interviewer, Miss Harraden, whom the registries, the family Bible, and her own acknowledgment unite in making thirty seven years old, looks a bare twenty one. She is slight and small and delicate. Her hair, which is a chestnut brown in color, is worn in an unbound mass falling nearly to her shoulders. She is a most loyal Englishwoman, and says that she felt the death of Queen Victoria as such a personal loss that for a time she was too much depressed to write anything.

She has two studies wherein to work. One is in her own home, in the northern suburbs of London, close to Hampstead Heath; the other is in a friend's house near by. In the latter she does her actual writing, in the former her reading and studying—thus avoiding all interruption from callers when she is at work upon the new novel that she has in hand.

AMERICAN LITERATURE—Its development reviewed by Professor Wendell of Harvard.

"A Literary History of America" is bound to win attention by its title alone, whatever its qualities may be. The author, Barrett Wendell, professor of English at Harvard, is vividly remembered by Harvard graduates of the past twenty years for his personal kindness, for his eccentric habits of speech and bearing, and for his unconventional methods of teaching. As he began to teach at Harvard when he was only twenty five years old, he is now in his prime, and his new book ought fairly to represent his mature work.

After his graduation at Harvard, Professor Wendell studied for a time at Oxford, where he probably acquired the exaggerated English accent which amuses his students, and where he doubtless fostered his love for England and for the English point of view, so noticeable in his writings. At Harvard he has long had a reputation for cleverness, for the kind of originality that does not hesitate to oppose the most firmly established notions. Many students admire him; others ridicule him, and tell stories that discredit his common sense. It is said that of late his classes have been giving him a good deal of trouble. On one occasion, several of the students brought alarm clocks into his classroom; during the lecture, one of the clocks began to sound the alarm, and the others followed in deafening succession. Naturally, the decorum of the class was broken up. Professor Wendell is said to have been so furious that, on leaving the lecture hall, he took one of the clocks and hurled it against the side of the Fogg Art Museum, making a dent in the wall.

Though he is a son of the late Jacob Wendell, a prominent New York merchant, and a brother of Evert Jansen Wendell, who is well known in amateur theatricals and in philanthropic work, Professor Wendell has a great contempt for New York and its society. This con-

tempt is most amusingly betrayed in his new history. He has lived in Boston since his marriage twenty years ago, and he is one of the group of Boston writers who compare so poorly with the men who gave the New England city her lost supremacy in letters.

He began his career as an author by publishing a novel called "The Duchess Emilia," which made a slight impression. This was followed by another novel, "Rankell's Remains," which was criticised as a shocking example of bad taste. Since then Professor Wendell has neglected fiction, but has published a work on English composition, two volumes of essays on literary subjects, a life of Shakespeare, and a play called "Raleigh in Guiana."

MRS. WHARTON'S NATIVITY—The clever and subtle disciple of Henry James a native of the American metropolis.

In view of the rarity of the native New York author, it is interesting to examine him, when discovered, as the product of the chief American city.

Probably Mrs. Edith Wharton is the most distinguished of the latter day crop of metropolitan authors. She was born in New York some thirty odd years ago, and she has written nothing for which her birthplace could have been the entire or even the chief inspiration.

She was educated mainly by tutors and governesses. She has been a great deal abroad, Italy in particular seeming almost a second home to her. She has been free from the ordinary failing of the rich woman who writes—that is, she has not used literature merely as an additional gem for a social coronet. No one who reads her admirable English, and who realizes the study and effort which admirable English entails, could believe that with Mrs. Wharton writing is a fad, secondary to the pursuits of a fashionable existence.

But distinctively of New York her stories are not. They are, socially, of Boston, or of London, or of that indistinctly bounded territory of rarified airs where the Henry James people dwell; or they are of Italy, with all its medieval dignity.

Some critic has said that Mrs. Wharton's weakness is in the depicting of masculine character. Her men are subtle and complex ladies wearing mustaches. This may lead one to wonder whether the fault

is with Mrs. Wharton's power of characterization, or in the material that she has for study.

HENRY JAMES' LATEST—How "The Sacred Fount" delicately flatters its readers. It is morbid, unhealthy, and wonderful.

In his last and most extreme book, "The Sacred Fount," Henry James has offered his readers the most delicate flattery of all—the appeal to their sense of superiority over their fellow men. From cover to cover, deep down in the reader's consciousness, runs the comment: "Well, I understand this—but I really don't see how any one else could!" There is many a moment where his understanding is taxed to its utmost; and when he has just scraped through by the skin of his teeth, to the glow of achievement is added the glow of vanity. "It's wonderful, marvelous; but how on earth is any one else going to appreciate it?" And so each comes away secretly puffed up, having enjoyed all that the book offered, and something more.

This applies, of course, only to its successful readers. There will be many who will fall by the wayside, for whom a single chapter will prove rather too much. It is analysis carried to the point of insanity; so intricate, so minute, that the average intellect craves the help of a magnifying glass. The theme is morbid, pathological, and there is a blank dearth of action and incident. The mental tangling suggests an attempt to get cobwebs off the fingers.

And yet, for those who can read it, "The Sacred Fount" has the suspense of a melodrama, the strangeness of a mirage, the acumen of Henry James multiplied by Henry James. It is unhealthy, perhaps, but undeniably wonderful in its way.

WRITERS AND CITIES—The proportion of famous European authors born in the great centers.

One of the most pleasantly and profitlessly interesting of literary discussions considers the effect of environment upon production. Does Horace frequenting the streets of Rome, or Vergil on his farm, write more or better poetry? Is Shakespeare greater because he was born away from London? And do the great "literary centers," on the whole, do anything more than absorb the literary workers of other places?

Some one interested in the problem has been collecting European statistics. Paris, he finds, reckons as natives twelve hundred and twenty nine out of fifty two hundred and thirty three contemporary French litterateurs; the other large cities of France claim twenty six hundred and sixty four, while the country proper has only ninety three to its credit. Eighty four per cent of the French women writers belong to Paris.

In Italy twenty three out of the fifty five foremost writers have hailed from the large cities, but none from Rome. Of fifty Spanish lights, sixteen belong to Madrid, while almost all the rest come from other large cities, especially from the university cities. In Germany the important writers are well scattered, perhaps because each of the principal states composing the empire has at some period tried to make its capital a center of arts and letters.

ERRORS IN BOOKS—The discouraging experience of a searcher for information.

Why are there so many annoying mistakes in standard reference books? The other day a seeker after truth was seized by a strange desire to trace the origin of the two rival houses of York and Lancaster, and their claims to the English throne. Early in his investigations he discovered that the rival lines were respectively descended from John of Gaunt and from Lionel of Clarence, two sons of Edward III. Expecting to find out all about these gentlemen in any history of England, he picked up the late John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People." The index guided him to page 296, where, in the record of the reign of Edward III, he read of "the king's third son, John of Gaunt," and to page 334, where he discovered a mention of "Lionel of Clarence, the third son of Edward III."

This was decidedly confusing. Were the two princes twins? Even then, could both of them be the third son of the victor of Crécy? For further light he went to the "Century Encyclopedia of Names," and under the word "John of Gaunt" he found that time honored prince described as "the fourth son of Edward III." He felt happier, till he turned to "York, House of," and read of "Edmund, Duke of York, fourth son of Edward III."

Then the seeker after truth began to understand the history of England in the

fifteenth century as he had never understood it before. No wonder it took a long and bloody civil war to straighten out the claims of the rival Plantagenets.

THE PRETENDER IN FICTION—

"The Duke" an addition to this favorite school of literature.

"The Duke" is an inoffensive volume of the great modern pretender series. It will repay some one with a mathematical turn of mind, some day, to estimate the number of stories of "high life" published during the last decade, in which the hero pretends to be some one who he is not.

"The Duke" reverses the favorite routine, for, instead of walking uninvited into a duchy which does not belong to him, and donning, for fun, the coronet to which he has no claim, the hero, being the real duke, makes another man do all this, and conducts his investigation of English life and character as the supposed magnate's secretary. His adventures, and those of the sham duke, are amusing enough to pay for the trouble of playing the trick, which is quite as much as can be said of the adventures of the whole line of pretenders in latter day fiction.

NOW AN ENGLISH GARDEN—

Another writer alternates between the rake and the pen, with results almost as delightful, and certainly more practical, than those achieved by "Elizabeth."

There seems to be a war of the elemental forces in the universe of letters just at present. On one hand, the animals are drawn up in battle array, demanding whether or not they are the most important thing in the world. On the other, the neat and orderly hedgerows, the beds and banks of bloom, are claiming the first place in the storehouse of literary wares.

The garden books are by no means exhausted. Literary ladies still seize their spades in the morning that they may use their pens intelligently in the afternoon. *Elizabeth* has had scores of followers since she first got into difficulties with the conservative German gardener.

It is a question whether all the men of the wheelbarrow and the pruning knife are so very fixed in their opinions, and so very resentful of feminine interference in their domain, as the writers of the garden books would have us believe. "How the Garden Grew" has one of the most stubborn of the race of stubborn and

suspicious gardeners. He is *Griggs*, and although the garden might have grown more gaily at times without *Griggs*, the sprightly tale could not have been told without him—dialect, doubts, disobedience, and all.

It is an English garden that Maud Maryon describes in the little book—as delightful an English garden as ever had charms for an English curate who was not much of an agriculturist, and for a family that mocked at the efforts whose results they shared so gladly in due season. There are in it hedges and Christmas roses and nightingales and other products as distinctively English as the pleasing young curate; but the British quality of it need not discourage an American garden lover from reading it. It has a practical value even for the dwellers in a climate not quite so favorable for horticulture. It encourages one to start out in garden making with a very small sum of money, and assures the flower lover that reward will follow effort.

Moreover, it is a privilege to visit in so charming a household as the one in which the gardener lived.

"BLANCHE AMORY" AND "PAGAN"—Mr. Le Gallienne's latest hero's improvement upon the idea of one of Mr. Thackeray's heroines.

Two generations have smiled delightedly over the little volume of posings with which that painstaking little poseur, *Miss Blanche Amory*, captured the attention of young *Arthur Pendennis*. Could anything be more touching and more amusing than her volume of "Mes Larmes" with its leather binding and its sad, sweet contents?

Yes, there could. Richard Le Gallienne proves it. The only trouble with the proof is that while any one who read "Pendennis" could tell what Thackeray thought of *Blanche Amory's* "Larmes," there is some doubt in one's mind as to what Mr. Le Gallienne thinks of "The Sad Heart of *Pagan Wasteneys*."

Pagan was, to speak paradoxically, the Christian name of a young gentleman who figures in Mr. Le Gallienne's book, "The Love Letters of the King," and who kept a volume dedicated to his unhappy love. His parents probably belonged to that liberal minded class which will not allow children to hear the Bible read, lest it should influence their choice of a creed when they arrive at years of deeply ignorant discretion.

In *Pagan's* volume are duly recorded the stray thoughts his unsatisfied love compels. Some of these are frankly prose; others are slightly disguised prose like this:

Long after you are dead
I will kiss the shoes of your feet ;
And the long bright hair of your head
Will go on being sweet :
In each little thing you wore
We shall go on meeting, love ;
In a ring we shall meet,
In a fan we shall meet,
In a long forgotten glove.
Long after you are dead
O, the bright hair of your head
And the shoes of your little feet.

This particular showing of *Pagan Was-taney's* sad heart reminds one of Edith Wharton's version of one of the renowned "Englishwoman's Love Letters":

You left your goloshes here yesterday, and—shall I tell you? Yes! I've kissed a little hole in one of them already!

"BABS THE IMPOSSIBLE"—Sarah Grand's latest book, which suggests that the adjective in the title should be applied to all the characters and the author.

The average reader may question why Madame Sarah Grand, as she elects to be called, should have named her last book "*Babs the Impossible*." Why limit the adjective to *Babs*, when it could have been applied with equal propriety to almost any of the incoherent characters who wander through her pages?

Madame Grand has two themes upon which she waxes eloquent—the wickedness of the Tyrant Man, and the iniquity of allowing girls to grow up in ignorance of many facts upon which they ought to be informed. On the first of these topics she has not much to say in her latest book; indeed, there was very little left to say after her previous works had been written. She also halts somewhat on the second subject. *Babs* is the wilful daughter of a widow of position and wealth, and, when the story opens, she is a girl of fifteen, squabbling with her conventional older sister, adoring her brother, and being extremely impertinent to her mother. The scene of the story is in an English country village seventeen miles from a railway. This may account for a certain lack of modernness in the characters, but surely no such assemblage of oddities could be gathered together anywhere without suggesting the proximity of a sanitarium. Jumbled together are

the county families of the neighborhood, the vicar, an eccentric spinster, and an adventurer of the most preposterous type. There is also the unmarried woman with plenty of money and nothing to do; the high minded nobleman, given over to meditation and living alone in a tower; and, as a pinch of salt in this strange brew, a new woman, fresh from college with new and brilliant ideas on the subject of the equality of the sexes, who subjugates all the men as soon as she appears.

It is hard to imagine any one reading another book of Madame Grand's after finishing this. There is not a trace of the literary merit that one could not help seeing in parts of "*The Heavenly Twins*," and when the story is finished there remains to the reader little but a confused remembrance of certain puppets and of the strings by which they were moved.

MARK TWAIN ON LECTURING—

He does not care for the platform, even if it is profitable.

Mark Twain's views on the lecture platform are somewhat different from most of those whom the lecturers' showman, Major Pond, has exploited. The latter relates that he offered the humorist ten thousand dollars for ten lectures, on his return to this country. But Mr. Clemens' debts were paid, and he replied that he had had enough of the lecture platform to last him a long time; that nothing could remove his prejudice against it, and that he "likes to talk for nothing about twice a year, but talking for money was work, and that took the fun out of it."

MRS. CRAIGIE A "DAILY HELP"

—Some of her sayings bound into a birthday book.

Could anything proclaim more loudly that we are fallen upon cynical days than the fact that John Oliver Hobbes' acidulated little brilliancies are bound up in a birthday book?

We have had Shakspeare birthday books full of the most moral sayings and idealistic descriptions of the great poet; we have had Dickens birthday books with every sentence brim full of bubbling optimism; we have had various birthday books with piety compounded of sugar and milk and water and neatly set under the dates which each of us believes to have been momentous in the world's history. Now comes Miss Zoë Proctor and gives us a new sort of "daily help" vol-

ume, in the shape of a birthday book full of the spiritual nourishment and mental refreshment of Mrs. Craigie's well wrought epigrams.

Here are a few samples of the feast one may find:

It is only a very unselfish man who cares to be loved; the majority prefer to love—it lays them under fewer obligations.

If one thinks about it—but one mustn't—it seems a strange thing that mothers, as a race, are ominously silent about the joys of existence.

What sum is too large to settle on a wife who can adore without asking questions?

The truth is only convincing when it is told by an experienced liar.

The secret of managing a man is to let him have his way in little things. He will change his mind when he won't change his bootmaker.

Perhaps the compiler of Mrs. Craigie's wisdom thinks their chief value as "daily helps" will be in assisting conversation among the truly intellectual persons who measure brilliancy by the hair standard.

THE SALE OF "BEN HUR"—An item which may be encouraging to the novelist of today.

An item which may be of good cheer to the authors whose fiftieth editions were not exhausted three months after the appearance of their masterpieces, relates to the sale of "Ben Hur."

In 1880 only a few copies of the book were sold. A few more were disposed of in 1881. Each year there was a gradual increase in sales, but nothing of an amazing or record breaking sort was experienced until the novel was ten years old. Each later year has shown a growth of its popularity. In 1900 four thousand more copies were sold than in 1899; in 1899 the sale was two thousand more than in 1898—and so on. In all, more than seven hundred thousand copies have been printed.

A MEMORIAL TO RUSKIN—It has been erected on the banks of Derwentwater, not far from his old home.

"The first thing I remember as an event in life," wrote Ruskin in "Præterita," "was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag, Derwentwater."

This, together with the fact that the spot is only a few miles from the home of his later years, makes its selection for the building of a memorial to him particularly appropriate. The monument is one in which it would seem that the great art critic and teacher himself could delight—

a monolith inscribed on one side with a quotation from "Deucalion," and adorned on the other with a bronze medallion of Ruskin in his prime. The head is in high relief, in profile, and a crown of olive is seen over it in the background. Among its leaves is introduced his motto, "To-day."

The quotation on the reverse side is this familiar and beautiful one:

The spirit of God is around you in the air you breathe—His glory is in the light you see, and in the fruitfulness and joy of His creatures. He has written for you day by day His revelation, and He has granted you day by day your daily bread.

HUGO'S LOVE LETTERS—A volume which is free from the offensive features of many similar compilations.

The letters which Victor Hugo wrote to his fiancée, Mlle. Adèle Foucher, were the letters of a boy not yet twenty to a girl even younger. They are such documents as the writers themselves might have smiled and sighed over, and made public with little feeling that they were desecrating their deepest emotions.

The publication of such letters is no more like the publication of the letters of a man and woman arrived at intellectual and emotional maturity than a recital of the peppermint affection of ten and six is like a proclamation of the totally different form the same feeling takes at thirty and twenty six.

Mme. Hugo was wise in her day and generation. She permitted these charming documents to live, but she destroyed her own replies, as well as all the letters her husband wrote to her after their marriage. The result is a volume as delicate and lovely as the early carol of birds in a spring morning.

Young Victor—who had been Adèle's playmate from childhood, and who made the momentous discovery that he loved her when he was seventeen, marrying her three years later—was an ideal young lover. He tries "to become a better man that he may be worthy of her." He was eighteen when this original determination was expressed.

As a jealous lover, he is admittedly fierce and melodramatic. At the ripe age of nineteen he writes:

My jealousy may be extreme, but it is respectful.—Such jealousy as mine, dear Adèle, ought to give you pleasure. If it frightens you, you do not love me. If you met me, who am a man, giving my arm to a young girl, or to any woman, would it be a matter of indifference to you? Reflect upon this,

for if it is really something that you would not care for, I am lost—you do not love me.

And again he breaks forth:

Answer me, my Adèle, my beloved, my adored Adèle, answer me as you would answer God. Have pity on me if some demon of jealousy has, happily for me, misled me. Consider that I have tossed all night in torturing sleeplessness—sometimes seeing suspicions increase and multiply in my heart to the whole extent of my tenderness for you. Speak to me, then, with that sincerity which in your beautiful soul is the inexorable truth. Answer, yes or no, to this question, or else I shall die: Have you ever at any time loved any man but me?

As Victor Hugo is known to have lived for some time, and as the young lovers were married a few months after this outbreak, it is to be presumed that his beloved Adèle's reply was satisfactory.

HUXLEY AND THE PRINTER—

How the famous biologist barely escaped being a humorist.

Occasionally printers supply an author with an appearance of humor which he would gladly forego. Huxley, for instance, might have posed as quite a wit—almost worthy of contributing to a magazine of cleverness—had he not discovered, in the proofs, certain changes which a printer had made in an article for the *Nineteenth Century*.

"You have," the scientist wrote to the editor, "a reader in your printer's office who provides me with jokes. Last time he corrected, when my manuscript spoke of the pigs as unwilling 'porters' of the devil, into 'porkers.' And this time, when I, writing about the Lord's prayer, say 'current formula,' he has it 'canting formula.'"

THACKERAY AS AN EDITOR—A

letter he wrote to Bayard Taylor accepting a manuscript for the "Cornhill."

Were it not for the telltale date, an autograph letter from Thackeray to Bayard Taylor, said to be hitherto unpublished, might be from any editor to any contributor in these new century times—so little have demands and supplies changed where the literary commodity is concerned. The following is a literal transcript of the epistle:

PAVILION HOTEL, Folkestone, 15 August.

MY DEAR TAYLOR:

The seaside muses were very pleasant, but we write for Mrs. Grundy and all sorts of squeamish people. "Naked and Unshamed" would have made them cry out. Your packet has come to me here

on the 15, our number *being made up*. I send the article to London to see if I can get you in yet for this month; if not, you must stand over. The article very good reading, and as your worship wants twenty pounds, send it off on my own hook. My proprietor is abroad. I don't know whether he'll pay twenty pounds for eight pages, which I take to be the amount of your MS.; but the difference you'll fork out some day to your faithful

W. M. T.

The three initials of the signature are combined in a curious little monogram. On the back of the sheet, in Bayard Taylor's handwriting, is scribbled, by way of memorandum:

Thackeray, Gotha, Aug. 17, 1861.

The letter's date proves it to have been written while Thackeray was editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which we know to have been from 1860 to 1862, and concerning which experience Anthony Trollope remarked: "Thackeray is not a good editor." This letter shows that he was a kind one, at any rate. "My proprietor" was presumably Mr. Smith, of Smith & Elder. Bayard Taylor at that time was living quietly at Gotha. He had been married four years before.

HOWARD PYLE'S PLANS — The author-artist hopes to perpetuate his principles by a school rather than by his own works.

Howard Pyle, now on the threshold of his fiftieth year, is less active as an author than as an artist. Even in his painting, he is too old, he says, to hope to carry out his ideas and ideals with his own hand; his chief desire is to establish a Howard Pyle school that will embody his principles, and in time, perhaps, develop and perfect them. To this end, he has given up the instructorship in the Drexel Institute, in Philadelphia, held by him for the past half dozen years, and is now conducting a school of his own in his native town, Wilmington, Delaware.

At his country home, at Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania, in a region rich in Revolutionary associations, Mr. Pyle has for some seasons past had a summer school, attended largely by winter pupils from the Drexel Institute. Few teachers are more beloved. He seems to have the faculty of endearing himself to his classes as an individual no less than as an instructor. Miss Sarah Stillwell, whose drawings of children have recently attracted attention, is one of his pupils. He "discovered" her at an early stage in the development of her talent.